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TOM MASSON'S ANNUAL FOR 1924

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TOM MASSON'S ANNUAL FOR 1924

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Books by Thomas L. Masson

A BACHELOR'S BABY, AND SOME GROWN-UPS
A CORNER IN WOMEN
DOGS FROM *LIFE*
HUMOR OF LOVE IN VERSE AND PROSE
HUMOROUS MASTERPIECES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE
IN MERRY MEASURE
LISTEN TO THESE
LITTLE MASTERPIECES OF AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR
NEW PLATO; OR, SOCRATES REDIVIVUS
SHORT STORIES FROM *LIFE*
THAT SILVER LINING
THE BEST STORIES IN THE WORLD
THE VON BLUMERS
TOM MASSON'S ANNUAL FOR 1923
TOM MASSON'S ANNUAL FOR 1924
WELL, WHY NOT?
YANKEE NAVY

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"How much did the doctor charge for the kid?"
"Twenty-five dollars, I think."
"That's terrible dear! You should o' deal off'n our doctor. He gives us two for that money."

Drawn by Percy L. Crosby
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Tom Masson's Annual for 1924

Edited by
Thomas L. Masson

Garden City New York
Doubleday, Page & Company
1924

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1924

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES
AT
THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

First Edition

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ARTISTS REPRESENTED

OLIVER HERFORD is our leading wit, raconteur, and artist of true comedy. His cat pictures are even more famous than Agnes Repplier's cat essays. He is now on the staff of *Life*.

T. S. SULLIVANT has been drawing grotesque animals now for some thirty years. No one excels him in his field.

WYNCIE KING lives near Philadelphia, and has established a fine reputation as a caricaturist.

H. T. WEBSTER is the handsomest black-and-white artist in the country, as tall as, if not taller than, Abraham Lincoln, and as good as he is beautiful. His drawings have a human quality which has endeared them to millions of Americans.

ROBERT L. DICKEY has made dogs famous everywhere. Nobody comes near him in his remarkable delineation of the lights and shades of dog life.

6 3-29

R. B. FULLER lives in New Jersey, and does "comics" for a group of periodicals.

PERCY L. CROSBY is the baby artist of our little family of eight. And nobody draws children any better than he does.

REGINALD BIRCH has been drawing society-satirical pictures for *Life* and other periodicals for a generation. His technique is unfailing and his work has uniform distinction.

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INTRODUCTION

WHAT I aim to do in these Annuals (of which this is the second) is to present as much entertainment and variety as possible for the general reader, and at the same time, for those of us who are concerned about the state of our letters, to make a kind of yearly report of our humorous assets and liabilities.

First I wish to thank all of those kind friends (many of whose personal friendship I value so highly) for their generous permission to reprint their pieces in this volume. With scarcely an exception, they have understood that my purpose is not so much to make a pedantic collection as to give a kind of bird's-eye view of our work. Of course, there must always be omissions, things overlooked, and differences of opinion.

On the whole, it seems to me that the quality of our humour is steadily improving. Out of the great mass of material, it would have been comparatively easy to present a "high-brow" collection. But this is a big country, filled with a great many kinds of people, and I have therefore tried to make this volume broad and human. That is why, along with the literary humour, I have included a fair proportion of stories, jokes, and epigrams. After all, brevity must ever be the soul of wit. I have also included a few drawings, the work of eight of our leading humorous artists.

It may interest the reader to know that in this country there are less than thirty humorists of the first class, and

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by this I mean those who have achieved popularity and substantial reputations. In addition to these, there are about two hundred more who constitute the small army of humorous writers out of whose ranks during the year to come will undoubtedly emerge a few lieutenants, and possibly a general or so.

I am strictly against war, and it seems to me that this is the only army for us to maintain permanently. Two hundred and thirty brave humorists are not numerically imposing when it comes to keeping a country of more than a hundred millions in presentable order. But these soldiers are armed with the most potent weapons known—ridicule, burlesque, satire, wit, and comedy.

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TOM MASSON'S ANNUAL FOR 1924

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TOM MASSON'S ANNUAL *for* 1924

THE BEST STORIES OF THE YEAR

A MIDGET belonging to Ringling's circus got on the sleeper at Chicago to go to New York. He had an upper berth. He went into the diner and drank a large cup of coffee. About two hours later the man in the lower berth rang violently for the porter.

"Porter!" he exclaimed. "I can't sleep. Someone is pacing overhead."

Down in Texas the short cotton crop forced a large number of country Negroes to the cities. One of them applied for a job at one of the large employment agencies.

"There's a job at the Eagle Laundry," said the man behind the desk. "Want it?"

The applicant shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Tell you how it is, boss," he said finally. "I sure does want a job mighty bad, but de fack is, I ain't never washed a eagle."

A Scotchman woke up one morning to find that in the night his wife had passed away. He leaped from his bed and ran, horror-stricken, into the hall.

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"Mary," he called downstairs to the general servant in the kitchen, "come to the foot of the stairs, quick."

"Yes, yes," she cried. "What is it? What is it?"

"Boil only one egg for breakfast this morning!" he said.—*Bison.*

A young girl who had a very aristocratic, pernicketty, and wealthy grandmother was instructed when visiting that austere lady never to mention that she was hungry, or indeed to ask for food. Strolling into the rear of the house while her parents were engaged in tempered discourse with the old lady, she finally returned, and stood dramatically in the doorway.

"Well, Nellie," said her mother at last, "what have you discovered?"

"The kitchen and butler's pantry," replied Nellie, with a grand gesture, "are full of cookies—but what is that to me?"

A Negro was beating it for the back areas as fast as he could go when he was stopped by a white officer.

"Don't delay me, suh," said the Negro. "I's gotta be on my way."

"Boy," replied the officer, "do you know who I am? I'm a general."

"Go on, white man, you ain't no general."

"I certainly am," insisted the officer, angrily.

"Lordy!" exclaimed the Negro, taking a second look. "You sure is! I musta been travellin' some, 'cause I didn't think I'd got back that far yit."—*Ottawa Evening Citizen.*

A Negro in one of the Southern States was arrested for speeding.

"How fast were you going, Rastus?" inquired the Judge.

"Tol'able fast," opined Rastus.

"Thirty miles?"

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"Yassah, I wuz goin' moh dan dat. Oh, yassah, I wuz goin' moh dan forty. I wuz goin' seventy. Oh, yas, I wuz goin' all of seventy."

"Seventy!" exclaimed the Judge. "That's impossible in a Ford car."

"Waal, sah, yo' see it was a Ford body wid Pierce Arrow glands!"

The waitress at the restaurant had taken his order some time ago, but now she stood behind his chair with a perplexed frown on her fair face.

At last the prospective diner broke the silence.

"A penny for your thoughts, miss," he said.

She blushed deeply.

"We're rather busy to-day," she replied, "and I was just wondering whether you were a stewed rabbit or a boiled fowl."—*Answers* (*London*).

An elderly man of ultra-convivial habits, but withal learned and bookish, was haled before the bar of justice in a country town.

"Ye're charged with bein' drunk and disorderly," snapped the magistrate. "Have ye anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced?"

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," began the prisoner in a flight of oratory. "I am not so debased as Poe, so profligate as Byron, so ungrateful as Keats, so intemperate as Burns, so timid as Tennyson, so vulgar as Shakespeare, so——"

"That'll do, that'll do," interrupted the magistrate. "Ninety days. And, officer, take down that list of names he mentioned and round 'em up. I think they're as bad as he is."—*American Legion Weekly*.

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Just after the war an Englishman visited New York. Sugar was scarce, and in attempting to cross Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street, he dropped a bag of it. Scrambling to get it he held up the traffic.

"What the h—— are you trying to do?" said the traffic cop.

"My deah fellow," replied the Englishman, "I must have my sugar, don't ye know!"

"Well," replied the cop, raising his club, "here's a couple of lumps for your coco."

When the Englishman woke up the next morning in the hospital he said: "The joke's on the Bobby. I never take cocoa, don't you know."

When this story was related to another Englishman, he mused a bit and then said:

"Even if he did, they never use lump sugar in cocoa, don't you know."

A young magazine man, quite proper and mannerly and well bred in everything, went out to Los Angeles. Realizing he would have to cut loose, and not wishing to get the reputation for being a prude, he determined when invited to his first party among the movie stars, to stop at nothing. And so, during the evening, he did everything he could think of to show that he was a roughneck from the effete East. He told jazz stories, drank all he could hold, and went the limit. Along about 2 A. M. one of the lady guests came up and said approvingly:

"Well, I am glad that there is one man here who acts like a gentleman."

Heywood Broun told a story to illustrate the attitude of Englishmen toward Americans. A young American, just

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after the war, found himself in London. Changing his clothes at his hotel, he was horrified, after entering a bus, to discover that he had left his money behind. An Englishman, seeing his embarrassment, courteously proffered the necessary change. The American accepted.

"If you will give me your card," he said gratefully, "I will send the amount to you immediately."

"My deah fellow," replied the Britisher, "let it apply on the debt."

Four separate wrecks had cast up four men on a lonely island of the South Seas. There were two Scotchmen and two Englishmen. After several years a passing steamer hove to and took the four aboard. Sandy and Donald found their way to the skipper's cabin, and in telling their experiences Sandy said:

"It would grieve you, mon, to see the Englishmen. Never a word did they speak all the time they were there; they were not introduced."

"And hoo did ye lads muck oot?" inquired the skipper.

"Aye, mon, the dee I found Donald on the beach we organized a Caledonian society, a golf club, and a Preesbyteerian church."

This is veracious: A clergyman from Cambridge, Massachusetts, had occasion to preach to the inmates of an insane hospital. During his sermon he noticed that one of the patients paid the closest attention, his eyes riveted upon the preacher's face, his body bent eagerly forward. Such interest was most flattering. After the service, the speaker noticed that the man spoke to the superintendent, so as soon as possible the preacher inquired.

"Didn't that man speak to you about my sermon?"

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"Yes."

"Would you mind telling me what he said?"

The superintendent tried to sidestep, but the preacher insisted.

"Well," he said at last, "what the man said was, 'Just think, he's out and I'm in.'"—*The Christian Register* (*Boston*).

At a big party in London a woman of the newly rich and ostentatious class was sitting beside the wife of a prominent labour leader. The former began to talk about her jewellery. "I clean my diamonds with ammonia," she said, "my rubies with Bordeaux wine, my emeralds with Danzig brandy, and my sapphires with fresh milk. And you, Mrs. Blank?" she asked, turning to the labour leader's wife.

"Oh, I don't clean mine," said the latter airily. "When they get dirty, I simply throw them away."—*Boston Transcript.*

Ellis Parker Butler, of "Pigs is Pigs" fame, confesses to the following favourite yarn:

"An Englishman who had been in South Africa for a number of years decided to return home and, as a souvenir, took with him a good-sized land tortoise. To carry the tortoise he fastened a shawl strap around it, and thus he was able to carry it as easily as any other piece of luggage. By turning the tortoise on its back he was sure to find it where he put it. He had no trouble with it until he stopped at a small junction some distance outside London. Here he was obliged to wait for the train that would take him the few miles to his home, and as he stood on the platform waiting for his train the Irish baggageman came to him.

"'Hev ye got a ticket for that?' he asked, pointing to the tortoise, which lay on its back, waving its feet in the air.

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"'Certainly not!' the Englishman said. 'And I don't mean to have one, my good fellow. I have come all the way from South Africa with that tortoise and I have never had a ticket for it. I have travelled by bullock cart, by tram, by steamer, by train, and afoot with that tortoise, and I never have paid, and I don't mean to pay. So, my good man, put that in your pipe and smoke it!'

"'I'm thinkin' it has to pay, sor,' said the baggageman, scratching his ear doubtfully, 'but I'll be askin' the station agent, for he has all iv them things in his book of rules.'

"The baggageman went into the station, and presently he came out again, He approached the traveller in an entirely different manner.

"'I beg yer pardon, sir,' he said. 'Ye are right. I've asked th' agent an' he has explained it t' me. Dogs must pay, sor, and by th' rules dogs is dogs, and cats is dogs, and squirrels in cages is dogs, and must pay, but that there animal is an insect and goes free.'"

They tell of a young married artist in Washington Square who has a predilection for talking in his sleep. Several times recently he mentioned the name "Irene," and his spouse questioned him about it.

"Oh, that," said he, thinking fast, "is the name of a horse."

Several days later when he came home he asked his wife the news of the day. "Nothing exciting happened," she said, "except your horse called you up twice."—*Shoe Works Journal.*

A travelling salesman, bristling with anger, stalked into a lawyer's office and told the lawyer that he had been bilked out of $100 in the following manner:

Suffering somewhat from inebriety and being apprehensive

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that he might spend all of his money, he went to the clerk of the hotel in which he was stopping, and handing the clerk a $100 bill, requested that it be saved for him until he called for it. The following day he went to the clerk and requested his $100 bill. The clerk stared at him, and shaking his head with seeming incredulity, said:

"You've made a mistake; you never gave me $100 or anything else."

The salesman saw the point; he had no witness to the transaction; and so he left and repaired to the aforesaid lawyer's office. The lawyer advised him:

"You get another $100 bill and in company with some trusted friend go to the clerk and apologizingly say that you gave a $100 bill to someone to save for you, but mistakenly thought it was he, and, however, you hand him the new $100 bill and ask him to save it for you. He will do so. Later in the day you go to him alone and request him to return the $100 bill. He will return it to you. The following day you go to him with your friend who was present when you turned over the last $100 bill for safekeeping and demand the $100. The clerk will see the point when he sees your witness, and so you will get your first $100 back also." The salesman did as advised, and the day after came to the lawyer with a broad grin, saying:

"Your advice worked like a charm and I got my money back, the first $100 as well as the second. Now, how much do I owe you?"

"One hundred dollars," replied the lawyer.—*Argonaut.*

It was the dear old lady's first ride in a taxi, and she watched with growing alarm the driver continually putting his hand outside the car as a signal to the traffic following. At last she became angry. "Young man," she said, "you

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look after the driving and watch where you are going. I'll tell you when it starts raining!"

According to the Charleston *News and Courier*, the old story has been revived of the tall Kentuckian who hurt the feelings of a friend about half as tall. The smaller man began pounding the big colonel in the stomach. The big man looked down and said:

"What are you doing there?"

The furious small man exclaimed:

"I'm fighting, sah, by gad, sah!"

Canon William Sheafe Chase of Brooklyn, while in Albany fighting for the screen censorship, said to a reporter:

"Anybody who could contemplate an uncensored screen optimistically would be as bad as Mrs. Jones. 'My second husband, Bill, ain't no saint,' said Mrs. Jones, 'but I'll say this for him. He's better than my first was by a long shot. He's in jail so much, you see, that practically all I earn I have for my own use.'"

A pretty girl became engaged to a poor young man who migrated to Canada in order to make a home for her. The other day a girl friend said to her:

"Are your thoughts always faithful to that gallant young fellow who is toiling so hard for you over there in Canada?"

"Oh, dear, yes," exclaimed the pretty girl. "When other chaps kiss me, I always close my eyes and try to think it's poor darling George."

A cowboy, out of work because of the slump in cattle, decided to make an easy and permanent place for himself by joining the army. The medical examiner found him sound physically and asked him if he had ever been ill.

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"Nope," came the emphatic answer.

"Ever have an accident?" next asked the examiner.

"Nope; no, sir-ree!" came even more emphatically.

"Well, what's that rag tied round your finger for?"

"Rattlesnake bit me."

"Don't you call that an accident?" asked the doctor.

"Nope; the durn snake did it on purpose."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

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SONG OF THE LISTENER

After Whitman

BY

CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN

I CELEBRATE the radio, and myself, élève of the radio.
(Me, sitting at midnight, with head 'phones encompass'd, cramp-legg'd, hard breathing, tuning in with big, red, unskill'd hands.)
I sing Schenectady, Los Angeles, Newark, Paumanok, WGM, WOC, PWX, DX, and all the rest of the alphabet.
I sing the neutrodyne, the heterodyne, the loop, the variometer, allocation, radio frequency and two steps of amplification, the copper-strip aërial—though I have not tried it myself—the technical articles, the diagrams.
(I do not understand them all, but I read them just the same.)
I sing the radio scowl, the crick in the neck, the headache behind the ears, the bad word when the passing truck drowns the announcement.
Schubert's Serenade, O Sole Mio, the Brahms Hungarian Dance No. 5, Blossom Time, and the Polonaise Militaire.
(All these and many more I loved formerly, maybe I can love them again some day.)
The loud, meticulous voices of announcers: the adenoid

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tenors; the control-room blurb, vibrant, appealing; the Arlington time signal; the static——
I do not mind the static, it is all so free, so elemental!

Me imperturbe, now I am content, I will do nothing but listen!
(Ever the old inexplicable query, What are the call letters?
Ever the vexer's hoot! hoot! till we find where the sly one hides and bring him forth.)
Whatever interests the rest interests me, politics, weather reports, the Japanese beetle, the care of goldfish, music, the baseball scores;
I laugh, for I hear what is said in the universe,
Aplomb in the midst of irrational things,
Taking them all for what they are worth, not a cent more.

Music rolls, but not from the organ.
A tenor, large and fresh as the creation, thrills me:
"Yes," he says, "we have no bananas!"
Ah, this indeed is music—this suits me!
I hear a chorus, it is musical comedy; I hear the saxophone, the young moron's heart cry;
In *arrière* the spark station, conferring on equal terms with cabin'd ships at sea;
These so, these irretrievable.

I twist the dial with easy grasp, none shall escape me.
Ouch!
Enough! Enough! Enough!
I discover myself on the verge of a usual mistake; somehow I have been stunn'd.
I am cut by shrieks and squeals, scooting obliquely, high and low,

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Wheeze, cluck, swash, short wild scream and long, dull, tapering groan.
Is it inductance, the rheostat, or the regenerative set next door?
I do not care which.
Mine is no callous shell, I talk wildly, the air with frantic outburst rending.

I do not know what is untried and afterward,
But I know that which has prov'd sufficient—let us stand up.
Allons, Camerado, let us to go the movies!

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THE FABLE OF THE WONDERFUL MEAL OF VITTLES

BY

GEORGE ADE

ONCE there were two Lads who grew up on adjoining Farms and were real Buddies, killing Garter Snakes together, popping Corn, tracking Rabbits in the Snow and often sleeping in the same Bed.

About the time they were big enough to pitch Hay, Henry heard the Siren Call of the City and beat it for the Bright Lights, while Ez continued to peg away on the old Home Place, with a growing Ambition to trade in Mules and feed a few Steers for the Chicago Market.

Strange as it may seem, Henry up in the City and Ez out in the Country both prospered, in spite of Congress.

Henry handled more Currency than Ez ever saw, but after he had paid the Rent for a Suite in the Shakedown Apartment Building and settled with the Japanese Servants and had given Checks to the Tradesmen and all of the perfumed Brigands who unloaded Stuff on the Wife, and remitted to various Clubs, he had just about as much left as Ez had after he bought an Outer Casing and paid his Taxes over at the Court House.

Although Henry had become more or less of a Rowdy-Dow, with cloth tops for his Shoes and Ribbon on his Eye-Glasses, while Ez seldom experienced the protecting warmth

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of a Necktie, the Boys sort of kept tab on each other, exchanging occasional Letters and keeping alive the Bonfire which had been kindled on the sacred Altar of Friendship in the golden Days of Youth.

Henry lived among rumbling L trains, Street Cries, the tooting of Horns and the incessant roar of Street Traffic. Consequently his Dream of Paradise was to get out on an Island somewhere and lie in the shade of a Yama-Yama Tree where the Celestial Stillness would not be disturbed except by the lazy purring of the soft Breakers on a Coral Strand.

Ez lived out among the Hickories and Maples, where the harshest sound to fall upon the Ear was the bleating of a Spring Lamb or the call of a Cricket to his Mate at Eventide.

Consequently, his Idea of a beneficial Change was to occupy a Reserved Seat in the Big Top at a Performance given by Barnum and Bailey and the Ringling Brothers while the Band was playing and about 8 Acts were being put on simultaneously in Rings and on Elevated Platforms.

Henry often longed to connect up with Ez and talk over Old Times with him, but they never could agree on a Meeting-Place. Henry was always in favour of a Sanitarium while Ez preferred Atlantic City.

Once Ez happened to be in the City and Henry, wishing to give him a Jolly Day, took him up to the Club to play Auction. Ez was very sore, as he had planned to see the Follies, both afternoon and evening.

When Henry learned that Ez had acquired the Florida Habit he thought they could get together in the Winter and check up on their old Playmates back in Rhubarb Township, but there was nothing doing.

Ez picked out St. Petersburg because there were 80,000

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People on the Street all of the time and every Day was like Thursday of County Fair Week.

He loved to hear the glad yelps of the Horse-Shoe Pitchers and mingle with the happy Jam at the Cafeteria and stand in line at the Movies and get a lot of glad thrills which seldom come to one who lives a half-mile back from State Road No. 27 on R. F. D. No. 3.

Henry had a place in Florida but it was concealed behind an Orange Grove and was far removed from any other Habitation and was entirely surrounded by Signs reading as follows: Keep Out.

We all long for the Things we seldom get, as proven by the fact that so many Good People fall and fall hard when confronted by unusual but not unwelcome Temptations.

The Boston Young Man with Weak Eyes wants to be a Cow-Puncher and the Hired Hand employed near Beatrice, Nebraska, wants to go to Hollywood and play Valentino Parts.

Just to illustrate the big Idea, one day last Summer it happened that Ez was in the City and he met Henry who got ready to blow his Boyhood Friend to a swell Luncheon.

Henry arranged to have the Food served in a snug Corner entirely screened by Oleanders and Palms. The Chef received private Instructions to throw himself.

When the Visitor entered the far-famed establishment and found himself entirely protected from the Vulgar Gaze he knew that at last he was in the Headquarters for sure-enough Food. He was getting ready to order Oyster Stew with Dill Pickles but he was told that Henry had arranged everything.

"What is it?" he asked, gazing into the limpid Amber of the First Course.

"Turtle Soup," replied the Host.

"We shoot the Blame Things just for Practice, out our

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Way," said the Guest, "but if I went Home and told my Wife I'd been eatin' Turtle she wouldn't live with me."

So the Alsatian Nobleman hurried it away and substituted a Tid-Bit with Cray-Fish as the principal Ornament in the Ensemble.

"It's a Craw-Dabber!" exclaimed Ez. "I see Ten Million of them little Cusses every Spring but I wouldn't touch one with a Ten-Foot Pole."

To relieve the embarrassing Situation, Henry gave a Sign and the Menials came running with the Third Course, a tempting array of Frog Saddles.

"A Frog is a Reptile," said Ez, backing away from the Table. "I've heard they were Et but I never believed it. I can go out any Morning and gather a Car-Load."

The next Serving was Breast of Guinea Hen with Mushrooms under Glass on the Side.

"On my Farm I've got a lot of these Things," said the Guest, poking at the Guinea Hen timidly with his Fork. "We use them as Alarm Clocks, but I'd just as soon eat a Turkey Buzzard."

"How about the Mushrooms?"

"Eight People in our Township were poisoned this Summer from Foolin' with that Truck. My pasture's speckled with 'em, but we never pick 'em. Most of them are Toad-Stools. I tried a Real One once at a K. P. Banquet. It tasted a good deal like a Rubber Glove."

The only remaining Item before Dessert was a tempting Salad of Water Cress.

The Guest identified it as something that grew in the Crick below the Spring and was commonly classified as Grass.

"Perhaps you had better order for Yourself," said Henry as the lowly Water Cress followed the other Courses into the Discard.

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The Guest motioned the Waiter to come close and said: "If it's too late for Oysters give me a T-Bone Steak with Onions and a large Cup of Coffee."

MORAL: A Delicacy is something not raised in the same County.

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DINNER AT MARIO'S

BY

NEWMAN LEVY

MY FRIEND Mario is a grand-opera tenor. His wife, Gilda, before she undertook the job of custodian and guardian of Mario's temperament, had been a singer herself—a contralto in a small opera company in Italy. The Marios have four children: Nedda, eighteen, soprano; Rodolfo, seventeen, barytone; Mimi, nine, soprano; and Beppo, three, voice unclassified. They live in an apartment near the opera house.

"Come on home and have dinner with us," said Mario.

I protested weakly. I was really rather anxious to get a glimpse of the home life of the famous tenor.

As Mario turned the key in the door of his apartment I could hear the sound of voices blending in close harmony:

"Hail, Mario!
Welcome home, Mario!
With joyous song we greet thee.
With joyous song we greet thee.
With joyous song we greet—
Yes, we gree-ee-ee-eet thee!"

Mario dropped his hat and coat in the hall and rushed, with his arms outstretched impulsively, into the living room. I followed closely at his heels. His glorious tenor voice rang full and clear:

"'Tis I, Mario, your father!
Home from my daily toil."

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To which the family responded:

"'Tis he, Mario, our father,
Home from his daily toil."

Mario's family appeared to be dressed for a costume party. Gilda, a buxom woman of forty, dark-eyed and olive-skinned, wore a scarlet velvet evening gown. Ropes of imitation pearls hung from her neck, and in her raven-black hair glistened a rhinestone tiara. Nedda had on a gypsy costume, a bright yellow bandanna about her hair and heavy gold earrings dangling from her ears.

Rodolfo was dressed in the doublet and hose of a cavalier. A sword hung at his side. Mimi and Beppo were attired as pages.

Mario introduced me in recitative, Rodolfo, who was seated at the piano, striking an occasional accompanying chord:

This is a very dear friend of mine
Whom to-day, at the opera, I met.
Glad was I to meet him,
Glad was I to greet him,
Home to dinner I brought him,
To take pot luck with us."

Then, with the precision of a company of West Pointers, they grouped themselves about the piano.

"Welcome!" sang Gilda.

"Welcome!" trilled Nedda's rich soprano.

"Welcome!" boomed Rodolfo's barytone.

"Welcome, welcome, welcome to our home!" sang omnes.

We entered the dining room. The long refectory table was set on one side only—that is, when we sat down we were all facing the same direction. At first I thought that I had intruded upon a royal banquet. Golden dishes and golden jewel-studded goblets glistened upon the table. In the

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centre was an enormous roasted turkey. But upon closer examination I discovered that everything—the goblets, the dishes, even the turkey—was papier-mâché. The goblets, by the way, were empty, but that did not prevent my host from raising his, and, with one foot on his chair and the other on the floor, proposing my health in a rollicking drinking song. Then came the dinner, which consisted of ham and eggs.

Little Beppo sang a childish treble:

"Gimme some bread!
Gimme some bread!
Oh, gimme some bread an' butter!"

His mother replied:

"Beppo, bambino,
Pray lay off that stuff.
You've eaten three pieces,
And that's quite enough."

The family pounded an accompaniment lustily on the table with their goblets and sang a rollicking chorus:

"Ah, that's quite enough!
Yes, that's quite enough!
You've eaten three pieces,
And that—
Yes, yes, and that—
Is—quite—enough!"

The conversation progressed merrily. Mimi sang a charming barcarole, recounting her experiences at school that day. Rodolfo and Nedda quarrelled, brother-and-sister fashion, in a barytone-soprano duet.

Gilda discussed household affairs with her husband:

"The plumber came to-day
To fix that dreadful leak
That's filled us with dismay a week."

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Mario cried:

"Ah, speak!
That leak has been my sorrow.
And has the plumber done?"

Gilda, Nedda, Rodolfo, Mimi, and Beppo, tragically:

"To-morrow!"

We discussed the weather, movies, and politics, lyrically and beautifully; in solos, duets, trios, and quartets. I found myself getting into the spirit of the occasion, and although I have never been able to carry a tune in my life I remember trying to ask for some more ham and eggs to the tune of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here."

Suddenly, in the midst of an exquisite aria in which Gilda was asking me to have some more tea, Mario, glancing at his wrist watch, sprang from his chair.

"Away! Away! I must away
To duty and to glory.
'Tis nearly eight and I'll be late
To sing Il Trovatore.
The opera halls where duty calls
Are filled to overflowing.
Away! Away! I cannot stay.
In other words, I'm going."

At the conclusion of this song Mario dashed madly out of the room.

Gilda, who had fallen into a sort of swoon, lay prostrate on the floor, singing fortissimo a coloratura aria ornamented with trills and cadenzas. The two little children knelt at her side. Nedda had seized a tambourine from somewhere and was dancing a tarantella on the table. Rodolfo, with drawn sword flashing in the air, was singing a stirring martial ballad.

I rushed to the door, grabbing my hat and coat on the way. I could hear Mario's high C out in the hall.

"Hoyo toho!" I shrieked as I reached the elevator.

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UNDER A SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

(The School-Teacher's Friday-Night Dream)

BY

HELEN PENDLETON MILLER

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of Lady Clara Vere de Vere.
'Twas the night before Christmas, in '75—
Hardly a man is now alive who remembers,
Who remembers the house where I was born,
The little window where the sun came peeping in
At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power!
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
O Douglas, O Douglas! Tender and trewe.
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten.
Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The words she to him then did say,

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"I'm sorry that I spelt the word.
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came,
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."
The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple trees, to greet the maid and ask,
"Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day?
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay."
The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled.
The flames rolled on; he would not go!
And this is what he said:
"O father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh, say, what may it be!"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.
Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds?
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
And Wynken and Blynken and Nod."

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So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with John Gilpin on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

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HOLLYWOOD LYRICS

BY

GELETT BURGESS

I

THE leading lady who played with Hewett
Was really his wife, although nobody knew it
Till the company noticed how Hewett would flinch
At those forty-foot kisses—then 'twas a cinch!

II

He had played with Booth, had Polonius Cobb,
But he went to the movies to get him a job.
He got a job, and he's working there still,
For he washes trained pigs with considerable skill.

III

The flowing whiskers of Hamlet Dart
Had gained him many a character part;
But a candle destroyed them from ear to ear—
So now he's back playing as atmosphere.

IV

Mr. Irving's eyes were a china blue,
So they didn't film well—they seldom do.

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His roommate gave him two black ones recently—
They photograph better, but he can't see decently.

V

Lonestar Lou, he could work a six-shooter,
Play a crook or a thug or a wild freebooter.
Lou on the lot was a do-or-die;
But at home he put on a pale blue tie.

VI

Edna May Henna is so refined
That she has to retire when she changes her mind.
If she changed her husbands that modest way,
One would see very little of Edna May.

VII

Three months she waited, did Lucy Mott,
Ere she saw the inside of the Starfilm lot.
Now she's got a job, and you've no idea
How clever she is—in the cafeteria.

VIII

Sycamore Sanderson, sure enough,
Was a lallapalooza at Western stuff;
But at Eastern stuff—such as fingernails
And clean white collars—description fails!

IX

After long, long waiting for a job, Jake Green
Got a part as a diner in a restaurant scene.
It was thirty-six hours since he'd eaten, poor Jake,
So he wasn't very mad when they had a retake.

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X

Daisy De Licious, a dyed brunette,
Had wonderful tresses until they were wet,
Then they turned to a marvellous bright sea green,
Now 'tis only in mermaid parts she's seen.

XI

Tulip Toots has been kissed so oft
That it makes her scream when a man gets soft.
She always screams till his love proves true
By kicking and beating her black and blue.

XII

They poured hot tar down the back of her neck,
They hurled pies at her till she was a wreck,
They tumbled her into a barrel of batter—
But she earned five dollars, so what does it matter?

XIII

A movie actor was Ferdie Fay,
His eyebrows worked eight hours a day;
He could heave his chest with great emotion—
What 'twas all about he had no notion.

XIV

The envy of all is Roderick Rand—
He is famous, popular, wealthy, grand.
Successful, very, was his career—
He played three days as atmosphere.

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XV

Felix Flipp was a character freak,
And he only drew seventy-five a week.
Felix wanted to be a star,
But his eyelashes were too short, by far.

XVI

Four-fingered Fred was a movie villain;
If any were killed he did the killin'.
His courage, however, was overrated;
He fainted when he was vaccinated.

XVII

The film comedian, Granville Gold,
Had the high ambitions that artists hold.
But his highest ambition, as I surmise,
Was to throw—not receive—the custard pies.

XVIII

Cosie Cuddle, the little scamp,
Was always cast as the lucky vamp;
But when she tried to vamp the director
He had two camera men eject her.

XIX

Each year Apollo B. Rosencranz
Gets a million letters from movie fans.
But now he's married, or so I hear,
He gets only nine hundred thousand a year.

XX

Gentleman Jim, in his soup-and-fish,
Was quite as tony as you could wish,

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He could kiss the hand of his movie wife—
But gosh, when Jimmy ate with his knife!

XXI

Elsie Swell is a beautiful creature,
Perfect in face and form and feature;
But she was thirty on April four,
So she's too old to act any more.

XXII

Oval Toy had dollars and dimes,
But she hasn't been married but thirteen times.
Hollywood gave her the cold, cold shoulder,
But she'll marry some more as she gets older.

XXIII

Pauline doubled for Dorothy Deeds;
She jumped through windows, she rode wild steeds;
She swam through rivers. She doubled for Dot
With Dot's own husband sometimes—Great Scott!

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ONE HUNDRED BEST BRITISH EPIGRAMS OF THE YEAR

A tiny Yorkshire terrior weighing two pounds was recently exhibited at Birmingham. It is said to be so small that its owner has to use an amplifier for its bark.

Canon Barnes said recently that the men who by superior mental power ought to mould the thought of their time are ignored. We felt just like this when we had our first manuscript sent back to us.

A man living in Hitchin fainted when scolded by his wife and did not regain consciousness for two days. Some men get all the luck.

The Bishop of London says, "I like being unpopular. It shows I am right." Many a football referee will feel quite puffed up after this.

According to a personal paragraph Mr. H. G. Wells has enough material in his notebooks to last him a hundred-and-fifty years. Our only anxiety is as to what he will be doing after that.

In the opinion of Mr. D. S. Ritter, of Grassyforks Fisheries, Indiana, the goldfish makes an ideal city pet. They certainly look well, so long as they don't snap at visitors.

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Greece is hoping to try another form of government if somebody will kindly think of one they haven't tried already.

A well-known surgeon says that if your feet ache you should visit your dentist. But the roots don't really go down as far as all that. They only feel like it.

A contemporary has discovered from the new London Telephone Directory that there are more than a thousand Smiths in London. The fact has been mentioned before, but it seems that nothing can be done about it.

The latest fashion is for women to wear a metal plate bearing their names. The enterprising ones will probably add "Please ring."

"Should wives write to husbands?" is a question raised in a Sunday paper. In our opinion it all depends upon whose husband.

In a recently published book Dr. E. E. Fournier D'Albe points out that, if any one were to strike a match on the moon, the fact could be discovered on earth in one second by means of selenium. This warning should deter people from striking matches on the moon.

Sir Harry Brittain, M.P., thinks that something might be done to improve railway sandwiches. If they could only give them a coat of varnish after they leave the sandwich foundry they would be much easier to dust each week.

At Wellingborough a man was arrested, taken before the magistrate, sentenced, and released all within twenty minutes. Prompt attention like this is the only way for police courts to encourage custom.

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According to Sir George Newman more men suffer from gout than women. This seems to overlook the well-established fact that when a man has gout his wife and family also suffer from it.

It seems that a brighter-clothes-for-men movement is on foot in Chelsea. What we advocate rather is brighter men for clothes.

Now that another two of Britain's greatest art treasures, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, are bound for New York, some enterprising agency might arrange a few trips to America so that we can see the Old English masterpieces.

A bride's recent refusal at the altar to marry the bridegroom has aroused considerable comment in male circles. It is now suggested that intending bridegrooms should in future have one or two ladies in reserve in order to ensure that the ceremony takes place.

A fashion-writer mentions oatmeal-coloured Spring suitings. The very thing for hurried breakfasts, as they don't show the porridge.

An editor has been shot in Germany. An unpublished poet points out that it is not advisable to shoot at an editor in our own country because of the danger of the bullet's bouncing off him and doing some damage.

The Tabor, a new instrument introduced to London from America, is said to convey the sensation of a muffled thunderstorm. Upon hearing of this several vindictive saxophones gave a piercing shriek and collapsed in their owners' arms.

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A well-known naturalist has sailed for the tropics to search for a sea cow. British dairymen, of course, are only acquainted with the fresh-water variety.

An aeroplane travelling at the rate of two hundred miles an hour, flying night and day, would reach the sun in fifty-two years. In that case prospective passengers are advised to take a luncheon basket.

We have just heard of an angler in the last chronic stages who, while explaining the size of a fish he caught, had to get out of the railway carriage to do it.

A man found lying in a hedge last week near Chertsey is thought to have been abandoned by his Ford.

Mr Eduoard Belim promises the world that he will shortly produce a telephone which will present an image of the person speaking. It is a terrifying prospect for exchange operators when dealing with short-tempered subscribers who have been stung by a swarm of wrong numbers.

A crocodile killed in Lake Tanganyika was found to contain eight screws, a tin-opener, a piece of rope, a packet of pins, and a tin can. The local mystery of a missing Ford car has thus been cleared up.

Professor Gregory, of Yale University, a delegate to the Science Congress at Sydney, predicts a return of the Ice Age. We have decided to have our skates sharpened.

A fashion article mentions a 1920 gown that looks ludicrous to-day. We can remember 1920 gowns that looked ludicrous in 1920.

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An engineer who has invented a collapsible motor-car body has taken three years to do it. The invention of the folding pedestrian was a much easier job.

It is said that China is now becoming so civilized that when a Celestial bandit shoots any person he has to give a reason for it.

The proprietor of a Skegness restaurant has just received payment for a meal served twenty years ago. This only goes to show that if you exercise patience the waiter will eventually bring the bill.

Speaking in the House of Commons a Member recently stated that the income tax is detested. We felt it would not be long before somebody let out this secret.

In a scientific article it is stated that only two colours, blue and yellow, are visible to bees. This is contrary to the popular belief that, on occasion, they see red.

According to Dr. Cramer legs are the most useful limbs to possess. We always make a point of having a pair about us wherever we go.

The fact that the Turks are now compelled to marry only serves to draw attention to the fact that men in other countries still do it on purpose.

It is claimed that a new type of omnibus is so constructed that it cannot be boarded when it is moving. What is really needed, however, is an omnibus that can be boarded when it is standing still.

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A contemporary has published an article on "Dinner-Table Pests." In our opinion there is none worse than the man who whistles while eating soup.

Scientists have found a petrified man who has sat with his feet elevated for thousands of years. The explanation is that he particularly wanted to be found in that position.

We do not mean to suggest anything, but we notice that, as soon as Senator Hiram Johnson of California arrived in London, Lord Birkenhead made up his mind to visit the United States. Perhaps it is just as well that America should know that she cannot have it all her own way.

A new road machine now being tested is capable of tearing up and removing a ton of earth at each operation. We fancy we have gone round with the golfer from whom the inventor got his idea.

An expert mentions that in the up-to-date laundry a collar passes through seventeen different processes. This does not include the final operation of testing its edge on a hair.

According to Professor Unwin the natives of the cannibal island of Pagua never kiss each other. Having seen them on the pictures we don't blame them.

It is not yet known whether the Poet Laureate will be able to spare time from his official duties to take a holiday this summer.

Meteorologists ascribe the coolness of the summer to depressions over the Atlantic. These in turn are due to the liquor restrictions on liners.

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Mr. F. M. Larkin-Lee, of Bournemouth, writes to the *Daily Express* to say that there are other golf courses as good as St. Andrews, if not better. It has not been definitely settled yet whether Scotland will have him boiled in oil or thrown to the haggis.

Mrs. James Chamberlain of Weston-super-Mare, who has just celebrated her one hundredth birthday, attributes her longevity to a cheerful mind. It would be interesting in these times if we could know to what some persons attribute their cheerful minds.

A Swedish peasant informed an official at Bergen that he had thirty-nine children. Nothing is said as to whether the official demanded a recount.

The first golf course in Rumania has just been opened. It is still hoped that pacific influences will avert a Balkan championship.

According to Dr. Emile Genens the left ear is much slower to receive sound than the right. Now we know why a Scotsman always stands on your right when visiting a saloon bar.

The French Government announces that cannibalism in West and Central Africa is now punishable by death. Hitherto the penalty has just been indigestion.

We are informed that one jazz musician who used to be a boiler-riveter by trade has gone back to his old occupation because he couldn't stand the noise.

Professor Einstein's new theory cannot, he says, be explained in words. In this respect it is a great improvement on the old one.

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"With the exception of golf," says the Glasgow *Herald*, "England invented most of the world-wide games." Now that Scotland has officially accepted the blame for inventing golf we hope the matter will be allowed to drop.

According to Mr. Cherry Kearton animals have their own way of spreading news. A cat, for instance, always hastens to broadcast the tidings when stepped on.

A large Gorgonzola cheese was found recently by a policeman in the main road at Finsbury Park. It is thought to be a homing cheese which became exhausted during the recent squally weather.

The *Lancet* recently reported a case of a man who could not tell when he was singing and when talking. He should make a hit in musical comedy.

A news agency reports that millions of germs were accidentally dropped into the sea by a scientist at Constantinople. Up to the time of writing none of the bodies has been recovered.

A landlady has told the Acton magistrate that her lodger has knocked her about for three years. With this kind of diversion three years soon pass by.

Some men will shave with anything, an advertisement tells us. At the risk of being regarded as fastidious, we must say we prefer a razor to the more cumbersome lawn-mower.

It would be interesting to know what the makers of counterfeit money do for a living in Germany nowadays.

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The *Lancet* reports the case of a man in Vienna with teeth so strong that he can bite through iron chains. This looks like the beginning of the end of the seaside boarding-house steak.

A visitor to the International Fashion Fair points out that ears are once more in fashion for women. If one is worn on each side of the face the effect is said to be very chic.

The *Neue Freie Presse* states that Professor Einstein has made a discovery which will cause a greater sensation than his relativity theory. Our information is that it deals with three great forces: gravitation, terrestrial magnetism, and Mr. H. G. Wells.

Now that a medical man has advised women to wrap up more in the evenings, some of them have taken to wearing a second shoulder-strap.

The Washington Bureau of Chemistry claims to have discovered a substitute for coffee. Many English restaurants have been using one for years.

To recur to the deliberate methods of our great chess players, we hear that one of them has bequeathed his next move to his grandson.

Jazz music seems to be improving. At a jazz band performance the other night it was so quiet that the audience could almost have heard a revolver fired.

At a recent wedding the bridegroom was refused admission to the church because it was overcrowded; but one of the congregation, seeing him, informed the verger. Some people never can mind their own business.

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A large codfish was recently found by a fisherman high and dry on the beach at Southend. On being discovered it is said to have asked the way to the nearest sea.

Talking of beetles, we learn from Dr. Bramer that the death rate among them is exceptionally high, only one in sixteen thousand reaching maturity.

With reference to the outbreak of fire on a Surrey golf links, the latest theory is that the conflagration was due to the spontaneous combustion of a retired colonel at the nineteenth hole.

Two Blackpool men have travelled to London on roller skates. This is carrying the craze for small cars too far.

Women as a rule are afraid of humour, says a *Daily Mail* writer. He seems to have forgotten the monumental joke played on Adam by his lady friend.

We are relieved to learn that the majority of the audience that sat out the performance of *Back to Methuselah* have now returned to their homes.

A Welsh student has recently discovered a cheap substitute for coal. This must be different from the one that we've been using for years.

An octogenarian lady is stated to have been composing Christmas-card verses for fifty-one years. This refutes the theory that composers of Christmas-card verses invariably die young and suddenly.

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"What is the origin of Mah-Jongg?" asks a headline. We believe it is derived from the Chinese "Mah-Jongg," which means "Mah-Jongg."

The Bishop of Chelmsford has suggested that votes of thanks should be done away with. We propose a hearty vote of thanks to the Bishop for his sensible suggestion.

We gather from the market reports that Mince Pies Preferred are showing a downward tendency.

I have seen nothing quite like your winter, observes an American visitor. He ought to sample our summer.

"Is the life of an actress a healthy one?" asks a writer. We doubt it. On the musical comedy stage many ladies seem to suffer from a rush of teeth to the face.

After forty-four years' service the head keeper of the elephant house at the Zoo has retired. During the whole of that time he has never mislaid one of his charges.

A Nigerian tribe believes that every man has three souls. If they have one to call their own they are luckier than some of us.

An attempt is being made to broadcast a sermon to some explorers near the North Pole. This proves once for all that there is no safe spot where one can go in search of peace and quiet.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw is of the opinion that Mr. Sidney Webb is one of the twelve cleverest men in the world. He did not give the names of the other ten.

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"Eighty-eight Pounds for a Dog Bite," says a morning paper headline. We have decided to wait until they become cheaper.

Mr. G. B. Shaw is said to have written a new play that will take three weeks to act. A curtain-raiser, of course.

The skipper of a Grimsby trawler recently found a half-sovereign inside a codfish. The theory is that the fish was on its way to America with the gold.

A scientist asserts that flying will be possible in the future by means of a pair of wings attached to the shoulders. The more optimistic among us are hoping for haloes, too.

From Miscellaneous Sources

The latest description of a bigamist is a man who makes the same mistake twice.—*London Opinion.*

"The six-wheel car is coming," says a motor expert. The average pedestrian is apathetic. By the time the two front wheels have passed over him, he is past caring how many more there are.—*London Opinion.*

"A healthy optimism is a great asset to a doctor," says Dr. Edwin Smith. Providing, of course, that it doesn't belong to his patients.—*The Humorist* (*London*).

A "Tramp's Opera" is to be produced shortly. Surely the music ought to be ragtime.—*The Humorist* (*London*).

A motoring writer says that the motorists in this country run into millions. We know that. We wish they didn't.—*The Passing Show* (*London*).

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In some quarters it is thought that Doctor Voronoff's activities in the rejuvenation of women should be suppressed. It is alarming to think that he wields the dreadful power of turning loose on the world hordes of giddy young flappers with half a century's experience.—*London Opinion.*

Several pianists are reported to be adopting M. Paderewski's idea of playing with all the lights dim. It makes it harder for the audience to take a good aim.—*The Passing Show* (*London*).

According to a weekly journal, a beautiful mouth can be obtained by merely pressing the lips tightly together for two hours at a time. This looks as if a syndicate of tired husbands is at work.—*The Passing Show* (*London*).

Grand Opera is being given in English. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that one day musical comedy choruses will also be sung in that language.—*The Passing Show* (*London*).

A scientist predicts that in ten years' time there will be no servant girls. He appears to be just ten years behind the times.—*London Opinion.*

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THE ETIQUETTE OF ENGAGEMENTS AND WEDDINGS

BY

DONALD OGDEN STEWART

The Historic Aspect

"Matrimony," sings Homer, the poet, "is a holy estate and not lightly to be entered into." The "old Roman" is right. A modern wedding is one of the most intricate and exhausting of social customs. Young men and women of our better classes are now forced to devote a large part of their lives to acting as brides, grooms, ushers, and bridesmaids at various elaborate nuptials. Weeks are generally required in preparation for an up-to-date wedding; months are necessary in recovering from such an affair. Indeed, some of the participants, notably the bride and groom, never quite get over the effects of a marriage.

It was not "always thus." Time was when the wedding was a comparatively simple affair. In the Paleolithic Age, for example (as Mr. H. G. Wells of England points out in his able "Outline of History"), there is no evidence of any particular ceremony conjunctive with the marriage of a "male and a female." Even with the advent of Neolithic man, a wedding seems to have been consummated by the rather simple process of having the bridegroom crack the bride over

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the head with a plain, unornamented stone ax. There were no ushers—no bridesmaids. But shortly after that (*c.* 10,329—30 B. C., to be exact) two young Neoliths named Haig, living in what is now supposed to be Scotland, discovered that the prolonged distillation of common barley resulted in the creation of an amber-coloured liquid which, when taken internally, produced a curious and not unpleasant effect.

This discovery had—and still has—a remarkable effect upon the celebration of the marriage rite. Gradually there grew up around the wedding a number of customs. With the Haig brothers' discovery of Scotch whiskey began, as a matter of course, the institution of the "bachelor dinner." "Necessity is the mother of invention," and exactly twelve years after the first "bachelor dinner" came the discovery of bicarbonate of soda. From that time down to the present day the history of the etiquette of weddings has been that of an increasing number of intricate forms and ceremonies, each age having added its particular bit of ritual. The modern wedding may be said to be, therefore, almost an "Outline of History" itself.

Announcing the Engagement

Let us begin, first of all, with the duties of one of the minor characters at a wedding—the Groom. Suppose that you are an eligible young man named Richard Roe, who has just become "engaged" to a young lady named Dorothy Doe. If you really intend to "marry the girl," it is customary that some formal announcement of the engagement be made, for which you must have the permission of Miss Dorothy and her father. It is not generally difficult to become engaged to most girls, but it will surprise you to discover how hard it is to get the young lady whom you believe to be your fiancée to consent to a public announcement of the fact. The reason

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for this probably is that an engagement which has been "announced" often leads to matrimony, and matrimony, in polite society, often lasts for several years.

After you have secured the girl's permission, it is next necessary that you notify her father of the engagement. In this particular case, as he happens to be your employer, the notification can take place in his office. First of all, however, it would be advisable to prepare some sort of speech in advance. Aim to put him as far as possible at his ease, lead up to the subject gradually and tactfully. Abruptness is never "good form." The following is suggested as a possible model:

"Good morning, Mr. Doe. Say, I heard a good story from a travelling salesman last night. It seems that there was a young married couple"——(Here insert a good story about a young married couple.) "Wasn't that *rich?* Yes, sir, marriage is a great thing—a great institution. Every young man ought to get married, don't you think? You do? Well, Mr. Doe, I've got a surprise for you." (Here move toward the door.) "I'm going to" (here open the door) "marry" (step out of the room) "your daughter." (Close the door quickly.)

The Bride-to-be

Before the public announcement of the engagement it is customary for the bride-to-be to write personal letters to all other young men to whom she happens to be engaged at the time. These notes should be kindly, sympathetic, and tactful. The same note can be written to all, provided there is no chance of their comparing notes. The following is suggested:

Dear Bob:

Bob, I want you to be the very first to know that I am engaged to Richard Roe. I want you to like him, Bob, because he is a fine fellow and I would rather have you like him than any one I know. I feel that

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he and I shall be very happy together, and I want you to be the first to know about it. Your friendship will always remain one of the brightest things in my life, Bob, but, of course, I probably won't be able to go to the Aiken dance with you now. Please don't tell anybody about it yet. I shall never forget the happy times you and I had together, Bob, and will you please return those silly letters of mine. I am sending you yours.

The Engagement Luncheon

The engagement is generally announced at a luncheon given by the parents of the prospective bride. This is usually a small affair, only fifteen or twenty of the most intimate friends of the engaged "couple" being invited. It is one of the customs of engagement luncheons that all the guests shall be tremendously surprised at the news, and great care should be taken to aid them in carrying out this tradition. On the invitations, for example, should be written some misleading phrase, such as "To meet General Pershing" or "Not to Announce the Engagement of Our Daughter."

The announcement itself, which should be made soon after the guests are seated, offers a splendid opportunity for the display of originality and should aim to afford the guest a surprise and perhaps a laugh, for laughter of a certain quiet kind is often welcome at social functions. One of the most favoured methods of announcing an engagement is by the use of symbolic figures embodying the names of the affianced pair. Thus, for example, in the case of the present engagement of Richard Roe to Dorothy Doe it would be "unique" to have the first course at luncheon consist of a diminutive candy or papier-mâché doe seated amorously upon a heart-shaped order of a shad roe. The guests will at first be mystified, but soon cries of "Oh, how sweet!" will arise and congratulations are then in order. Great care should be taken, however, that the symbolic figures are not misunderstood; it

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would be extremely embarrassing, for example, if in the above instance a young man named "Shad" or "Aquarium" were to receive the congratulations instead of the proper person.

Other suggestions for symbolistic announcements of some of the more common names are as follows:

"*Cohan-O'Brien*"—ice cream cones on a plate of O'Brien potatoes.

"*Ames-Green*"—green ice cream in the shape of a man aiming at something.

"*Thorne-Hoyt*"—figure of a man from Brooklyn pulling thorn from foot with expression on his face signifying "This hoits."

"*Bullitt-Bartlett*"—bartlett pears full of small 22 or 33 calibre bullets.

"*Tweed-Ellis*"—frosted cake in the shape of Ellis Island with a solitary figure of a man in a nice fitting tweed suit.

"*Gordon-Fuller*"—two papier-mâché figures—one representing a young man full of Gordon gin, the other representing a young man fuller.

"*Hatch-Gillette*"—figure of a chicken surprised at having hatched a safety razor.

"*Graves-Colgate*"—figure of a man brushing his teeth in a cemetery.

"*Heinz-Fish*"—57 assorted small fish tastily arranged on one plate.

Selecting the Bridal Party

As soon as the engagement has been announced it is the duty of the prospective bride to select a maid-of-honour and eight or ten bridesmaids, while the groom must choose his best man and ushers. In making these selections it should be carefully borne in mind that no wedding party is complete without the following:

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1 bridesmaid who danced twice with the Prince of Wales.
2 bridesmaids who never danced more than once with anybody.
1 bridesmaid who doesn't "pet."
1 bridesmaid who was expelled from Miss Spence's.
1 bridesmaid who talks "Southern."
1 bridesmaid who met Douglas Fairbanks once.
1 bridesmaid who rowed on the crew at Wellesley.
1 usher who doesn't drink anything.
9 ushers who drink anything.

In some localities, following the announcement, it is customary for the brides' friends to give for her a number of "showers." These are for the purpose of providing her with various necessities for her wedded household life. These affairs should be informal and only her dearest or wealthiest friends should be invited. A clever bride will generally arrange secretly for several of these "showers" by promising a certain percentage (usually 15 per cent. of the gross up to $500 and 25 per cent. bonus on all over that amount) to the friend who gives the party. Some of the more customary "showers" of common household articles for the new bride are toothpaste, milk of magnesia, screen doors, copies of Service's poems, Cape Cod lighters, pictures of "Age of Innocence" and back numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Invitations and Wedding Presents

The proper time to send out invitations to a wedding is between two and three weeks before the day set for the ceremony, although the out-of-town invitations should be mailed in plenty of time to allow the recipient to purchase and forward a suitable present. As the gifts are received, a check mark should be placed after the name of the donor, together with a short description of the present and an estimate as to its probable cost. This list is to be used later,

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at the wedding reception, in determining the manner in which the bride is to greet the various guests. It has been found helpful by many brides to devise some sort of memory system whereby certain names immediately suggest certain responses, thus:

"Mr. Snodgrass—copy of 'Highways and Byways in Old France'—*c.* $6.50." "How do you do, Mr. Snodgrass. Have you met my mother?"

"Mr. Brackett—Solid silver candlesticks — $68.50." "Hello, Bob, you old peach. How about a kiss?"

The real festivities of a wedding start about three days before the ceremony, with the arrival of the "wedding party," in which party the most responsible position is that of best man. Let us suppose that you are to be the best man at the Roe-Doe nuptials. What are your duties?

In the first place, you must prepare yourself for the wedding by a course of training extending for a month or more prior to the actual event. It should be your aim to work yourself into such a condition that you can go for three nights without sleep, talk for hours to the most impossibly stupid of young women, and consume an unending amount of alcohol. You are then prepared for the bachelor dinner, the bridal dinner, the bridesmaids, the wedding, and the wedding reception.

Duties of the Best Man

Upon your arrival in the city where the wedding is to take place you will be met by the bridegroom, who will take you to the home of the bride where you are to stay. There you are met by the bride's father. "This is my best man," says the groom. "The best man?" replies her father. "Well, may the best man win." At once you reply, "Ha! Ha! Ha!" He then says, "Is this your first visit to Chicago?"

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to which the correct answer is, "Yes, sir, but I hope it isn't my last."

The bride's mother then appears. "This is my best man," says the groom. "Well," says she, "remember—the best man doesn't always win." "Ha! Ha! Ha!" you at once reply. "Is this your first visit to Chicago?" says she, to which you answer, "Yes—but I hope it isn't my last."

You are then conducted to your room, where you are left alone to unpack. In a few minutes the door will open and a small boy enter. This is the brother of the bride. You smile at him pleasantly and remark, "Is this your first visit to Chicago?" "What are you doing?" is his answer. "Unpacking," you reply. "What's that?" says he. "A cutaway," you reply. "What's that?" says he. "A collar bag." "What's that?" "A dress shirt." "What's that?" says he. "Another dress shirt." "What's that?" says he. "Say, listen," you reply, "don't I hear someone calling you?" "No," says he. "What's that?" "That," you reply, with a sigh of relief, "is a razor. Here —take it and play with it." In three minutes, if you have any luck at all, the bride's brother will have cut himself severely in several places which will cause him to run crying from the room. You can then finish unpacking.

The Bride's Tea

The first function of the pre-nuptial festivities is generally a tea at the bride's home, where the ushers and bridesmaids meet to become "acquainted." It is your duty, as best man, to go to the hotel where the ushers are stopping and bring them to this tea. Just as you will leave on this mission the groom will whisper in your ear, "For God's sake, remember to tell them that her father and mother are terribly opposed to drinking in any form." This is an awfully good joke on her father and mother.

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As you step out of the hotel elevator you hear at the end of the hall a chorus shouting, "Mademoiselle from Armentières —*parlez vous!*" Those are your ushers.

Opening the door of the room you step forward and announce, "Fellows, we have got to go to a tea right away. Come on—let's go." At this, ten young men in cutaways will stand up and shout, "Yeaaa—the best man—give the best man a drink!" From then on, at twelve-minute intervals, it is your duty to say, "Fellows, we have got to go to a tea right away. Come on—let's go." Each time you will be handed another drink, which you may take with either your right or left hand.

After an hour the telephone will ring. It will be the groom. He will say, "Everybody is waiting for you and the ushers," to which you reply, "We are just leaving." He then says, "And don't forget to tell them what I told you about her father and mother."

You then hang up the receiver, take a drink in one hand and say, "Fellows, I have a very solemn message for you. It's a message which is of deep importance to each one of us. Fellows—her father and mother object to the use of alcohol in any form."

This statement will be greeted with applause and cheers. You will all then take one more drink, put on your silk hats and gray gloves, and leave the room singing, "Her father and mother object to drink—*parlez vous.*"

The tea given by the bride's parents is generally a small affair to which only the members of the wedding party are invited. When you and the ushers arrive, you will find the bride, the maid of honour, and the bridesmaids waiting for you. As you enter the room, make a polite bow to the bride's father and mother, and be sure to apologize for your lateness. Nothing so betrays the social "oil can" as a

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failure to make a plausible excuse for tardiness. Whenever you are late for a party you must always have ready some good reason for your fault, such as, "Excuse me, Mrs. Doe, I'm afraid I am a little late, but you see, just as I was dressing, this filling dropped out of my tooth and I had to have it put back in." If the host and hostess seem to doubt your statement, it would be well to show them the recalcitrant filling in question, although if they are "well-bred" they will probably in most cases take you at your word.

The Maid of Honour

You and the ushers will then be introduced to the bridesmaids and the maid of honour. As you meet this latter young lady, who is the bride's older sister and, of course, your partner for the remainder of the wedding festivities, she will say, "The best man? Well, they say that the best man wins. . . . Ha! Ha! Ha!" This puts her in class G 6 without further examination, and your only hope of prolonging your life throughout the next two days lies in the frequent and periodic administration of stimulants.

The Bachelor Dinner and After

That evening the groom gives for the best man and the ushers what is known as a "bachelor dinner." It is his farewell to his men friends as he passes out of the state of bachelorhood. The formal passing out generally occurs toward the end of the dinner, and is a quaint ceremony participated in by most of those present.

It is customary for the best man to wake up about noon of the following day. You will not have the slightest idea as to where you are or how you got there. You will be wearing your dress trousers, your stiff or pleated bosom dress shirt, black socks and pumps, and the coat of your pajamas. In

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one hand you will be clutching a chrysanthemum. After a few minutes there will come a low moan from the next bed. That is usually the groom, also in evening dress with the exception that he has tried to put on the trousers of your pajamas over his dress trousers. You then say, "What happened?" to which he replies, "Oh, Judas." You wait several minutes. In the next room you hear the sound of a shower bath and someone whistling. The bath stops; the whistling continues. The door then opens and there enters one of the ushers. He is the usher who always "feels great" the next day after the bachelor dinner. He says to you, "Well, boys, you look all in." You do not reply. He continues, "Gosh, I feel fine." You make no response. He then begins to chuckle, "I don't suppose you remember," he says, "what you said to the bride's mother when I brought you home last night." You sit quickly up in bed. "What did I say?" you ask. "Was I tight?" "Were you tight?" he replies, still chuckling. "Don't you remember what you said? And don't you remember trying to get the bride's father to slide down the banisters with you? Were you tight—Oh, my gosh!" He then exits, chuckling. Statistics of several important life insurance companies show that that type of man generally dies a violent death before the age of thirty.

The Rehearsal

The rehearsal for the wedding is usually held in the church on the afternoon preceding the day of the nuptials. The ushers, of course, are an hour late, which gives the bridegroom (Bap.) an opportunity to meet the minister (Epis.) and have a nice, long chat about religion, while the best man (Atheist) talks to the eighty-three-year-old sexton who buried the bride's grandpa and grandma and has knowed little Miss Dorothy come twenty years next Michaelmas. The best

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man's offer of twenty-five dollars, if the sexton will at once bury the maid of honour, is generally refused as a matter of courtesy.

The Bridal Dinner

In the evening, the parents of the bride give the bridal dinner, to which all the relatives and close friends of the family are invited. Toasts are drunk in orange juice and rare old Virginia Dare wine, and much good-natured fun is indulged in by all. Speeches are usually made by the bride and groom, their parents, the best man, the maid of honour, the minister and Aunt Harriet.

Just a word about the speeches at a bridal dinner. Terrible!

A Church Wedding

On the day of the wedding the ushers should arrange to be at the church an hour or so in advance of the time set for the ceremony. They should be dressed in cutaways, with ties, gloves, and gardenias provided by the groom.

It is the duty of the best man to dress the bridegroom for the wedding. As you enter his room you see, lying half-dressed on the bed, a pale, wan, emaciated creature, who is staring fixedly at the ceiling. It is the happy bridegroom. His lips open. He speaks feebly. "What time is it?" he says. You reply, "Two-thirty, old man. Time to start getting dressed." "Oh, my God!" says the groom. Ten minutes pass. "What time is it?" says the groom. "Twenty of three," you reply. "Here's your shirt." "Oh, my God!" says the groom.

He takes the shirt and tries to put it on. You help him. "Better have a little Scotch, old man," you say. "What time is it?" he replies. "Five of three," you say. "Oh, my God!" says the groom.

At three-thirty you and he are dressed in cutaways and

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promptly at three-forty-two you arrive at the church. You are ushered into a little side room where it is your duty to sit with the corpse for the few brief hours which elapse between three-forty-five and four o'clock. Occasionally he stirs and a faint spark of life seems to struggle in his sunken eyes. His lips move feebly. You bend over to catch his dying words. "Have—you—got—the ring?" he whispers. "Yes," you reply. "Everything's fine. You look great, too, old man." The sound of the organ reaches your ears. The groom groans. "Have you got the ring?" he says.

Meanwhile the ushers have been performing their duty of showing the invited guests to the various pews. A correctly trained usher will always have ready some cheery word or sprightly bit of conversation to make the guests feel perfectly at home as he conducts them to their seats. "It's a nice day, isn't it?" is suggested as a perfectly safe and yet not too unusual topic of conversation. This can be varied by remarking, "Isn't it a nice day?" or in some cases, where you do not wish to appear too forward, "Is it a nice day, or isn't it?" An usher should also remember that although he has on a cutaway, he is neither a floor-walker nor a bond salesman, and remarks such as "Something in a dotted Swiss?" or "Third aisle over—second pew—next the ribbon goods," are decidedly *non au fait.*

The first two pews on each side of the centre aisle are always reserved for members of the immediate family, but it is a firmly established custom that the ushers shall seat in these "family pews" at least three people with whom the family are barely on speaking terms. This slight error always causes Aunt Nellie and Uncle Fred to sit up in the gallery with the family cook.

With the arrival of the bride, the signal is given to the organist to start the wedding march, usually either Mendels-

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sohn's or Wagner's. About this time the mother of the bride generally discovers that the third candle from the left on the rear altar has not been lighted, which causes a delay of some fifteen minutes during which time the organist improvises one hundred and seventy-three variations on the opening strains of the march.

Finally all is adjusted and the procession starts down the aisle led by the ushers swaying slowly side by side. It is always customary for three or four of the eight ushers to have absolutely no conception of time or rhythm, which adds a quaint touch of uncertainty and often a little humour to the performance.

After the Scotch mist left by the passing ushers has cleared, there come the bridesmaids, the maid of honour, and then, leaning on her father's arm (unless, of course, her father is dead), the bride.

In the meantime, the bridegroom has been carried in by the best man and awaits the procession at the foot of the aisle, which is usually four hundred and forty yards long. The ushers and bridesmaids step awkwardly to one side; the groom advances and a hush falls over the congregation which is the signal for the bride's little niece to ask loudly, "What's that funny looking man going to do, Aunt Dotty?"

Then follows the religious ceremony.

Immediately after the church service, a reception is held at the bride's home, where refreshments are served and two hundred and forty-two invited guests make the same joke about kissing the bride. At the reception it is customary for the ushers and the best man to crawl off in separate corners and die.

The wedding "festivities" are generally concluded with the disappearance of the bride, the bridegroom, one of the uninvited guests and four of the most valuable presents.

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WILSON COULD LAUGH AT A JOKE ON HIMSELF

BY

WILL ROGERS

(NOTE: This tribute to Woodrow Wilson by Will Rogers attracted universal attention and was more commented upon than anything by Rogers during the past year.)

SOME of the most glowing and deserved tributes ever paid to the memory of an American have been paid in the last few days to our past President Woodrow Wilson. They have been paid by learned men of this and all Nations who knew what to say and how to express their feelings. They spoke of their close association and personal contact with him. Now I want to add my little mite, even though it be of no importance.

I want to speak and tell of him as I knew him, for he was my friend. We of the stage know that our audiences are our best friends, and he was the greatest Audience of any Public Man we ever had. I want to tell of him as I knew him across the footlights. A great many Actors and Professional people have appeared before him, on various occasions, in wonderful high-class endeavours. But I don't think that any person met him across the footlights in exactly the personal way that I did on five different occasions.

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Every other Performer or Actor did before him exactly what they had done before other audiences on the night previous, but I gave a great deal of time and thought to an Act for him, most of which would never be used again and had never been used before. Owing to the style of Act I used, my stuff depended a great deal on what had happened that particular day or week. It just seemed by an odd chance for me every time I played before President Wilson that on that particular day there had been something of great importance that he had just been dealing with. For you must remember that each day was a day of great stress with him. He had no easy days. So when I could go into a Theatre and get laughs out of our President by poking fun at some turn in our National affairs, I don't mind telling you it was the happiest moment of my entire career on the stage.

The first time I shall never forget, for it was the most impressive and for me the most nervous one of them all. The Friars Club of New York, one of the biggest Theatrical Social Clubs in New York, had decided to make a whirlwind Tour of the principal Cities of the East all in one week. We played a different City every night. We made a one-night stand out of Chicago and New York. We were billed for Baltimore but not for Washington. President Wilson came over from Washington to see the performance. It was the first time in Theatrical History that the President of the United States came over to Baltimore just to see a Comedy.

It was just at the time we were having our little Set-to with Mexico, and when we were at the height of our Note Exchanging career with Germany and Austria. The house was packed with the Élite of Baltimore.

The Show was going great. It was a collection of clever skits, written mostly by our stage's greatest Man, George M. Cohan, and even down to the minor bits was played by

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Stars with big Reputations. I was the least known member of the entire Aggregation, doing my little specialty with a Rope and telling Jokes on National affairs, just a very ordinary little Vaudeville act by chance sandwiched in among this great array.

I was on late, and as the show went along I would walk out of the Stage door and out on the Street and try to kill the time and nervousness until it was time to dress and go on. I had never told Jokes even to a President, much less about one, especially to his face. Well, I am not kidding you when I tell you that I was scared to death. I am always nervous. I never saw an Audience that I ever faced with any confidence. For no man can ever tell how a given Audience will ever take anything.

But here I was, nothing but a very ordinary Oklahoma Cowpuncher who had learned to spin a Rope a little and who had learned to read the Daily Papers a little, going out before the Aristocracy of Baltimore, and the President of the United States, and kid about some of the Policies with which he was shaping the Destinies of Nations.

How was I to know but what the audience would rise up in mass and resent it. It had never heard, and I don't think any one else had ever heard of a President being joked personally in a public theatre about the policies of his administration.

The nearer the time come the worse scared I got. George Cohan and Willie Collier and Frank Tinney and others, knowing how I felt, would pat me on the back and tell me, "Why, he is just a Human Being; go on out and do your stuff." Well, if somebody had come through the dressing room and hollered, "Train for Claremore, Oklahoma, leaving at once," I would have been on it. This may sound strange, but any who have had the experience know that a Presidential appear-

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ance in a Theatre, especially outside Washington, D. C., is a very Rare and unique feeling even to the Audience. They are keyed up almost as much as the Actors.

At the time of his entrance into the House, everybody stood up, and there were Plain Clothes men all over the place, back stage and behind his Box. How was I to know but what one of them might not take a shot at me if I said anything about him personally?

Finally a Warden knocked at my dressing room door and said, "You die in 5 more minutes for kidding your Country." They just literally shoved me out on the Stage.

Now, by a stroke of what I call good fortune (for I will keep them always), I have a copy of the entire Acts that I did for President Wilson on the Five times I worked for him. My first remark in Baltimore was, "I am kinder nervous here to-night." Now that is not an especially bright remark, and I don't hope to go down in History on the strength of it, but it was so apparent to the audience that I was speaking the truth that they laughed heartily at it. After all, we all love honesty.

Then I said, "I shouldn't be nervous, for this is really my second Presidential appearance. The first time was when Bryan spoke in our town once, and I was to follow his speech and do my little Roping Act." Well, I heard them laughing, so I took a sly glance at the President's Box, and sure enough, he was laughing just as big as any one. So I went on, "As I say, I was to follow him, but he spoke so long that it was so dark when he finished, they couldn't see my Roping." That went over great, so I said, "I wonder what ever become of him." That was all right, it got over, but still I had made no direct reference to the President.

Now Pershing was in Mexico at the time, and there was a lot in the Papers for and against the invasion. I said, "I see

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where they have captured Villa. Yes, they got him in the morning Editions and the Afternoon ones let him get away." Now everybody in the house before they would laugh looked at the President, to see how he was going to take it. Well, he started laughing and they all followed suit.

"Villa raided Columbus, New Mexico. We had a man on guard that night at the Post. But to show you how crooked this Villa is, he sneaked up on the opposite side." "We chased him over the line 5 miles, but run into a lot of Government Red Tape and had to come back." "There is some talk of getting a Machine Gun if we can borrow one." "The one we have now they are using to train our Army with in Plattsburg. If we go to war we will just about have to go to the trouble of getting another Gun."

Now, mind you, he was being rode on all sides for lack of preparedness, yet he sat there and led that entire audience in laughing at the ones on himself.

At that time there was talk of forming an Army of 2 hundred thousand men. So I said, "We are going to have an Army of 2 hundred thousand men. Mr. Ford makes 3 hundred thousand Cars every year. I think, Mr. President, we ought to at least have a Man to every Car." "See where they got Villa hemmed in between the Atlantic and Pacific. Now all we got to do is to stop up both ends." "Pershing located him at a Town called, Los Quas Ka Jasbo. Now all we have to do is to locate Los Quas Ka Jasbo." "I see by a headline that Villa escapes Net and Flees. We will never catch him then. Any Mexican that can escape Fleas is beyond catching." "But we are doing better toward preparedness now, as one of my Senators from Oklahoma has sent home a double portion of Garden Seed."

After various other ones on Mexico I started in on European affairs, which at that time was long before we entered the war.

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"We are facing another Crisis to-night, but our President here has had so many of them lately that he can just lay right down and sleep beside one of those things."

Then I first pulled the one which I am proud to say he afterward repeated to various friends as the best one told on him during the War. I said, "President Wilson is getting along fine now to what he was a few months ago. Do you realize, People, that at one time in our negotiations with Germany he was 5 Notes behind."

How he did laugh at that! Well, due to him being a good fellow and setting a real example, I had the proudest and most successful night I ever had on the stage. I had lots of Gags on other subjects but the ones on him were the heartiest laughs with him, and so it was on all the other occasions I played for him. He came back Stage at intermission and chatted and shook hands with all.

Sometime I would like to tell of things he laughed at during the most serious stages of the Great War. Just think, there were hundreds of millions of Human Beings interested directly in that terrible War, and yet out of all of them he stands, 5 years after it's over, as the greatest man connected with it. What he stood for and died for, will be strived after for years.

But it will take time, for with all our advancement and boasted Civilization, it's hard to stamp out selfishness and Greed. For after all, Nations are nothing but Individuals, and you can't stop even Brothers from fighting sometimes. But he helped it along a lot. And what a wonderful cause to have laid down your life for! The World lost a Friend. The Theatre lost its greatest supporter. And I lost the most distinguished Person who ever laughed at my little nonsensical jokes. I looked forward to it every year. Now I have only to look back on it as my greatest memory.

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THE CHARGE OF THE BLIGHT BRIGADE

BY

ADELAIDE W. NEALL

THERE's mould on the delphiniums,
Chrysanthemums and phlox,
White aphis at the aster roots,
Green aphis on the dahlia shoots,
There's bug and blight
To left and right
On zinnias and stocks!
No matter how I dust and spray
In every kind of modern way,
With Paris green and nicotine
And sulphur, lime and kerosene,
The wretched crew
That suck and chew
Attack my flowers in flocks.

Some say the rains brought this about,
And others blame it on the drought!

The weevil has attacked the beans,
The beetle's at the beets,
The wilt's on the tomato vine,
The corn has smut. All down the line

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Potato bugs
And slimy slugs
Pull gustatory feats!
Although I make my crops rotate,
And in my spraying alternate
From fungicide, insecticide,
To dope, soft soap and germicide,
The loathsome lot
That blight and blot
Are ruining my eats!

Some say my land is sour or poor,
And some, I've used too much manure!

The leaf spot's on the cherry trees,
The psylla's on the pear,
San José scale is on the peach,
And caterpillars out of reach
Do multiply,
While mite and fly
And gnats pervade the air.
Although the trees are trimmed, and fed
With showers of arsenate of lead,
And every day in every way
I try a different sort of spray
The blighting pest
That knows no rest
Has left them sick and bare!

Some say they're in the borer's clutch,
And some, I've limed and sprayed too much!

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ONE HUNDRED BEST AMERICAN EPIGRAMS OF THE YEAR

Money puts the prop in propaganda.—*Newark (N. J.) Star-Eagle.*

Professor Einstein announces that he has made a new discovery surpassing that of relativity. Help! Some of us are a long way behind on the first one.—*New York Evening World.*

The burglar's lot isn't a happy one. He doesn't know at what moment some woman will mistake him for her husband and shoot.—*Associated Editors (Chicago.)*

"The slow-thinkers live longest," says a prominent psychologist. Not if they cross the street.—*Indianapolis Star.*

It pays to keep straight. Look how the corkscrew lost out. —*Birmingham News.*

People would have better health if they would remember that the stomach is a workroom and not a playhouse.—*Colorado Springs Gazette.*

Screen your open-grate fires in winter, swat the flies in summer, stop, look, and listen at grade-crossings, don't start the kitchen-range fire with the kerosene can, keep your nose out of other folks' business, and maybe you will live to be run over by a drunken joy rider.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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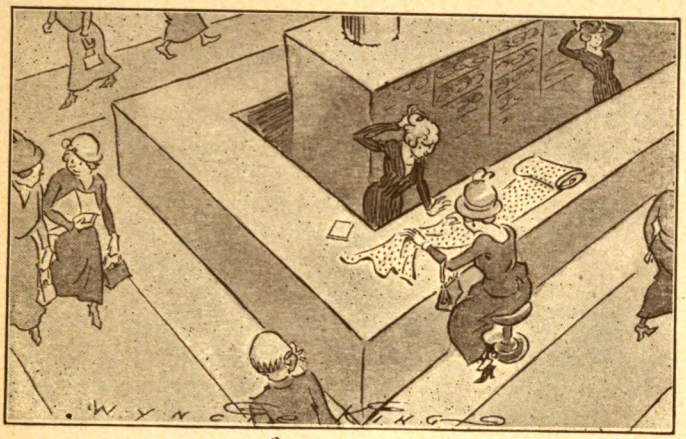
BARGAINS



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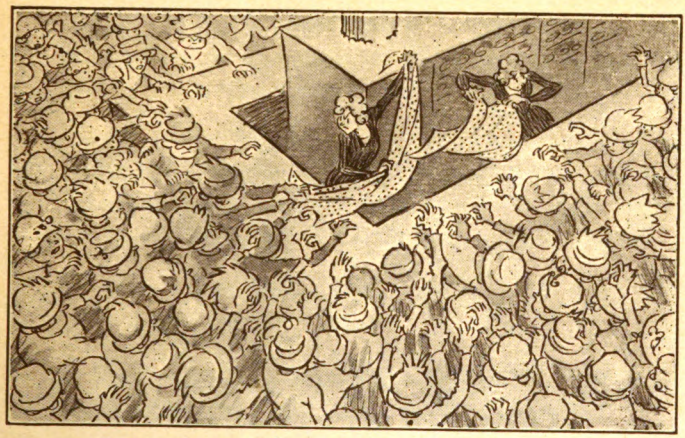

98 cents a yard

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New York's first telephone girl, who began in 1878, is still on the job. Probably some fellow called a number, and she isn't going to quit till she gets it for him.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

Before we run out of "weeks," why not have an "honest-week's-work week?"—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

The average man now lives thirty-one years longer than he did in 1800. He has to in order to get his taxes paid.—*Athens (Ga.) News.*

An Arkansas woman has cremated her third husband. This is what comes of the coal shortage.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

"What's the World Coming To?" shouts an editorial head. The answer is easy: America.—*Tampa Morning Tribune.*

A Scotch scientist says there never was any Adam or Eve. There is ground for the suspicion that the human race was founded by Cain.—*Washington Post.*

A report from California describes a mammoth human skull with the mouth open "as if the early man had died in great fear and pain." He was probably slain by irate tourists while he was boasting about the climate.—*Boston Herald.*

Evolution: Dress, $3.75; frock, $19.98; gown, $65; creation, $225.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

They say there is an increase in child labour. We say it isn't noticeable around the home.—*Columbia Record.*

The only fur-bearing animal that appears to be holding its own is woman.—*Associated Editors (Chicago.)*

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If a man wants his dreams to come true, he must wake up. —*Columbia Record.*

Railroading has made wonderful progress within a generation. The old-time locomotive couldn't have knocked a jitney more than ten feet.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The nation is burning its scandals at both ends.—*Asheville Times.*

The difficulty in turning immigrants into good Americans is to find a model to work by.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

In this commercial age, about the only way to get well heeled is to keep on your toes.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Another explanation of the modern child's manners is that too many woodsheds have been converted into garages.—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

The trouble with us Americans is that first we pass the law, and then we pass the buck.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

A critic says Americans have lost their nerve. The gentleman ought to notice some of the entries in our beauty contests.—*Spartanburg Herald.*

A scientist says that men are more open to conviction than women. They certainly are convicted more often.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

The lamb and the lion will lie down together when the lamb hasn't anything the lion wants.—*Bridgeport Star.*

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It is said there will be little change in women's clothes this year. Then perhaps there will be a little more change in men's.—*American Lumberman.*

A magazine writer says we need a new religion. But let's not do anything rash until we try the old one.—*New Britain Herald.*

If he dodges jitneys, he is a pedestrian; if he dodges taxes, he is a financier; if he dodges responsibility, he is a statesman. —*Everett Herald.*

The Bible is said to have been translated by a Chicago man into language that Chicagoans can understand, and we suppose every chapter begins with "Say, listen!"—*Tacoma Ledger.*

A physician says that the best way to reduce is to eat apples. This method reduced Adam very rapidly.—*New York Tribune.*

When nobility ruled, it took three generations to make a gentleman. Now it takes only three coats of whitewash.— *Anaheim (Cal.) Plain Dealer.*

A press dispatch reports that a Los Angeles landlord has been arrested, charged with robbing people who were not his tenants.—*Columbus Citizen.*

A British physician says that woman causes half of the world's war. If so, she is merely exercising her policy of equal rights.—*Nashville Banner.*

The modern girl may have her little weaknesses, but she isn't effeminate.—*Fresno Republican.*

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"Make America Musical," says a headline. What, and kill jazz?—*Detroit News.*

A sucker is one who thinks the approach to Easy Street is Wall Street.—*Austin American.*

A European critic says our buildings have no inspiring windows. How about the one where the paying-teller stays?—*Akron Beacon-Journal.*

A New York rabbi says he has discovered that the world is 7,400 years old. But how could it have got itself in such a fix in such a short length of time?—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

The yellow streak in human nature is often brought out by the precious metal of the same colour.—*Cleveland Times.*

There are few things more embarrassing than having your grocer drive up while you are paying cash for your gasoline.—*Norristown Times.*

What is the use of a third party when the country does not know what to do with the two parties it has on hand?—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

There are 7,000 widows in Pasadena, California. Those Western women shoot straight.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

Canary birds have to demonstrate their ability to sing before they can be imported into this country. What a pity that doesn't apply also to imported opera singers.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

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Financier says that the currency should be made more elastic. How about making it a little more adhesive at the same time?—*New York American.*

Experience is what you get while you are looking for something else.—*Toledo Blade.*

A puncture is a little hole found in motor-car tires at long distances from 'phones or garages.—*Burlington Junction Post.*

There will never be a war between the United States and Canada. The bootleggers would never allow it.—*New York American.*

The matrimonial bark is wrecked by the matrimonial barking.—*Columbia Record.*

If you do housework at $6 a week, that's domestic service. If you do it for nothing, that's matrimony.—*New Britain Herald.*

These non-stop dancers must be strong and vigorous people from the neck down.—*Nashville Tennessean.*

If wives only knew what stenographers think of their husbands, they would cease to worry.—*Kingston Standard.*

If you see you can't dodge trouble, step on the gas and hit it head-on.—*Florence Herald.*

Some so-called open minds should be closed for repairs.—*Asheville (N. C.) Times.*

It may be that fruits feel pain, as that Frenchman says, but the grapefruit is the only one that can hit back.—*Newark Ledger.*

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The final proof of Shakespeare's genius is that he forced Broadway managers to recognize him.—*New York Tribune.*

Scientists say we are what we eat. Nuts must be a commoner diet than we had thought.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

The reason ideas die quickly in some heads is because they can't stand solitary confinement.—*Associated Editors. (Chicago).*

Seems to us that for some time past we've been a member of a League of Donations.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

It is safest to tell your wife everything—but tell her before someone else does.—*Florence Herald.*

One of the best ways to keep a permanent wave permanent is to get it permanented about eight times a year.—*Charleston Gazette.*

One thing that America and Europe have in common is an ability to see one another's duty.—*Athens News.*

The Turks are about to pass a law making marriage compulsory. The Turkish outrages evidently will never cease.—*New York American.*

"Each child is burdened with $96 of public debt." We've often wondered what makes a new-born infant yell.—*Brockville (Ont.) Reporter.*

It is certainly tough to have to keep on paying instalments on a war we aren't using any more.—*New York Tribune.*

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It must be comforting to the monkey to learn from the anti-evolutionists that he is now absolved of all responsibility for the human race.—*Asheville Times.*

It is said that never in the history of the world were there as many poets as there are now. This seems to account for it. There isn't enough inspiration to go around.—*Boston Transcript.*

Foreigners say we have no art in the United States, but we know where our next meal is coming from and are not compelled to go to Europe to lecture.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Note to preachers and choirmasters: Every service is just as long as it seems.—*The Churchman.*

A critic of our churches says that they are "dominated by a lot of old hens." Does he refer to the lay members?—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

The British object to the elevation of the guns on the battleships of the United States. Another uplift movement has struck a snag.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

No wife can ever endure a gambling husband unless he is a steady winner.—*Houston Post-Dispatch.*

Dear lady, it may be brutal to shoot little rabbits; but seal-skin coats must be provided in some way.—*Marion Star.*

"What will become of our young people?" wails an Ohio editor. We suppose they'll grow old and worry about the young people, too.—*Florence Herald.*

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One trouble with most golfers is that they can't reconcile the eighteenth amendment with the nineteenth hole.—*Tampa Tribune.*

Don't buy guilt-edged securities.—*Tampa Tribune.*

Queer that men should take up a life of crime when there are so many legal ways to be dishonest.—*Richmond News Leader.*

From all accounts of grade-crossing encounters we have read we have formed the unshakable conviction that a locomotive can always lick an automobile.—*New York Tribune.*

Still, it's a strange discrimination to keep Japs out and let in Mah-Jongg.—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

A Sing-Sing convict has been pardoned because he was a good actor. That's a fair start—the next step will be to jail a few of the other kind.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

'Twas ever thus. When Noah built the first fleet, the humble taxpayer got soaked.—*West Palm Beach Post.*

Some are bent with toil, and some get crooked trying to avoid it.—*Lincoln Star.*

While the church row continues, doubtless the devil will maintain benevolent neutrality.—*Colorado Springs Gazette.*

A woman's face is her fortune only when it draws a lot of interest.—*San Francisco News.*

The strange part is that Mah-Jongg attained such popularity without being denounced by anybody.—*Greenville News.*

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That critic who says no American can wear a dress suit with distinction hasn't seen some of our native waiters.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Girls would dress sensibly if men were not insensible to sensible things.—*Kenosha (Wis.) News.*

House rent is so high now, it is odd that people don't stay at home to get their money's worth.—*Sumter Daily Item.*

There is some coöperation among wild creatures. The stork and the wolf usually work the same neighbourhood.—*Macon News.*

Modernists may take away part of the creed, but they will leave the good old collection plate.—*Waco News-Tribune.*

Of course Americans trust in God. You can tell by the way they drive.—*Sharon (Pa.) Herald.*

According to a recent estimate England has 938 poets, three of whom have not lectured in this country.—*New York Tribune.*

And then again you can recognize the approach to Easy Street by the nervous wrecks along the way.—*Spartanburg Herald.*

Incorporating authors isn't new. Most of Dumas is incorporated in the work of moderns.—*Wallaces' Farmer.*

It's tough to be in a crowd of radio and Mah-Jongg fans when you understand only English.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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Those who complain about the accommodations at Ellis Island seem to overlook that those who make use of them do it voluntarily. The United States does not insist on immigrants.—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*

African game hunters found it difficult to photograph a wart hog. The wart hog is evidently under no illusion as to what he looks like.—*New York Tribune.*

No, it wasn't Washington, D. C., that said "I cannot tell a lie."—*Alburn Bureau (Lakewood, Ohio).*

Little Girl Saying Her Prayers: "Good night, dear God. This is Mary Smith, signing off."—*New York Herald-Tribune.*

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The first speed law violation

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THE SALOME SUN

BY

DICK WICK HALL

Editor & Garage Owner, Lately Long Distance Amateur Golfer

SALOME always has kept up its Average Annual Growth of 100 per cent. a Year—19 People now in 19 Years—but after going through the Panic of 1907, the World War and 3 Democratic State Asphyxiations without a Slump, it looks as if this here Greasewood Golf Course was going to depopulate the Town. We felt all swelled up at 1st when Eastern Tourists going through all said they never saw Nothing Like It nowhere before—a Golf Club where Everybody in Town had their Own Hole, but we've either got to close up the Town or the Golf Course or else get somebody in here to work.

How come it all Happened was this way. The Chuckawalla Kid had been out prospecting and coming in for grub, down in Granite Wash where the Main Highway is, he found a sack of clubs some Tourist had lost off his car, jolting over the Rocks on his way to Pasadena. Nobody knew what they was until Another Tourist saw them hanging up at the station and told us and said this was Just the Place for a Golf Course and that every Live town had one. He was in a Big Hurry to get to California, like all Tourists, but he stopped long enough to make a Map of a Golf Course for us, with how the Holes ought to be and the Distances between Holes, More

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or Less, which he said didn't matter So Much as long as they was Enough.

We talked it over and decided that that would be a Good Way to get the Laugh on Buzzard's Roost, the little Side Track a few miles up the line which has been labouring for Fifteen Years under the Delusion that it was a Rival of Salome and that a Post Office printed on a Map always means a Town.

Buzzard's Roost might be able to fool some of Uncle Sam's clerks back in Washington, but all of us out here know that the only way they have been able to keep the Cancellation of Stamps up to the $2.50 a Month required by the government to keep the Post Office on the Map is by all of them writing letters to themselves. We figured if we got a Golf Course started at Salome the Folks up at Buzzard's Roost would all be so busy talking about it some of them might forget to write —and then they would lose the Post Office and that would mean 8 or 10 more people coming to Salome for their mail.

It looked like a Good Plan and I said they could use my Dry Ranch, or as many Townships as was needed, and Shorty Burroughs and the Chuckawalla Kid agreed to Boss the job for Nothing and their Grub if the rest of us would pay the Mexicans to cut the Sage Brush and Greasewood along the Far a Ways between the Holes. The Man that made the Map for us was in a Hurry and not a Good writer and Shorty had carried the old envelope around in his pocket so long it was blurred and we couldn't make out where the distances was yds. or rds., but finally decided it must be rds. for rods.

So we made the First Hole 614 Rods. up the other side of the Centennial Arroya. Some of the Holes we made only 135 Rods and Upwards, like the Man said, some long and some shorter. The Longest Hole is the 14th, 847 Rods, not quite Three Miles, running from the Old Adobe Cabin across

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the Ghietta Flats to Mesquite Wells and all told the whole Greasewood Golf Course is 6,429 Rods long—just a little over Twenty Miles.

It took us over 3 months to get all the Brush cut along the Far a Ways and the tin cans fixed in the Holes, but it was Well Worth it and Salome now has the only Natural Nineteen Hole Greasewood Golf Course in the Whole World.

They say Some Folks play Golf just for Fun and Exercise. It's Exercise all right all right, but I wish I could get somebody that thinks it's Fun to come and do a Few Days' Real Work for me, if Playing Golf is their idea of having Fun. Starting out to play a Round on Our Course is an Event that requires Time and previous planning, and we generally hire an extra man to Work in our place while we are gone or put a notice on the Door that we will be back Next Week sometime. The only time I ever did get clear around, it took me three days and a half and I used 31 Balls. We keep a Commissary and Supply Wagon for the convenience of Members. I got a letter the other day from Red Katem, who owns the Bermuda Ranch and is just learning. He was out at the 11th Hole and wrote in asking me to send him out a Barrel of Water, a slab of Bacon, some Beans and 3 dozen more Balls. Red never has got all the way around yet, but he keeps on trying.

He generally gets Bill Jackson to caddy for him. Bill is a good Rider and carries a couple of canteens of water along and can pick up a Golf Ball without getting out of the saddle. The Commissary Wagon hauls water around to the different Holes where there ain't any Wells handy so Folks can camp overnight wherever they get to.

One thing that's been puzzling us is these Golf Scores printed in some of the Papers, where it says some man made it in 72 or 78 Etc.

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The Man that made our Map for us was in such a Hurry he forgot to tell us how or what to count and we can't figure out whether a score of 72 means that he Made it in 72 Hours or 72 Days or used up 72 Balls Going Around.

All our Bunkers and Hazards are Natural. Anything that don't move or is Dead, like a Sand Wash or a Mesquite Thicket or a Dead Steer on the Far a Way, we call a Bunker. If it's Alive, like a rattlesnake or a Cow, we call it a Hazard —and if She is Young and Has a Calf it's Extra Hazardous.

That's why our Caddies all go horseback. Lizards don't count, unless they get above your Knees.

The other day a Missus Delancey from Maine en route to California stopped over to Rest, she said, and play a little Golf. The first day She was Playing, along in the afternoon out between the 3rd and 4th Holes she stood on a Lizard Hole while she was swinging her Club, and the Lizard crawled up Her Knickerbockers just as she was making a Big Swing. She missed the Ball but she knocked the Caddy off his horse and when she started towards Mexico the War Whoop she let out was heard in Buzzard's Roost and the Caddy had to run her Three Miles horseback to catch her and then wrap her up in his saddle blanket to get her Home Again. She went on to Pasadena next day.

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AN IMPOLITE CHILD

BY

TED ROBINSON

(Last week was Etiquette Week in our schools. We are a little late with our contribution, but we just found it out.)

Now little Alexander Hale
  Had all things that delight the soul;
His parents simply rolled in kale,
  And he, too, often got a roll.
He had it pretty soft—and yet
He didn't have no Etiquette.

He spat upon the inlaid floor
  As if he loafed in some saloon—
Which wasn't necessary, for
  He had a porcelain spittoon
All trimmed with gold and painted birds
And flowers too exquisite for words.

And at the table he'd disclose
  His lack of manners and his sloth;
He'd wipe (when told to wipe) his nose
  Upon the damask tablecloth,
Though there was lying at his place
A napkin trimmed with Irish lace.

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His tutors taught him all about
  Which words were most correct and sweet—
And yet, he'd bawl his mother out
  In language picked up on the street;
And when he cussed his sister dear,
His grammar was a shock to hear!

And so his mates, who were polite,
  Grew up to be floorwalkers, teachers,
Peddlers of sweetness and of light,
  Chorus men, barbers, lovely creatures
And courteous guides to elevators—
And even, now and then, head waiters!

While Alexander grew to be
  A vulgar rich man like his Dad.
And vulgar rich men such as he
  Were all the comrades that he had;
Perhaps he realized his fate—
But oh, it was too late—too late!

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THE HEART OF A SLOGANEER

BY

RICHARD CONNELL

"'S MINK!"

"Yes, Mr. Bowser."

"'S Mink, dictation, please."

'S Mink—Miss Myrtle Mink on the payroll of the Bowsers, Inc., Publicity Engineers—snapped to attention by the desk of that illustrious sloganeer, J. Sanford Bowser. Unlimbering her battery of needle-pointed pencils she made ready to enmesh in the loops, hooks, and lassos of her shorthand the pearls that would inevitably fall from the Bowserian lips.

The great man tilted back in his solid mahogany swivel chair and swept the ceiling with inspiration-seeking blue eyes. Pensively he puffed a Marlborough-Somerset—Every Puff Has a Pedigree. If Marlborough-Somersets were at the bottom of the sea, Discriminating Smokers would Dive for Them! Only One Quarter for the Nifty Purple Packet.

Bowser himself had sired those words; they had come to him in his bath in one of those white-hot flashes that only creative geniuses know, and he had leaped up, all suds and ecstasy, to dash forth, just as he was, a modern Archimedes, to note down his latest deathless phrase in the big vellum-bound book kept for that purpose. Those words had put

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Marlborough-Somersets on the map. Putting things on the map was Mr. Bowser's calling and he held it sacred.

"Our mission—yours and mine," he sometimes described it to the two thousand members of his organization in his monthly homilies.

"Please," he would say—"please let none of us be heard referring to the advertising 'game.'" To younger members of the company, who now and again had been known to imply timorously that to work twelve hours a day for twenty-five dollars a week was trying, he would say, "But, my dear young man—or woman—consider: Are you not preparing for the priesthood of publicity?" Blushing, abashed at their crass display of materialism, they would slink back to their desks.

And now that archbishop of publicity, Mr. Bowser, was giving himself over to profoundest cogitation. His tall, pale brow was knit; plainly some grave responsibility rested on his Fifth-Avenue-tailored shoulders. His tense face gave evidence of a mind in labour. Miss Mink's face, between tortoise-shell spectacles and permanent wave, was also sympathetically furrowed. Silence, thick as Grade-A cream, filled the spacious office. Mr. Bowser exhaled a sigh, the sigh of a poet soul in the pangs of self-expression. He pressed a finger to his temple as if he sought some magic push button there. He sighed again, poignantly.

So sighed Shakespeare as he poised his fountain pen in air just before writing down, "To be, or not to be—that is the question."

So sighed Dante and Poe.

A hush, fraught with expectancy, seemed to have spread over the room, over the twenty-story Bowser Building, over all New York. Even the Elevated trains tempered their roar to a scarcely audible reverent mumble. A waiting world

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seemed to sense that the mighty mind of Bowser was undergoing confinement and would soon give birth to a cosmic idea.

Suddenly his eyes focussed on a spot in the ceiling. They were lit by the divine fire. Miss Mink crouched, pencil ready, like a sprinter waiting the starter's gun. Mr. Bowser leaped to his feet; in a rapt and ringing voice he cried, "I am Purity."

Miss Mink stared at Mr. Bowser, startled. One might almost have thought that she intended to dispute the statement.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Bowser?" she faltered.

Oblivious of the mundane, in his rhapsody of poetic fancy, he did not hear her.

"I am Delicacy," he declaimed. "I am Wholesomeness."

Miss Mink's eyes apprehensively measured the distance to the door; she wished to be ready to escape in case he became violent.

"I am the Essence of Fields of Sun-Caressed and Dew-Spangled Clover," chanted Mr. Bowser, "transmuted by Nature's Alchemy——" He paused, frowned. "Why aren't you taking this down, 'S Mink?"

"Oh—oh were you dictating, Mr. Bowser?" Confusion overwhelmed her. "I—er—it was so beautiful——"

The rebuke expired unuttered on his lips.

"Yes," he said, to her and himself, "it is Big Stuff." Then, "We'll start again, 'S Mink."

She, penitent, trained her pencil on a vestal page.

Again, Mr. Bowser enunciated, "I am Purity. (Capital 'P,' 'S Mink.) I am Delicacy. I am Wholesomeness. I am the Essence of Fields of Sun-Caressed and Dew-Spangled Clover, transmuted by Nature's Alchemy. (Paragraph, 'S Mink.)

"'The lowing herds that wind slowly o'er the lea' (quotes, 'S Mink) are proud that they are related to me.

"I represent Achievement. Civilized Man working in

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Perfect Harmony with Old Mother Nature produces me. Through the ages Man has sought me and only now has he found me.

"I am Fulfillment—the end of the long trail, the Goal, attained at last.

"I am a Builder. Not river-spanning Bridges, nor cloud-touching temples of Business, nor mighty Barks that sail the Seven Seas do I build. But I build the Builders of these! I build Muscle and Sinew and Brawn. I build Men!

"I am Power, ready, willing, eager to be used. You will find me wherever Big Men meet to do Big Things—in conferences of statesmen, in meetings of boards of directors, in chambers of commerce, in sessions of Rotary Clubs. I give men that Pep that gives them Punch and Personality.

"Tired Men turn to me at the end of a nerve-jangled day and I fail them not. For I am Strength, and I give of my Strength to all who wish it.

"To all am I a Friend, and all love me—the prattling kiddie the growing youngster, the business man and his wife, the dear old folks.

"I am Satisfaction. I am Health Itself. I am Mandelbaum's Gilt-Edge Cheese."

Mr. Bowser wiped a steaming brow with a silk handkerchief and sank back into his chair, spent.

"At all Grocers', sixty cents the pound," he finished.

The Elevated trains began to rumble again; the spell was broken. Mr. Bowser went to the water cooler and drank deeply of spring water; possibly Pierian.

"How do you like it, 'S Mink?" he asked.

"It's wonderful, Mr. Bowser; just wonderful."

Miss Mink was just a little bit in love with Mr. Bowser. Indeed, all the women in the organization were; nor was he unaware of this.

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"I can't help it," he told his wife, who, as associate president of the company, occupied the office next to his and put products on the map at a furious rate every day from nine till five.

"Romance," continued Mr. Bowser to his spouse, "is the bunk; and, anyhow, it certainly has no place in business. I don't give them any encouragement; at least not consciously."

Mrs. Bowser smiled that thin, enigmatic smile that so became her classic features.

"Of course, you wouldn't do it consciously, Sanford," she said, "any more than I would consciously use my feminine appeal to get work out of the young male copy writers."

She smiled that subtle smile of hers, and he smiled back.

"In business," she stated, "one must do two things."

"Which are?" he inquired.

"Be cold as a wedge," she replied, "and keep down the overhead."

They shook hands on it; they never kissed in business hours.

In the richly impressive office of Mr. Bowser—Interior Decorations by the Rembrandt-Levy Studios—the wheels of commerce were revolving again, and Bowser the bard had become, with the celerity of a protean artist, Bowser the high-speed executive.

"'S Mink, take a memo."

"Yes, Mr. Bowser."

"Memo to Mrs. Bowser," he dictated.

"In re: luncheon conference.

"I wish to confer with you on new posters for Bedfello—the Hot Water Bottle Beautiful. Will you please meet me at the Ritz at 1:12 precisely?

"J. SANFORD BOWSER, *President.*"

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He might have saved several seconds by calling across the partition that separated their sanctums; beyond the thin wall he could hear her brisk soprano dictation. But efficiency would have forbidden that course, even if dignity hadn't.

"Put everything in writing" was one of the principles that made the Bowsers what they are to-day; and, as their net income last year was two hundred and ten thousand dollars and a few odd cents, the correctness of the principles is hardly disputable.

Having sent the memorandum to his wife, Mr. Bowser immersed himself in an ocean of work. In due course the smooth-functioning machinery of the Bowser organization brought him a memorandum on the violet-tinted paper that individualized the memorandums of his wife. When Mr. Bowser read it his lips made a gesture of displeasure. Her memorandum read:

"To Mr. Bowser: In re: luncheon conference.
Sorry but can't meet you to-day.
"P. I. BOWSER, *Associate President.*"

Mr. Bowser permitted himself to pause for a moment in the midst of his working day and survey the chimney pots of New York with vaguely perturbed eyes. A disquieting thought was pricking at one of his brain cells. It was the fifth time in succession that Mrs. Bowser had declined his invitation to lunch.

Had they been social luncheons solely he would have understood. But these—these were business luncheons. He turned, scowling, to his desk and incontinently discharged three apprentices to the priesthood of publicity. Then, with mind partly relieved, Mr. Bowser went to lunch alone. He went to the Vanderbilt. He did not go there ordinarily, but

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he had a purpose in going there this day—he wanted to find out if they served Mandelbaum's Gilt-Edge Cheese, and if they didn't, why. They didn't. Mr. Bowser was moodily sampling a dish of fresh stewed plums and mentally resolving that by the power of the printed word he would compel this and all hotels to serve his product, when, glancing down the dining room, he beheld a mauve-gowned back and a copper-hued coiffure that could belong to but one woman—and that woman was Pandora Irene Bowser.

Mr. Bowser let curious eyes range past her to her companion. Then Mr. Bowser afforded the world a glimpse of the primal man that lurked beneath his well-groomed exterior by ruthlessly, almost savagely skinning a plum.

"Umph!" he observed. "Patent-leather hair and a diamond ring. Nincompoop! Under thirty! And she declined my invitation!"

He bit fiercely into a plum and a sharp profane word escaped him. He had forgotten to remove the pit. In his forty careful years Mr. Bowser had never before forgotten to remove the pits from his stewed plums.

On the following day J. Sanford Bowser sent another memorandum—an urgent one— to his wife:

"To Mrs. Bowser: In re: luncheon.
"Must see you at luncheon at the Ritz at 1:09 sharp.
"J. SANFORD BOWSER, *President.*"

Her lavender rejoinder contained one single pregnant word:

"To Mr. Bowser: In re: luncheon.
"Impossible.
"P. I. BOWSER, *Associate President.*"

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Mr. Bowser shrugged his shoulders as one who dismisses a trivial annoyance and turned his attention to a new prose poem on Mandelbaum's Gilt-Edge Cheese. At a quarter to one he glanced at his platinum wrist watch—it was a Krafty-Kronometer—"Yours for a Good Time"—and said, "'S Mink, I'm going to lunch."

"Where, Mr. Bowser? In case that long-distance call from Seattle comes in——"

Mr. Bowser reached for hat and stick; for two seconds, perhaps two and a half seconds, he darkly regarded the Cabistan rug on the office floor. Then he spoke:

"The Vanderbilt," he said gruffly. "Forgot to ask them about that cheese."

It was unlike Mr. Bowser to seek to justify any act of his.

Thought so absorbed him that he rode down in the public elevator instead of his own private one. At the hotel he tried to concentrate on the menu, but his eye strayed from the printed array of dishes and roamed over the room. What he saw so stirred him that he did not veto the waiter's suggestion of steak-and-kidney pie, although he did not in the least care for steak-and-kidney pie. What he had seen made it taste even less pleasant to him. The man with the patent-leather hair was telling Mrs. Bowser, presumably, a funny story, and she was laughing at it. Mr. Bowser munched his pie and his eyes narrowed to mere fissures; she seldom laughed at his own stories. Mr. Bowser stalked from the dining room in such a state that he tipped the waiter more than 10 per cent. of the bill. It went hard with the slogans submitted for Mr. Bowser's approval by lesser sloganeers that afternoon.

At fourteen minutes past four he buzzed for Miss Mink.

"Memo to Mrs. Bowser," he directed. His tone was purposeful.

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"In re: dinner.

"I shall not dine at home to-night.

"J. SANFORD BOWSER, *President.*"

At 4:39 a messenger entered his office on diffident rubber heels bearing a lavender memorandum from his wife.

"To Mr. Bowser: In re: dinner.

"But I have ordered apple dumplings specially for you.

"P. I. BOWSER, *Associate President.*"

For perhaps a second or a second and a quarter the face of the great sloganeer softened; then it became as marble again.

"Memo to Mrs. Bowser," he said, voice steeped in irony.

"In re: apple dumplings.

"Pity to waste them. Haven't you a FRIEND (all caps, 'S Mink) you could ask in my place?

"J. SANFORD BOWSER, *President.*"

It was well past five, and Mrs. Bowser should have been lighting her third cigarette over her cocktail at the Jill Club, discussing feminism, Freud, and fashions with the smart denizens of that very smart organization of professional women—no amateur women need apply. But she was doing nothing of the kind. Alone in her office she sat, head bent over desk, and it was not the making of a new slogan that absorbed her. She was staring very hard at certain orange memorandums that had come to her from her spouse.

"It's the fifth time in two weeks he hasn't come home for dinner," she muttered.

Then she went to the Jill Club, and silently drank not one

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but two cocktails. She took no part in the buzzing and bickering about her, and she was usually the liveliest of all that lively group.

"What's wrong with you, Bowser?" queried a fellow member, Judy Sipe, of Judy Sipe & Co., Seasoned Investments, in her hearty man-to-man fashion. Mrs. Bowser only glared at her.

"Come, Bowser," the irrepressible Miss Sipe rallied her. "Don't pretend you have the golden gift of silence. What complex is bothering you to-day?"

"Sipe," said Mrs. Bowser with icy deliberateness, "you need a shave." And with that Pandora Irene Bowser strode out to her limousine, leaving the crushed Sipe thoughtfully fingering her upper lip.

Mrs. Bowser was cruising up Fifth Avenue toward her nineteen-room-and-nine-bath domicile on Park Avenue when her Japanese chauffeur was startled by her razor-edged hiss in his ear.

"Hondo, slow down! Drive near the curb!"

The alert green eyes of Mrs. Bowser had seen ornamenting the sidewalk a pair of faultlessly tailored brown trousers with a fine black stripe. She knew that suiting; she herself had selected it for J. Sanford Bowser, and it was clearly his long legs that animated the trousers. But it was not the presence of the Bowserian trousers—and legs—amid the homing pedestrians on that splendid thoroughfare that caused her eyes to light up like the coloured bottles in old-fashioned drug-store windows. It was the fact that Bowser did not walk alone. A woman was with him—a young woman.

"What a shockingly bad hat!" That was Mrs. Bowser's first reaction. "And that suit! A girl as slender as that should not wear stripes."

As her limousine drew abreast of them Mrs. Bowser noted

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that the great sloganeer was talking with the utmost animation to his companion.

"A new copy writer," thought Mrs. Bowser. "He's giving her that organization-loyalty line."

Then she caught a glimpse of the girl's face. It was alert, large-eyed, decidedly comely, and fringed with a black bang —and it was the face of an entire stranger. With eyes incredulous yet compelled by fact to believe, she saw her husband take the girl's elbow and steer her into the door of the St. Regis dining room. The Japanese chauffeur was almost startled out of his Oriental imperturbability by a voice so hoarse it must have lacerated the lining of the speaking tube.

"Home, Hondo!" said the voice.

That night as he cleaned the limousine, Hondo wondered why his otherwise adorable employer had littered the floor with a three-and-a-half dollar orchid he had placed fresh in its silver vase that very morning.

Mr. Bowser surprised his secretary next day.

"'S Mink," he asked abruptly, "would you mind looking at my head?"

Miss Mink said she wouldn't mind.

"Look close," said Mr. Bowser. "Do you see any gray hairs?"

He presented his well-brushed locks for her inspection.

"No, Mr. Bowser," she reported; "not one."

"Thanks, 'S Mink."

He studied some proofs on his desk, then looked up.

"'S Mink."

"Yes, Mr. Bowser."

"Do you think one swallow makes a summer?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Bowser."

"Thank you, 'S Mink."

At almost that identical second Miss Gussing, the strong-

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minded, strong-faced, and unbelievably efficient secretary to Mrs. Bowser, was startled into making her first error in fourteen years of typing by hearing Mrs. Bowser say, "Gussing, look at me. Am I a hag?"

Miss Gussing looked.

"Oh, no," she said with conviction.

"Be frank with me, Gussing. Am I beginning to show my age?"

She was thirty-four.

"Oh, not at all," Miss Gussing assured her. "And that's a stunning dress you're wearing."

"Jouvin's, Paris; only two hundred and eighty dollars," said Mrs. Bowswer. "Do you think I should bang my hair?"

"I don't."

"Some people seem to like bangs," said Mrs. Bowser.

"Some people like tripe," said Miss Gussing.

Mrs. Bowser nodded. Then she grew unaccountably shy.

"Gussing," she asked, "what do you think of men?"

Miss Gussing made a quinine face.

"Reptiles!" she said briefly.

"You don't trust them, then, Gussing?"

"No farther than I can throw a hippopotamus," said Miss Gussing.

"A hippopotamus, Gussing?"

"A hippopotamus," repeated Miss Gussing firmly.

"But surely some men are constant, don't you think?"

"No, not one of 'em," replied Miss Gussing positively. "They're reptiles—all reptiles."

"What reason have you for saying that?"

Miss Gussing averted her eyes and sketched little coffins in her shorthand notebook.

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"I was engaged to an undertaker once," she said; "but he eloped with the widow of one of his clients. That," finished Miss Gussing simply, "is why I left Poughkeepsie."

"I can't believe all men are reptiles," began Mrs. Bowser; then she checked herself. "Gussing, we're gabbling like two boarding-school girls, and we've a magazine closing date for yesterday. We'll have to hurry and shoot the proof to them by to-morrow. Just hand me the proof of that double-page spread for Kiddy Panties, 'Trustworthy Trousers for Teeny Tots.'"

Perhaps it was mere chance; perhaps it was a professional interest in the cheese-serving proclivities of a great hotel. Whatever the cause, noon found Mr. Bowser ensconced behind a palm in the corner of the acre or so of dining room at the Vanderbilt, skinning fresh plums as vindictively as if he had been a grand inquisitor and they heretics. He paused in the martyring of a half-flayed plum to sweep the room with a vacuum-cleaner eye that took in everything, including a pair of heads bent quite close together over a remote table. One head was feminine and copper-hued; the other was masculine and sleekly black. Mr. Bowser glowered at a plum. One word he spoke:

"Nincompoop!"

Then, after reflection, to his iced tea he remarked, "Probably I'm a fool. A woman has as much right to have friends as a man has. This doesn't mean a thing."

Perhaps it was a simple question of coincidence that at the dinner hour that evening Mrs. Bowser should elect to drop in at the St. Regis. She had decided that she must ask the manager to tell her what type of hot-water bottle was nearest the heart of the clientele of that hostelry; it would help in the Bedfello campaign, she decided. Of course, once in the hotel, a cursory glance about the dining room would not be amiss.

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It might give her an idea for some advertisements for No-Busto China, "The Crockery with a Conscience." The idea her swift survey gave her was not even remotely connected with crockery, conscientious or otherwise. It had to do with bangs—black bangs.

They were together again—he and she. They were eating lobster à la Newburg together. They were eating French peas together. They were sipping iced coffee together. J. Sanford Bowser was bending his own distinguished blond head toward those black bangs and was talking to her in a low, earnest voice; his eyes were gazing into hers. Mrs. Bowser turned away. She gripped her feelings.

"It's all right," she told herself. "It's all right. He has as much right to have his friends as I have to have mine. Taking a girl to dinner means nothing—nothing at all. Perhaps she wants a job—no, that can't be it, for in that case he wouldn't be taking her to the St. Regis. Well, I'll just ignore it. It means nothing at all. And anyhow, I certainly wear my clothes better than that frizzle-headed broomstick. Come, come, Bowser, buck up. Sanford has no more romance in him than a rubber duck. 'Romance is like lukewarm tapioca pudding to me. It's the bunk.' How often have I heard him say those very words."

She was smiling as she felt the hotel; it was the smile of victory over an unworthy thought. But as she settled back in the upholstery of a limousine padded like the cell of a mad emperor, another thought, also unrelated to crockery, wiped the smile from her face.

"I wonder," she said, "if he has heard about me and Leander."

In the morning Mr. and Mrs. Bowser met each other in the private elevator that whisked them, and clients, to the Bowserian sanctums on the fifteenth floor.

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"Good morning, Bowser," he said genially. There was no honey or dearie nonsense between them in business hours.

"Good morning, Bowser," she replied with equal cordiality.

"Had a Big Idea last night," he said; he always spoke in capitals.

"Really?"

"Yes; about Beardfoe, the Edible Shaving Cream. 'Your Cheeks Clamour For It.' Got time to hear it?"

"Certainly. Love to," she replied.

"It's for a big billboard poster," he explained, excitedly. "In the centre is a huge red Dominating sausage. Ont of the left-hand corner is thrust an eye-nabbing Dramatic hand, gripping a scimitar—a Turkish sword, you know. Then below, in smashing clarion letters, orange on a purple background, are the words, 'Beardfoe makes Ole Mister Razor Whiz through Hard-Boiled Whiskers like a Scimitar Through a Sausage!'"

"Excellent!" Mrs. Bowser beamed. "Dymanic, Bowser, positively dynamic!"

Mr. Bowser bowed to his associate sloganeer; for her to accept a slogan of his without at least one critical emendation was an experience of sufficient novelty to be termed refreshing. He escorted her to her office door, though it cut a minute and three-quarters from his working day; he even held it open for her.

"I hope you have a very good day, Bowser," he said in the specially engaging manner that he normally reserved for prospects. He radiated goodwill.

"The same to you, Bowser," returned his wife, with a smile that made Mona Lisa a grinning chromo in comparison.

They were alone, he in his office, she in hers. "How could I have mistrusted such a man?" she asked herself.

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"How could I have mistrusted such a woman?" he asked himself. Voluntarily he raised Miss Mink's salary two dollars a week.

So blithe, so playful was his mood that he broke a fixed rule of his organization against speaking of personal matters during office hours, and went in person to his wife's office to invite her to lunch. It was to be a purely social lunch, he was prepared to tell her, and he was not going to bring along a single layout or proof sheet or bit of copy. If they did talk of advertising, say, the campaign for Horowitz's Romance Soap—"The Pores' Playmate," it would be her doing. In such a carefree, tradition-defying mood was the great sloganeer that he entered her office without making an appointment with her secretary, and even without knocking. Once in, surprise flickered over his masterful features. She was gone; the little leather sign on her desk announced, "Out to lunch. Back at two."

Gone to lunch, and it wasn't 12:30 yet! This was unprecedented; this—this was un-Bowserian.

There was, too, an un-Bowserian disorder on her broad desk. Deduction told him she must have left in a hurry. To keep an appointment? What appointment? A sinister shadow eclipsed his features. He glanced at the papers scattered on the desk. Then Mr. Bowser drew in a quick, sharp, startled breath; then Mr. Bowser, became as pale as the summit of Mont Blanc. One single word had sprung to his eye. It was in the unmistakable, vigorous writing of Pandora Irene Bowser, and it was a word that obviously had no place in a business office. The word was "dearest."

He unnarrowed his eyes. It must be a note to him, although Mrs. Bowser seldom gave way to her emotions to the extent of "dearest." Reassured, he picked it up and read it:

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"DEAREST:

"To-morrow we can steal away—just you and me—to our own little house. Yes, our own little house! How I thrill as I write these words! It's a darling place, 'far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife.' It's so sweet—just big enough for us two—a cozy living room, a nook where you and I—alone, dearest, alone—can breakfast, a duck of a kitchen and our own room, our very own. And such adorable plumbing! And a fireplace! I can picture us sitting before its cozy glow, with—some day, perhaps, who knows?—little ones at our knees."

Mr. Bowser's handkerchief sponged the drops of horror from his brow. The house referred to was clearly not Caslon Farms, the palatial Bowser summer place on Long Island, nor yet the no less magnificent Bowser duplex apartment in the city. He brought all his will power to bear and read on.

"Ah, sweetheart, think of having this little castle o' dreams! I never thought we could, not for years, anyhow; but we can, for it is ridiculously cheap. Think, dearest, of a love nest, our own love nest! I'm so happy, so very happy that we have found it. I can hardly wait till to-morrow. A million kisses.

"YOUR OWNEST."

His fingers clutched the paper as if it had been a throat. Mr. Bowser went back to his office slowly. He walked as if he were walking in fly paper. He sat down at his desk. He did not go out to lunch. He just sat there. He chewed up three pencils and a pen. He broke two buzzer buttons. He ordered an almost-perfect campaign for Jazz Juice, the "Zippy Drink for Zippy Folks," entirely rewritten. He

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smoked an unadvertised cigarette. He even almost growled at a client.

Early in the afternoon, with a face cloudy and threatening storms, J. Sanford Bowser clamped his fifteen-dollar hat on his head and took his departure. His private elevator was still diving streetward when Mrs. Bowser, with a smile that would have turned vinegar to molasses, tapped on his office door. Elation was in her manner, but it gave way to disappointment when she saw that the office was deserted. The desire for a Marlborough-Somerset took her to his desk, and she lifted the brass box where the pedigreed cigarettes resided. There was a sheet of orange paper under it; it was the paper used by J. Sanford Bowser and by no lesser man. Automatically she ran her eye over it. Her lips grew taut, her whole figure stiffened. There in the bold characters of her spouse were the words:

"DEAR IRMA:

"I have been thinking about your black eyes all day. I have seen many eyes, man and boy, but I have never seen eyes like yours. They are wonderful, so true, so full of life. They are perfect. Can you meet me at the usual place at seven? I must see those black eyes again."

It was signed simply "J. S. B."

"And this," said Mrs. Bowser, "is the man who said, 'Romance is like lukewarm tapioca to me.' Reptile!"

The light in the Marlborough-Somerset was dashed out against the bronze ash tray.

"Likes black eyes, does he?" breathed Mrs. Bowser. "Well——" She clenched her fist ominously.

Came morning, bright and clear; but the face of Pandora Irene Bowser was neither. A grim calm, herald of the typhoon, hung over her. Decision was written large on her

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countenance. Now and then she said to herself in a grating voice, "Reptile! Oh, the reptile!" She had decided to talk things over with him at breakfast, to tell him that their lives had come to an impasse, over the muffins and marmalade; but he did not appear for breakfast. With a finger like an icicle she buzzed for Miss Gussing.

"Memo to Mr. Bowser:
"In re: important personal matter.
"I must see you in Quiet Room No. 3 at once.
"P. I. BOWSER, *Associate President.*"

The note had hardly left her office when the answer flew back:

"Memo to Mrs. Bowser:
"In re: important personal matter.
"Was just about to memo you that I must see you in Quiet Room No. 3.
"J. SANFORD BOWSER, *President.*"

"He's going to confess," said Mrs. Bowser, tight of lip. "Now for it!"

She took up the damning orange memorandum and marched to Quiet Room No. 3. It was to the Quiet Rooms that the members of the Bowser staff took their thoughts; to them they repaired for uninterrrupted heart-to-heart talks about canned Bologna, corsets, dog biscuits, mowing machines, shoe polish, and the thousand and one other products the Bowsers, Inc., put on the map. They were restful places, these Quiet Rooms, done all in gray. Mr. Bowser's face seemed to have taken on the prevailing hue as he rose and bowed stiffly to his wife. Her answering nod was infinitesimal.

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Straight to the gray table marched Mrs. Bowser, and she slapped down the orange memorandum as if she were playing an ace.

"What," she demanded, "do you mean by this?"

He looked at her blankly; he did not seem to see the memorandum.

"You're good at explaining things," she said, and her voice would have cut steel. "Well, just explain this black-eye business."

He paid no heed to the memorandum. Instead, he had taken from his vest pocket a violet sheet and with fingers that trembled a little thrust it under his wife's nose.

"Speaking of explanations," he said, "try to laugh this away."

Mrs. Bowser looked at the violet sheet. Then, to the utter amazement of her husband, she began to laugh.

"Stop, Jezebel!" he cried.

"You know all about this, then?" she asked.

"Not all, but enough." His voice was hollow.

"Just what do you know?"

For a Jezebel she was strangely calm.

"That you are planning to run off with a nincompoop with patent-leather hair!" he thundered. "That you have already arranged for a love nest where you can live in open shame! Here it is, in your own writing. He read:

"DEAREST:

"To-morrow we can steal away—just you and me—to our own little house. Yes, our own little house! How I thrill as I write these words. It's a darling place——"

Mr. Bowser's voice broke. He did not want to believe that his ears were working, for they heard the laughter of his wife, ribald, abandoned.

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"You laugh, you Jezebel, you laugh! By heaven——"

"But it's so excruciating!" she managed to say. "I can laugh, even though you have betrayed me. That thing you've been reading is not a love letter."

"Oh, no?" said Mr. Bowser frigidly.

"It's an advertisement," said his wife.

"A—what?"

"An advertisement for Leander's Love Nest, 'The Already-Built-for-Brides Bungalow.'"

"What?"

"The nincompoop with the patent-leather hair," went on Mrs. Bowser, "is young George Leander, the advertising manager. I've been trying to land the account. There, I've let it slip out. But no matter—now that you've gone in for black eyes." She was not laughing now.

"Black eyes?" Mr. Bowser's own blue eyes were blank.

"Ask Irma," said Mrs. Bowser.

"You know Irma?"

"I've seen you together. So you're in love with her black eyes——" Her voice was bitter.

A light seemed to penetrate the perplexity of Mr. Bowser. For the first time he really read the orange memorandum before him. Then the Quiet Room heard a strange sound. It was Mr. Bowser laughing; not the polite laugh he used for clients' anecdotes, but a genuine laugh that welled up from deep down inside him.

"You thought Irma and I——" The thought overpowered him. "Why, man alive, Bowser, don't you know I never take anybody but clients to the St. Regis?"

"Clients?"

"Certainly! Irma Blankenhorn is advertising manager of the Perfection Artificial Eye Company. 'You can fool your own wife. Nobody can see through a Perfection Eye.' My

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own slogan, by the way. The black eyes referred to in this note to Irma—I always call my clients by the first names for business reasons—are glass eyes. They are beauties too."

"But we haven't the Perfection Artificial Eye account," said Mrs. Bowser.

"Haven't we, though?" said Mr. Bowser softly. Then, "Look here, Bowser, what day is to-day?"

"September eleventh," she answered.

"Yes, but what else?"

She looked away.

"Our wedding anniversary. I thought you'd forgotten."

"Forgotten? Say, look here! Why do you suppose I've been pussyfooting around with this Blankenhorn girl, meeting her outside the office and all that? Why do you suppose I've been talking Bowser Service to her till my tonsils ache?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Bowser.

Mr. Bowser looked very hard at his shoe.

"I wanted to have a little surprise for you, Bowser," he said, "and I knew the thing you cared most about was new business, so I hustled out on the quiet, as I thought, and signed up the Perfection Eye people for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth."

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OH, HOW THEY LOVE US!

(Comments on America by PUNCH *and Others)*

Mr. Israel Zangwill says there is no humour in America. Has he never been to the pictures and seen a custard pie burst on impact?

A woman in Los Angeles, arrested for attempted murder, informed the Court that she had shot the wrong man. As she has now been released she will have plenty of opportunity to put the matter right.

Mrs. J. M. Power, the oldest woman in America, aged 114, smokes a corn-cob pipe and is reported as saying that women in her day never swore and rarely whistled. And they didn't smoke.

"Are there any real openings for young girls on the other side of the Atlantic?" asks a contemporary. There is certainly a fortune waiting for any girl willing to act as a professional bridesmaid in Los Angeles.

A New York message indicates that women who smoke are on the increase in America. This confirms the rumour that American women are becoming effeminate.

A blacksmith who left Ireland seventeen years ago is now an editor in New York. This should serve as a warning to blacksmiths who think of going to America.

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Cinematograph films have been introduced by the U. S. military authorities for use as targets in rifle practice. We have always maintained that some useful purpose would some day be served by American films.

A grand exhibition of Feminine Fashions is to be held in Los Angeles next month. Tickets will be issued to "admit bearer and one husband."

We gather from many hints in the press that America has most of the world's gold, but no bananas.

A Los Angeles woman is reported to have left her husband eight times and returned again in less than a week in every case. It is this sort of thing which is so apt to dishearten the average husband.

Fifty husbands are reported to have lost their wives at whist drives in one night in New York. This is believed to be a subtle attempt to popularize whist drives in America.

A twelve-year-old American boy claims to know twelve languages. As he has not yet begun to play golf it is felt he still has a lot of fancy-work to learn.

The New York correspondent of the *Daily Express* intimates that the Georgia Negro has a rooted objection to being lynched. It is feared that the ukulele and the banjo are playing havoc with the coloured man's love of sport.

Although there is a precedent for it, we are doubtful whether there is any truth in the story that an Anti-Prohibitionist recently released a dove in order that it might try to find a dry spot in America.

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The British War Debt contribution paid to the United States recently was fifteen million pounds. There is some consolation in the thought that this is something British that got past Ellis Island.

A Bill now before the Illinois House of Representatives will make marriage possible on the same day as divorce. It only requires a further bill which will make divorce possible on the same day as marriage to round off a perfect day.

A certain New York Futurist artist has decided not to visit England this summer. We have had a narrow escape.

According to a critic, American film producers strive to make financial rather than artistic successes. It is heart-breaking to have our illusions of the American film industry shattered like this.

"Every American should extend a hand of friendship across the sea to England," recently declared Doctor Scotland, of New York. Many good Americans, of course, would be more than satisfied if they could extend their hands just beyond the three-mile limit.

Mrs. Henry Ford has declared that, if her husband goes to the White House, he goes by himself. Not every married man gets a chance like that.

An American film actress is reported to have married her husband a second time. It is said that she blames her manager for not having made a note of the first marriage.

Glasgow is reported to have disposed of three hundred thousand bottles of Scotch whisky to America. One country's food is another country's medicine.

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Things seem to be coming to a pretty pass in America these days. Just because a Chicago woman fired a revolver three times at her husband a policeman accused her of quarrelling with him.

A New York church is being built in the form of a sky-scraper. The intention is, of course, finally to close the gap between America and Heaven.

A ten-year-old American girl is writing popular music-hall songs. So Prohibition is not the only trouble they have out there.

"During my two weeks' holiday, I walked more than thirty miles a day," says a health expert. If this means that he possesses a second-hand Ford, he is not the only man.

It is said that what most impresses American visitors is the number of Englishmen who are not lecturing in America.

A statistical writer is wondering why the United States should hold most of the world's gold. The reason we fancy is that when they have secured the lot they will offer it as a purse in the hope of tempting Mr. Dempsey into the ring.

There were only twenty-six lynchings in the United States last year, as against sixty-one the year before. Lynchers of the old school attribute the decline of the sport to the popularity of motoring.

As a set-off to Prohibition the passengers on an Atlantic liner are to be provided with a musical revue nightly. That ought to make them realize that there are even worse things than Prohibition.

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"I am grown up. What must little children suffer?" says Dr. Frank Crane. Fortunately they cannot all read.

Mr. Henry Ford says there is room for everybody in this world. Henry seems to have forgotten pedestrians.

Fifteen hundred Americans are said to be in Paris for the purpose of getting divorces. This is the American way of combining pleasure with pleasure.

In the opinion of Mr. Paul Whiteman dancing in America is too rough. We never did approve of those informal American dances in which people shoot their partners to ragtime music.

"What music has America given to the world?" inquires a contemporary. Can it be that our contemporary has never heard the music of the cocktail-shaker?

An American doctor has discovered a drug that makes people tell the truth. We understand it is illegal to take the stuff within a three-mile limit of any politician.

Lord Birkenhead says that if he went back to the Bar he could make £40,000 a year. A bootlegger says if America went back to the Bar, he'd lose just about the same amount. —*The Humorist* (*London*).

Illinois has a magazine edited by a boy of twelve. From the few U. S. magazines we have casually glanced at it seems there are editors in that country still younger.—*London Opinion.*

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America spends more money on chewing-gum than on books. After a casual glance at some of their literature, we don't blame them.—*The Passing Show* (*London*).

As a transatlantic liner was entering New York Harbor, an American passenger proudly pointed out to a Frenchman, who was standing beside him on the deck, the famous Statue of Liberty. The Frenchman gazed and remarked, "We also erect statues to our illustrious dead."—*London Morning Post.*

After listening to American songs sent over to this country, we understand why the United States call their largest prison Sing-Sing.—*The Humorist* (*London*).

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THE BALL

BY

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

A CAVEMAN whose name is recorded as Ok
Was taking his ease in the lee of a rock
When, scrabbling the rubble beside him, he found
A water-worn stone that was perfectly round!
It curved to his fingers, it glowed in the sun;
He hefted it, rolled it, and proved it was fun
To toss it and catch it before it could fall—
So he was the man who invented the ball.

His clansmen—or those of the properer sort—
Had little respect for the Canons of Sport,
And calling this Genius a fool and a lout
Rebuked him with anything lying about.
But finding that Ok had developed a knack
Of catching projectiles and hurling them back,
They guessed that he wasn't so bad after all—
Indorsing the man who invented the ball.

The pebble, too hard on their digits and skins,
They copied in softer though leathery skins;
They used it in games with devices and rules,
And smote it with sundry burglarious tools.

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Propelled by the arms of a sinewy throng,
Through æons and ages it bounded along;
In Rome as in Egypt, in Greece and in Gaul
They honoured the man who invented the ball.

Oh, Ball, with a billion more lives than a cat's,
We pound you with mallets and rackets and bats;
We kick you, we bounce you, we shoot you for goals;
You drop into baskets, you sink into holes.
Then hail to you, fountain of vigour and skill,
The only undoubtedly curative pill,
Companion and friend of the hardy and tall—
And hail to the man who invented the ball!

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A COMPROMISE

BY

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

(From the Chinese Classics)

THE Keeper of Monkeys gave warning
To all the poor Monkeys in sight:
"I'll give you four nuts every morning,
But only three nuts every night."

And oh, how the Monkeys declaimed on their woes
And screamed, "We will starve on such rations as those!"

But while they were scoffing and scorning,
The Keeper conceded their right
To all of three nuts every morning
And also four nuts every night.

So, praising and thanking the generous man,
The gratified Monkeys accepted the plan.

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CHILDREN AS COPY

BY

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

TITANIA said: "You haven't written a poem about the baby yet."

It is quite true. She is now thirteen months old, and has not yet had a poem written about her. Titania considers this deplorable. The first baby was hardly a week old before all sorts of literary studies were packing the mails, speeding to such editors as were known to be prompt pay. (I hope, indeed I hope, you never saw that astounding essay—published anonymously in *Every Week* which expired soon after—called "The Expectant Father," which was written when the poor urchin was some twenty-four hours old. It was his first attempt to earn money for his parent. If any child ever paid his own hospital bills—C. O. D., as you might say—it was he. I believe in bringing up my children to be self-supporting.)

And the second baby was only three weeks old when the first poem about *her* was written.

But here is this third morsel, thirteen months old and no poem yet. Titania, I say, considers this a kind of insult to the innocent babe. No, not at all, my dear. I admit that it would be very helpful if H. (I will call her that, for *baby* is a word that cannot be repeated in print very often without

---

From "The Powder of Sympathy." Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.

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all hands growing maudlin; and I don't like to use her own name, which seems too personal; just remember, then, that H. stands for a small brown-eyed creature who is still listed in the Bureau of Records of the Department of Health [certificate No. 43515, *anno* 1920] as *Female Morley*, because when the birth was registered by the doctor her name had not been decided, and ever since then I have been too busy to go round to call on Dr. Copeland, the Health Commissioner, and ask him to have her more specifically enrolled)—I admit it would be very helpful if she were to turn to and lend a hand in paying the coal bill by having some verses written about herself. I have looked at her with admiration every day for these thirteen months, trying, as one might say, to get some angle on her that would lead to a poem. She does not seem very angular.

I insist that my not having written a poem about her is really very creditable. Titania seems to think that it implies my having become, in some sense, blase about children. Again, not so, not so at all. I must confess that in my enthusiasm I rather made use of the two older urchins as copy. But H., droll infant that she is, is too subtle for me. I'll come to that in a minute.

I talked all this matter over (being of a cautious turn, and fond of getting experienced advice) with two eminent author-parents—Mr. Tom Masson and Mr. Tom Daly—long ago, before Titania and I began putting on heirs. Both these gentlemen have made a lot of use of their children in earning, or at any rate gaining, a living. Their advices coincided. I myself was worried, but Mr. Tom Masson insisted that there was nothing like having offspring as a source of copy; he said that he would pay ten cents a word, in *Life*, for anything about the then shortly arriving urchin. (He said it would be fifteen cents a word if it was a girl, because girls cost you

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so much more later on. He has had experience in that matter, I believe.) Mr. Tom Daly, who has run rather to boys, said very much the same thing; but he was not in a position to buy my stuff, so I paid less attention to him.

But to get back to H. There never was a more enchanting infant. Mr. Walter de la Mare, who is also an authority, has written me delightful letters about her, although he has never seen her. But even a prose letter from a poet like Mr. de la Mare is more valuable, I think, than an actual poem from most other poets, so darling H. cannot say she has been neglected. But she is much too delicious for me to be able to sit down easily and write something that would do her justice. The night before she was born her mother and I did two things. We went to Huyler's for chocolate ice-cream soda, and we read aloud Bernard Shaw's autobiography which is printed in Frank Harris's *Contemporary Portraits*. I dislike to bring Mr. Harris into this, for certainly I can think of no one who has less in common with H., that celestial nugget. But I have to tell the truth, don't I? Mr. Harris wrote an essay about Shaw; and Shaw, feeling that it was not adequate, wrote a really amusing sketch to show how Harris should have done it. Well, there is something symbolic about this, for H. is as sweet as anything Huyler ever compounded; and she is even more enigmatic than Shaw. (I can see now it should have been Page and Shaw instead of Huyler.)

But I feel that pretty soon I shall be writing a poem about her. I have felt it coming for some time. But it has got to *come*; I am not going to bring it. That shows how I have matured by associating with H. Sometimes I wish I could hire a really great poet to write about her. Swinburne might do for the rough draft. "Oh, what a bee-yootiful babby!" he used to cry when he saw them in their prams up at Putney

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—so, I think, Max Beerbohm describes. But I should want to have his rough draft polished and refined by someone else. I can only think of Mr. Walter de la Mare. He alone has just the right insight. For babies thirteen months old—the best age of all—must not be treated condescendingly, nor fulsomely, nor adoringly, nor sugarishly. William Blake, if left alone in the room with H., would have understood her. What an infant, I give you my word! Living with children is largely a contest of endurance. It is a question of which one can tire the other out first. (This is a great secret; never before made plain.) Start in early in the morning, and take things with a rush. If you are strong, austere, resolute, you may be able to wear them down and exhaust them by dusk. If you can do so, without prostrating yourself, then you may get them to bed safely and have a few hours of cheerful lassitude. But take every possible advantage. Let them run and frolic, yourself sitting down as much as you can. Favour yourself, and snatch a little rest while they are not looking. Even so, the chances are you will crack first.

This applies to older children; after they gain the use of their limbs and minds. But H. has not reached that harrowing stage. Placable, wise, serene, she sits in her crib. She has four teeth (beauties). To hear her cry is so rare that I hardly know what her voice of sorrow sounds like. Sometimes, for an instant, she looks a little frightened. Then I like her best, for I know she is human, and has in her the general capsule of frailty.

You may be quite sure of one thing, I shall never print that poem unless I feel that it comes somewhere near doing her justice.

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COÖPERATION

BY

CHARLES A. BENNETT

THE president of the association rose from his seat at the speaker's table and spoke as follows:

"It is with the profoundest emotion, gentlemen, that I rise to address you. As I look out upon this great gathering and see before me representatives from every state in the Union, I realize that our message has gone out into every part of this vast country, and that all the members of our profession, from the humble practitioner in the country town to the specialist in the great city, are knit in the bonds of a common brotherhood. I have often dreamed of such an occasion as this when we meet to celebrate the completion of our national organization; but I never thought that I should be privileged to live to see it. Yet truth is often stranger than fiction, and to-night the dream of a lifetime has come true.

"I remember how, when I was still but a lad learning to follow in my father's footsteps, the great idea came to me. In those days my father used sometimes to allow me to accompany him on his evening rounds and many a time it would be after midnight when we returned, footsore and weary, to our house. I knew that the next morning would find him at work again. Somehow it seemed all wrong to me. And then one night, when we had returned very late, I suddenly

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put the question to him, 'Father,' I said, 'you work too hard. Why don't you get someone to share with you, one of you to do the day work and the other the night work?' I can still see the way he turned round swiftly from the cupboard where he was busy putting away his things and exclaimed, 'What's that you say?'

"Gentlemen, right then and there the great idea of co-operation was born. We sat up till three in the morning discussing the future. That night I resolved to dedicate my life to the cause of coöperation. And I think I can honestly say that from that hour I have never swerved from the path I had chosen. There have been ups and downs, there have been failures, there have been dark times, but in the blackest hour I never lost sight of the visions that came to me that night in my father's room. You will understand then why I am deeply stirred when I look out over this great gathering and realize who the men are who compose it and why they have come here to-night. For I see before me the fulfillment of the hopes of a lifetime. The dream, I repeat, has come true. And it is indeed hard for me to believe that this mighty organization has developed from such tiny and insignificant beginnings. For of course we began in a modest way. First, a small and enthusiastic group in my home town. Then as our principles, and still more our results, became known, similar groups sprang up in towns near by. Soon the big men in the cities began first to notice us and then to imitate our methods. And so it went. The main stages in our growth must be still fresh in your minds. At last we found ourselves where we stand to-day.

"Progress, of course, was not always as fast as it might have been. The professional mind is notoriously conservative and we were no exception to the rule. Not so long ago it was no uncommon thing to find members of our profession

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in cities as close as Syracuse and Rochester carrying out a policy of cut-throat competition among themselves, or to find men in San Francisco operating with antiquated methods, in bland ignorance of the epoch-making developments in technical knowledge and skill on the part of the men in Chicago and New York who ought to have been their colleagues.

"In the last ten years, however, we have been advancing by leaps and bounds, largely because coöperation has become the policy of wise and far-seeing men in all departments of life. It is, so to speak, in the air, and we are being borne along on the current of a world movement. To-day, I think, we can say that we, as a profession, have learned the lesson —so obvious once it has been learned, but so difficult, apparently, for men to grasp and apply—that union is strength, that competition means waste and weakness and defeat, while coöperation spells power, efficiency, success. In laying this lesson to heart and making it the very nerve and corner stone of our common professional life, we are simply following the example of the world around us. In government, in industry, in business, in finance, in science, yes, even in religion, wherever men are progressive, you find the one great principle at work, the principle to which all of us here are dedicated. What is the idea behind the League of Nations? Coöperation. Behind the Washington Conference? Coöperation. Behind the Manufacturers' Association? Coöperation. Behind the labour union? Coöperation. Behind the Inter-Church World Movement? Again I answer Coöperation.

"Yes, gentlemen, coöperation must be the slogan of all live men to-day. It is the key which will unlock all doors, the panacea for all our ills, the passport to the frontiers of the future. The future! I have used the word with deliberate intent, for I should not like any of us to leave this room to-night with the feeling that this occasion marks the attain-

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ment of our goal and that we can now lie back and contemplate what we have done. The greatest task lies before us. Just as the process by which families combined to form the tribe, and tribes united to form the state, will reach its proper end only in the world state, so we cannot rest content until our organization is not merely nation wide but world wide, until we can look into the eyes of our fellow workers of whatever creed or colour or nation they may be and greet them as brothers. Do not let us recoil from the task as beyond our powers. We know what we have already accomplished; we know that world forces are working with us. Let us go forward with faith, with courage, with earnestness, to realize the destiny to which we are called."

(Speech delivered at the first annual banquet of the National Association of Burglars.)

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A REAL AMERICAN FOLK SONG

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

BARON IRELAND

EDITOR'S FOREWORD: The manuscript here published for the first time seems to be a conclusive answer to those who claim there is no such thing as American folk music. The Negro spirituals are admitted to be real folk songs, but it is claimed that white America has produced nothing like the folk music of other nations—songs which strolling minstrels built up piece by piece from a fragment of some peasant's experience, set by its subject to a tune and, by them sung about the country. For some reason which will probably never be discovered, the author of The Stalled Flivver set the song on paper, an act entirely unlike the custom of the usual strolling minstrel, who was content to keep his manuscript in his mind.

The song, here put into modern notation, was discovered as a crude scrawl in the course of excavations on the banks of Cowboy Creek, at the outskirts of the little town of Square Butte, Montana. It was found in the fossilized remains of an old desk, perfectly preserved under a sixteen-foot layer of adobe mud, by the present editor, who had been led to the site by letters contained in his own family archives. The author of the song was none other than the excavator's great-great-great-great-grandfather, and he had evidently jotted

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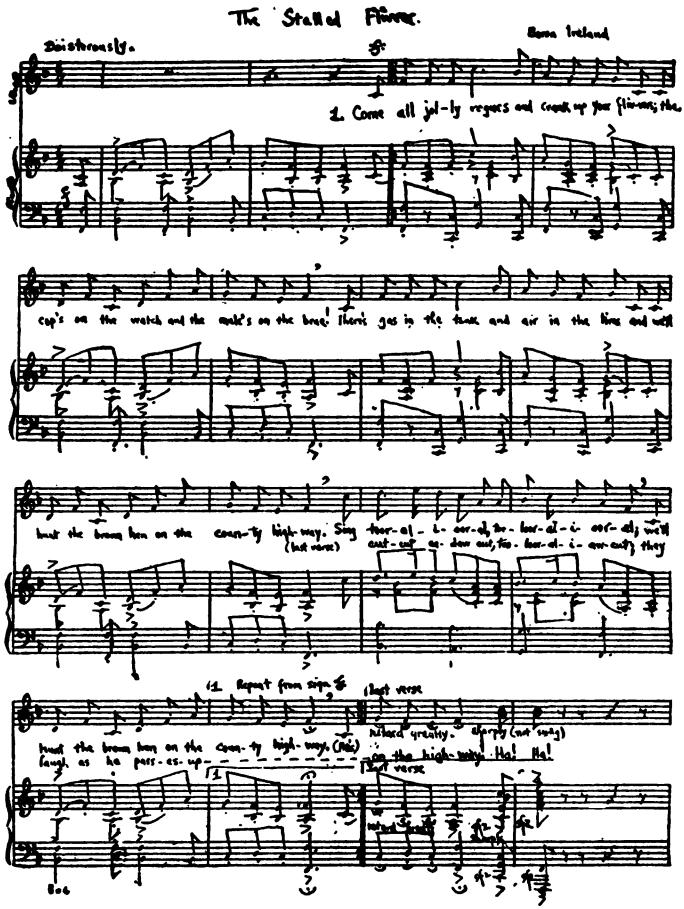
The Stalled Plower.
Boisterously.
Boosa Ireland
1. Come all jol-ly rogues and crank up your flin-ers, the
cup's on the watch and the mark's on the brae! There goes in the tank and air in the line and will
knit the broom han on the coun-ty high-way. Sing
(last verse)
hoor-al-i-oor-al, hoo-hoor-al-i-oor-al, will
out-out as-dow out, hoo-hoor-al-i-oor-al, they
12. Repeat from sign %
(last verse
Rilard greatly. dimply (not sung)
knit the broom han on the coun-ty high-way. (No)
laugh as he pass-es up
on the high-way. Ha! Ha!
last verse
Boo

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the notes down to assist his memory, but in an idle moment —or possibly hastily when summoned to the defense of the little settlement against Indians—had tossed them into the drawer of the desk owned by the rancher who had given him a night's lodging in return for his musical entertainment, and then forgotten them.

The manuscript is here reprinted exactly as written—with only the first verse and part of the last written under the notes for the voice as a guide to the singer, and the whole lyric written out separately from the music. Only the signature "Bar'n Ir'nd," and the date, "August 12, 1926," are omitted.

The author of the song was born in 1875, and died in 1961. He moved to Montana in 1906, and became a strolling trombone player, earning his meals and lodging by singing at various ranch houses in the customary manner of the minstrel.

Evidently his music had not the effect upon his simple pioneer audiences that it might have had upon more sophisticated latterday hearers.

They allowed him, you see, to live to the ripe age of eighty-six years.

Here, then, is The Stalled Flivver, produced undoubtedly, from the internal evidence, in exactly the manner of the traditional folk song as described above.

BARON IRELAND, 7th.

AIRWAYS-ON-SOUND,
January 3, 2237.

THE STALLED FLIVVER

I

Come all jolly rogues and crank up your flivvers; the cop's
on the watch and the mule's on the brae;

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There's gas in the tank and air in the tires and we'll hunt the brown hen on the county highway.
Sing tooral-i-ooral, too-looral-i-ooral; we'll hunt the brown hen on the county highway.

II

He's had the valves ground and scraped all the carbon; he's oiled the crankcase and he's oiled it again;
His spark is all set, he's pulled down the throttle and he's off on the highway to hunt the brown hen.
Sing tooral-oo-ral, etc.—repeating the last half of each second line.

III

He spied a fair maid pulled up by the roadside, a wrench in her hand and a tear in her eye;
She stood by the hood and poked at the engine while all the bold drivers went speeding on by.
Sing tooral-i-ooral, etc.

IV

How now, my fair maid, have you got engine trouble, and why are you weeping so sad and forlorn?
I'd be happy to be of any assistance from filling the grease-cups to honking the horn.
Sing tooral-i-ooral, etc.

V

Oh, thank you, kind sir, but something's gone blooey, and I cannot repair it, for how I don't know;
I've wiggled the spark and I've pulled out the choker, but all that I know is the damn thing won't go.
Sing tooral-i-ooral, etc.

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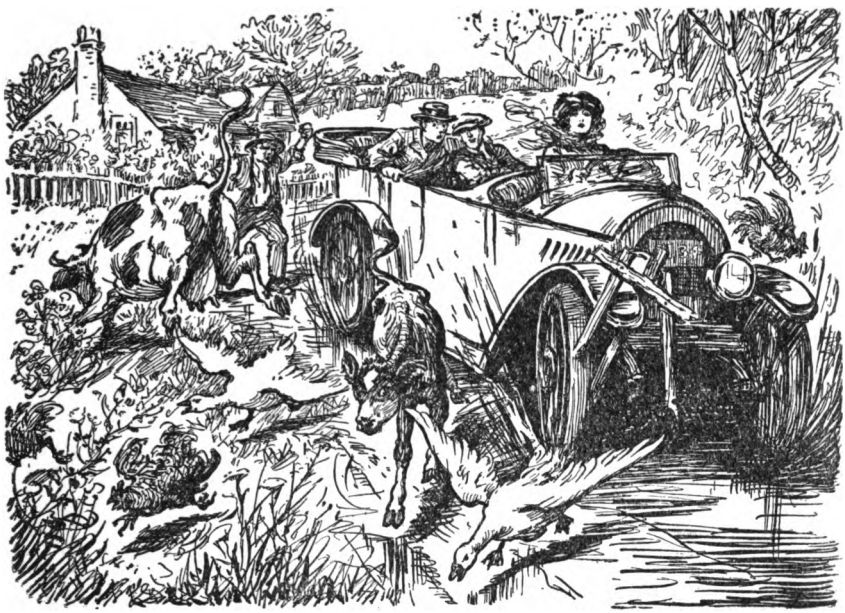

"How long did it take your wife to learn how to drive?"
"It will be ten years in August."

Drawn by Reginald Birch
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VI

He looked in the hood and he looked on the dashboard; he looked at the wheels and he looked very smart;
He turned on the switch and pulled out the choker and he cranked and he cranked, but the car wouldn't start.
Sing tooral-i-ooral, etc.

VII

Now damn your old spark and damn your old choker and damn your old car and your family too;
My face is all grease and I've barked all my knuckles and I've got my new Sunday clothes all full of goo.
Sing tooral-i-ooral, etc.

VIII

Farewell, my fair maid, for I can't fix your engine and I've loafed here all day without killing one hen;
And the next time you're stalled, catch some other sucker, for you bet your sweet life you won't catch me again.
Sing tooral-i-ooral, etc.

IX

He's left that fair maid and jumped in his flivver and started for home at the close of the day,
And all the brown hens sit safe on their perches and laugh as he passes upon the highway.
Sing cut-cut-cadawcut, too-looral-i-awcut; they laugh as he passes upon the highway.

Ha! Ha!

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A COLYUMIST'S DIARY

BURLESQUED BY

MAX LIEF

JUNE 18—Lay late, as usual, my wife, poor simp, hurling me out of bed at 2 P. M. without giving me a chance to play with my pet Dalmatian wolfhound. To the office to do my daily stint, and found there a goodly number of contributions, for the most part sane and coherent, of which I did print the majority. Remained at the shoppe for a good three-quarters of an hour, signed my initials at the bottom of the column, and thence to an inn with Mistress Sayde. "How now, Mr. Gibble," quoth she, "will you have table d'hôte or à la carte?" "À la pushcart," was my quick rejoinder, and deemed it the merriest quip I have uttered in a fortnight. Home at six and so to bed at 6:30.

JUNE 19—Up betimes, troubling not to go to the office, but telephoning the printer man if he had enough contributions to fill out the column. Whereat the wretch responded, "Yes, all but one paragraph." Whereat I did dictate the poor boob a paragraph of one Miss Lucy Kastor who was married to a Mr. Frederick Earl, and did tell him to caption it, Their Children Will Cry for It, which I thought not bad at all.

To the ping-pong grounds with Mistress Anastasia, she

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looking lovely in a new blue bonnet, and did trounce her handily, winning all nine sets. To the playhouse with Mistress Veronica and saw the new Pshaw comedy, a dull piece withal and of indifferent acting; but, Lord, I have no reason to complain forasmuch as I had passes. In the evening to Mistress Alicia's party and had ten helpings of sturgeon pie, fairly good, and half a hogshead of cider, not so bad, and so home and straight to bed to guard against the heavy work of the morrow.

JUNE 20—In my petrol wagon to the Hotel Seminole for luncheon, where I did meet with H. Hornrimm, the book reviewer; G. Smyrkin, the play critick, A. Browloft, the movie critick, and many other of the important literati of the day. The first meeting of the Colyum Conductors' Mutual and Self-Esteem Association was thus held, and the by-laws bind each member to mention the others at least thrice weekly in his column. A good ruling, too, for Lord knows we must earn our bread and butter, and if we esteem not each other, then who shall?

O LADY, LADY!

LADY, when I lamp your titian
Tresses and your cheeks of rose,
Hazel eyes and pert, patrician
Nose—

When I hear your laughter dulcet
Ripple like a line from Keats,
Pounds my heart and fast my pulse it
Beats.

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With that form and face seraphic
You could melt a brick—why, ma'am,
You could block a Broadway traffic
Jam!

With those lips that bear the hints of
Nature's art—not druggist's sales—
You could even vamp the Prince of
Wales!

It's your classy style that bats me
Square between the eyes somehow.
Really, lady, you're the cat's mee—
Ow!

Though the tabbies call you "bromide,"
"Baby doll" and "senseless chit,"
For your love, my happy home I'd
Quit!

Lady—must there needs be more said?
Am I smitten with you—quite?
Do I mean all the aforesaid?
Right!

PERFECTLY KILLING

Saliva sends us a laundry ad which says, "Don't kill your wife by giving her the wash. Let us do the dirty work for you."

A PROF. WITHOUT HONOUR, ETC.

"Professor Dropped from College for Radical Talk."—*Headline.*

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For the enlightenment of our contribs we will mention that G. Hunger runs a delicatessen in Brooklyn. A. Crook is a lawyer, and S. Plug is an automobile mechanic. Got any more?

Crazy with the Heat

A Michigan girl hoaxed physicians by running a temperature of 114 for several days. She placed the thermometer next to a hot-water bottle.—*News Story.*

To contribs: Send us all the triolets, ballades, rondeaus, etc. you wish, but for the love of Zeus don't bother us with 'phone queries as to who wrote Endymion and what brand of cigars Amy Lowell smokes, and all that. We're too burdened with many other labours to perturb ourselves about these things. We haven't had time to use half the things in Bartlett's Quotations to fill out the colyum.

Love Came to Me

Love came to me in a moment's twinkling,
  Soft as the spring rain's fall. . . .
Clear as a cowbell's silver tinkling,
    I heard Love call. . . .

Love left my heart with a sullen anguish,
  Flickered—and then blew out.
Oh, how many times must I laugh and languish
    When Love's about?

—*Prunella.*

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They Waited for No Man

(*From the Paw Paw, S. D., Piccolo*)

Miss Theresa Tyme, the deacon's daughter, ran away from home last Monday with Ken Tide, the hardware clerk. They were married by Parson Brown.

A friend of ours is going into the hosiery business. Well, we wish him lots of soxcess.

A girl I like
Is Mazie Wohnt.
She never checks
Me with a "Don't!"
—*B. Z. B. in Mortuarian's Trade Journal.*

* * *

A jane I love
Is Alice Krutch.
When we're at lunch
She don't eat much.
—*Essaitchee in Würstgeschaft Review.*

* * *

We like Mae Black,
She is some goil.
She never ut-
Ters "Olive oil!"

Aha, Plaster of Paris!

(*From the Wiskawoozie, Vt., Whambang*)

Harvey M. Plaster, one of the town's leading citizens, sailed from New York last Saturday for Paris, France.

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No; Would You?

Dear Boss: If Jockey Ted Doane married Gerty Heffelflinger, the circus rider, would you say they'd follow the bridal path? —*Gorgon Zola.*

We have a new joke to retail to our clients. It seems that down in Georgia they shot to death one of those veteran messenger "boys." They thought he was a Union soldier.

We notice in a story by Mona Wail, on Page 164, Line 23, in this month's number of Zippy Tales, that one of the characters says, "Whom goes there?" and still another, "Who do you think you're talking to?" Contribs who find similar mistakes in the stories they read will, in addition to seeing their names in 10-point bold type, be permitted to attend the annual contribs' banquet, provided they have the necessary kale.

Books we recommend this week are Thick Ankles, by Old Dan Marcus; Atta Boy! by Old Hayfoot Broomley; Up Stage and Down, by Old Alec Bullcopp, and Fifty Best Recipes, by Old Sis Borely, all good friends of ours. Not to omit mentioning our own latest volume of verse, Hot Doggerel! $1.50 at all bookstores.

Well, we're nearing the end of the colyum.

Zip, goes another paragraph!

It's easy to write 'em.

Like this.

And this.

And that's a colyum.

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HOOT, MON!

Harry Lauder said at one of the innumerable banquets given him by the Caledonians of America: "I am a Scot. The other day I met a man who asked me what a Scot was and I up and says: 'A Scot, my dear boy, is a man who keeps the Sabbath and everythin' else he can lay his hands on.'"

Ian MacLaren recounted this story in a lecture on Scottish humour:

In a dull Scottish village, on a dull morning, one neighbour called at another's house. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation which ensued went thus:

"Cauld?"

"Ay."

"Guan to be weety (rainy), I'm thinkin'."

"Ay."

"Is John in?"

"Ou, ay! he's in."

"Can I see him?"

"Na."

"But a winted tae see him."

"Ay, but ye canna see him. John's deid."

"Deid?"

"Ay."

"Sudden?"

"Ay."

From the *Argonaut*.

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"Verra sudden?"

"Ay, verra sudden."

"Did he say onything about a pot o' green pent afore he deid?"

A Scotchman entered a hotel and inquired what the rates were. He was told that the charges were $5 a day for rooms on the first floor, $4 for rooms on the second, $3 on the third, and $2 on the top floor. The Scot after a moment's reflection started for the door, when the clerk asked him if he considered the charges too high. "No," replied Sandy, "it's the building that's no high enough."

A golfer with a reputation for excessive thrift was playing at St. Andrews, and, having teed his ball he hesitated for so long a time that another Scotchman became annoyed and exclaimed:

"What are ye dilly-dallying aboot, Tammas? Play off!"

"Mon," replied the other, glancing down at the tee, "yon's a bran new twa-shillin' ba'—and I may never see it again."

National Secretary G. C. Hinckley of the Association against the Prohibition Amendment, said, in an after-dinner address in Washington:

"The way prohibitionists go on you'd think it was impossible to take a glass of claret with your luncheon without getting as drunk as a Scotch laird. A Scotch laird used to get very drunk every Saturday night. Then with his servant, Saunders, also very drunk, he would mount his horse and set off for his castle. While fording the stream one night the laird fell into the water. He got to his feet and sputtered:

"'Saunders, mon, something fell off. Did ye noo hear the splash?'

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"'Thot I did,' admitted Saunders, and he climbed into the water up to his waist.

"Of course he soon found his master.

"'Why, laird, it's yourself,' he said.

"'No, no, Saunders,' insisted the laird stoutly. 'It can't be me, for here I am.'

"Saunders helped the laird to mount again, but in the darkness faced him the wrong way round.

"'Thank ye, mon, now give me the reins.'

"Saunders fumbled around the horse's rear and finally got hold of its tail, and cried in a shocked voice:

"'Laird, laird, it was the nag's head that fell off. There's nothing left but the mane.'"

Lord Shaw of Dunfermline tells of an experience in the old days when the Scottish bench in Edinburgh were accustomed to dine at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, then went on till late or early, according to the cases before it. At 2 o'clock one afternoon a client called on a distinguished lawyer, and was told by the serving maid that he was at dinner.

"At dinner at 2 o'clock in the afternoon!" exclaimed the visitor, incredulously.

"Yes," replied the maid, "but it's yesterday's dinner he's eating the noo."

A Scotch doctor, who was attending a laird, had instructed the butler of the house in the art of taking and recording his master's temperature with a thermometer. On repairing to the house one morning, he was met by the butler, to whom he said:

"Well, John, I hope the laird's temperature is not any higher to-day."

The man looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied:

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"Well, I was just wonderin' that mysel'. Ye see, he died at twa o'clock."

A Scottish footballer was as bald as a billiard ball, but managed to keep it concealed by means of a cap and wig. In one match, however, as one of his opponents took a red-hot shot at the goal, "Wiggly" got his head in the way of the ball and the wig and cap were knocked off. When the first player saw the result of his shot he seemed thunderstruck for a moment, and then exclaimed. "Guid heavens! I've scalped the mon!"

General Sir David Kinloch was one of the first to volunteer for active service when war broke out in August, 1914, although he was then in his fifty-ninth year. Sir David was always a stern disciplinarian, and the story goes that a Scottish sergeant, whom he had just "told off," was grousing to his Cockney messmates in their dugout "somewhere in France."

"Yon beggar, Kinloch, is aye barrkin'!" he exclaimed disgustedly.

"That's nothink to what you *will* get," was the answer; "you wait till he blinkin' well bites!"

The story comes from Scotland of an American who was looking over a shooting-box there with the intention of hiring it for the season. In the old-fashioned gun room of the place was the inscription "East, West, Hame's best," observing which the American exclaimed. "Say! If I take this place that advertisement for Hame will have to come down; my country has gone dry."

An Englishman and a Scotsman were having a discussion on success in life. Said the former:

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"Success is easier than most people think. Why, when I was a young man I knew a youth who got a job in a big city hotel, and it wasn't long before he owned the whole place."

The Scotsman sagely nodded his head.

"Aye, no doot," he said, "but since then they've invented cash registers."

An old Scotch gentleman and a youth had spent the whole day on the golf links, and had had some remarkably close and exciting games. As they left for home the old man remarked:

"Hey, mon, but it's been a gran' day!"

"It has," the youth assented.

"Think ye ye could come again on the morrow, laddie?"

"Well," the young man answered, reflectively, "I was to be married, but I daresay I can put it off."

An old Scotch pilot professed to be able to tell the home port of any incoming vessel within a reasonable distance by what seamen still call "the cut of her jib," meaning thereby her general appearance. To test his powers an onlooker called his attention to one in the far distance. The pilot gazed long and earnestly, and eventually pronounced her an Aberdeen boat. He proved to be right, and a chorus of surprised voices inquired how he knew. "No seagulls following her!" he said.

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A "CONTRIB" THAT WON

NOTE: Every year F. P. A. awards a prize for the best contributions to his famous column "The Conning Tower" in the New York *World*. The verses which follow by Isabel Van Sickle Whyte won the prize for 1923. The verses appeared in the *World*, January 8, 1923.

SNOWFALL

WIRES strung with diamonds,
Shanties decked in white,
Our shabby little village
Turned lovely overnight.

If I were dressed in satin,
With diamonds in my hair,
Do you think, perhaps, that someone
Would say that I was fair?

—I. V. S. W.

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THE BEST LAUGH-GETTERS I HAVE EVER TOLD

BY

T. ROY BARNES

T. Roy Barnes, star of "Is Matrimony a Failure?" and "So Long, Letty," is Hollywood's raconteur de luxe. No banquet, no benefit, no programme, no dinner, is complete unless Tom contributes a few stories. For years, Barnes was a headline vaudeville monologist and musical comedy comedian. He owns a little red book with 2,360 stories noted down in it, stories that he has told at one time or another. From these he has selected for *Photoplay* the ones he declares got the biggest laughs. They aren't all new, but they are, he declares, the biggest laugh-getters he ever told. They are set down here exactly the way he tells them, so if you memorize them you too, may become famous as an after-dinner speaker.

LITTLE boy had been absent from school and the teacher sent him home to get an excuse from his mother. He came running back to school and handed the paper to his teacher. This is what his mother had written:

DEAR TEACHER: Please excuse my Tommy from being absent. He got wet in the A. M. and had to be dried in the P. M.

A certain man had been hen-pecked all his life. Finally his wife talked him to death and he went to heaven, and St. Peter felt so sorry for him that he gave him a little cloud all his own where nobody would disturb him. He had just sat down and was enjoying the peace and quiet when he heard his name being loudly paged by an angel.

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He called to the angel, "Here I am. What do you want?"
The angel said, "Your wife wants you on the ouija board."

Two Scotchmen were out hunting deer. One of them was new at the game, and as they had gotten into rather a tight place, the tension was high. All of a sudden, a fine big moose stepped into the clearing.

Sandy was terribly startled as he had never seen such a fine, big animal before, and he cried, "Oh, Jock, look, what'd you call that?"

Jock replied, "Why, mon, that's a moose."

"Well," said Sandy with a sickly laugh. "If that's a moose I don't keer to see a rat."

Two little newsboys were arguing on the street corner about moving pictures. One kid said to the other, "Who's your favourite movie star?"

Second kid, little Willie, says, "Mary Pickford, but I've just discovered a new girl in pictures and I like her better than Mary Pickford. She's playing in a picture called the Shreik."

First kid asks, "What's her name?" and Willie says, "Jesse Lasky."

A famous lawyer was called in to see a man in the county jail accused of murder.

When he returned to his office, his secretary said, "Well, did you take the case, Mr. Blank?"

"No, I didn't take it."

"Why, didn't you think the man was justified in his act?"

"My son," said the lawyer, "he certainly was not financially justified in committing murder."

A pious old gentleman discovered a tough little boy on the street corner, swearing vigorously. Said the old gentleman,

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"Tut, tut, my dear little man, don't you know it's very wicked to swear like that? God will punish you."

The kid said, "Aw, he can't hear me. He's not around here anywhere."

"My child, God is everywhere."

"Is he over at our house?"

"Yes, certainly. God is everywhere."

"Is he in our cellar?"

"Yes, my litle man."

"Is he in our attic?"

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"You're crazy, we ain't got no attic."

Farmer milking a cow. City girl watching him. Farmer inquired kindly, "Can you do this, young lady?"

City girl said nervously, "Oh, yes, but how do you turn it off?"

Rich man was walking down the street. A poor man stopped him and said, "Mister, please give me a dime. I haven't tasted food for a week."

Rich man replied, "Don't worry, it still has the same old taste."

Little Hans had been kept home from school for a few days and when he went back the teacher told him to go home and get an excuse for having been away. Here is the excuse his mother wrote to the teacher:

"Please excuse me for keeping Hans home because I had twins a few days ago, but it shan't occur again."

Lady travelling through California for the first time saw a fig tree. She said to the guide, "My good man, what kind of a tree is that?"

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He said, "Lady, that is a fig tree."

She said, "Oh, no, it can't be a fig tree."

"Yes, ma'am, that's a fig tree."

"Oh," said the lady, "I thought the leaves were larger than that."

Little Johnny had a terrible habit of whistling. He used to whistle so much that his mother finally threatened to give him a severe spanking if she caught him daring to whistle one note again.

Well, Johnny promised he would not whistle any more, so his mother kissed him and said, "Now go downstairs, dear, and tell cook to give you something nice to eat for being such a good boy."

When he got to the kitchen, cook wasn't there, but Johnny saw some nice persimmons. He ate quite a few of them and after he'd eaten all he could hold, he took a big drink of water. Immediately his mouth began to pucker all up and it frightened him so that he dashed upstairs to his mother.

The moment his mother saw him, she said, "Now, Johnny, remember what I told you. If you whistle one note, I'll spank you good."

Between puckers, poor Johnny cried, "Whithel—whithel nothing—I'm poithoned."

A soldier in the cavalry was sitting on his horse at an important sentry post. Captain rode up to him and cried, "Don't get off your horse unless you hear from headquarters."

Just then the horse kicked him off. The Captain turned around and saw him, pulled up his horse and yelled, "Didn't I tell you not to get off your horse unless you got orders from headquarters?"

"Yes, but I got orders from hindquarters," said the private.

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They met by chance, they'd never met before.
They met in June, it left her sick and sore.
They'll never meet again, don't want to, that I vow.
They only met that once, the freight train and the cow.

A suave young Chinese Tong man walked into the office of a well-known lawyer in San Francisco.

"How much you charge me, get me free for shot a man dead?" he asked.

"$10,000," said the lawyer promptly.

"How much down?"

"$5,000 now—$5,000 when I go to court."

The Chinaman counted out $5,000 and put it on the desk then started out.

"Hey, come back here—where you going?" cried the lawyer.

"I go shoot him," said the Chink coolly, "be back bimby."

This is a very old one, but of all the stories I have ever told it gets the biggest laugh, and I told it only the other evening at a fraternity banquet and it got a great reception, so here goes.

Motion picture theatre, crowded with couples, male and female.

Man dashed into the lobby, waving a gun and said, "My wife's in here with another man. Get her out quick or I'll shoot up the place."

Manager tremblingly rushed around back stage, and came out to make this announcement: "There's a man in the lobby with a gun, says his wife's in here with another man. If she is, she'd better sneak out that side door quick."

In one minute the theatre was almost empty.

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THE LAY OF THE COLLEGE GRAD

BY

CLEMENT WOOD

JOHN SMYTHE was a bright college student,
Who studied in manner imprudent,
Till he ended, alas,
At the head of his class,
After passing biology,
Hebrew, psychology,
History, botany,
Verbs Hottentoteny,
English, geometry,
Greek, trigonometry,
Chemistry, calculus,
Germs animalculous,
Stems philological,
Subjects hodge-podgical;
Profs warned him, "Stop!" But—he couldn't

A Bachelor first, then a Master—
And still he kept studying faster,
Until he could claim,
Attached to his name,
The letters A. B.,
A.M., LL.D.,

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B.S. and M.E.,
D.D., X.Y.Z.,
A B.P.O.E.,
And, last, E.T.C.—
They stuck to his name like a plaster!

Equipped with stupendous cognition,
Smythe breezed out to seek a position,
Expecting to grace
Some eminent place
As engineer, preacher,
Collegiate teacher,
Ambassador, doctor,
Invention decocter,
Essayist or editor,
A bank where he'd head it, or
Something to match his ambition.

They listened to his application,
And answered without hesitation,
"My lad, we regret
You're not equipped yet
For such a position:
Much less electrician,
A tinker, a tailor,
A salesman, a sailor,
A canner, a spinner,
A tanner, a tinner,
A clothing designer,
A moulder, a miner,
A bricklayer, chauffeur—
You'd make a poor loafer.
Why not master one occupation?"

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Smythe's face had turned grayer and grayer—
Not fit to be even bricklayer?
And then his voice woke,
And firmly he spoke:
"I stand for less taxes,
For free trade on axes,
Free seed, prohibition,
America's mission,
The flag of our nation,
No more immigration,
Against vivisection,
For ample protection,
Canals through each isthmus,
Two weeks off at Christmas,
The good old church steeple,
The will of the people,
For progress, prosperity,
A nobler posterity——"
At once they elected him mayor!

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WHEN MEN BUY LIKE WOMEN

BY

A. C. M. AZOY, JR.

The modern man is paying more and more attention to style tendencies in his habiliments, and it would not be surprising to see the man's shop of the future paralleling the woman's shop of the present.—*Trade-journal item.*

SCENE, the atelier of Roget Duval et Cie, Modistes à l'Homme Vogue, on Fifth Avenue, New York City, sometime in the future. Two fashionably dressed men step from a limousine and enter. A salesman approaches them.

SALESMAN: Bon soir, messieurs. What is it that messieurs desire?

1ST MAN: Why, how, I'd like to look at some collars.

SALESMAN: Les collars? But certainly; Philippe! Philippe, the gentleman would like to see some collars.

PHILIPPE: Ah, yes? Will monsieur and his friend kindly step this way? (*Leads them into alcove, decorated in mauve and gray. Pushes forward two chairs.*) Won't you sit down? You must be just worn out shopping. (*Men sit.*) What particular kind of collar did monsieur have in mind?

1ST MAN: There was a charming little striped moire silk one in your advertisement in this month's Beau Monde de Fashion. Could I see one of them?

PHILIPPE: A charming design indeed; the silhouette is so utter. You are a perfect fifteen and a half, I imagine. (*To*

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a salesboy.) Charles, bring a fifteen and a half Charlotte Ruche.

(CHARLES *does it, and* PHILIPPE *draws the curtain to the alcove while the collar is put in place.*)

1ST Man: (*rising and looking at himself in mirror*): There, dear; how do you like the effect?

2D Man: My darling, it's simply ducky. And so unusual too.

PHILIPPE: Indeed, yes, monsieur. It is an exclusive design with us.

1ST MAN: Still, I don't know. I'm not sure I wouldn't look better in something with more severe lines; I've been getting so stout lately!

PHILIPPE: Monsieur could hardly look more charming, but—yes, the very thing! Charles, vite, ask Mr. Rosenberg if the new Paris shipment has been unpacked yet, and bring me that pink Paquin poke. (CHARLES *vites with the poke, and the latter is clamped into position.*) Ah-h-h!

CHARLES: Ah-h-h-h!

2D Man: My dear, it's divine!

1ST Man: It is sweet, isn't it? Still, I don't know. I'm not sure that the colour goes with my hair. What do you really think, dear?

2D Man: Well, you know I've always liked you in pink, dear, but perhaps you're right.

1ST Man: I think so; have you anything not quite so pink?

PHILIPPE: Certainement, monsieur; here is a little Humming Bird's Wing in the blue. (*It is carefully arranged for inspection.*) Perfect—I mean, parfait! With your eyes, monsieur! (*To* 2D MAN.) Does it not set off monsieur's eyes gloriously?

2D MAN: Heavenly; dearie, it looks wonderful!

1ST MAN: Flatterers! But it is cute, isn't it? Still, I

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don't know; that blue—if I were sure it was going to be a fashionable shade, I might—well, never mind. (*To* PHILIPPE.) It's been most interesting, and thank you so much!

PHILIPPE: But, monsieur, that collar—it is as if made for you! Monsieur does not care for any of the collars? Is there anything else I can show monsieur?

1ST MAN: No, thanks, I was just looking around!

(*Exeunt.*)

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A BALLAD OF FAREWELL

BY

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

OVER many a merry mile,
Down many a primrose way,
On many a blessed isle,
On many a jocund day,
In many a fragrant May,
In many a fair July
Our love has bloomed—but stay—
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

The days are a rosy file,
The nights are a flaming ray;
The days are a flowery pile,
The nights are a massed bouquet,
The sum of them all is gay,
And joyous they multiply.
They are gone. Let them go. Sing hey!
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

"Love, when you leave me, smile!"
Thus you were wont to pray,
"Singing a song the while."
Hark to my roundelay!

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Love is a comic play,
Something to versify,
Enduring as silver spray,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

L'ENVOI

Love, how the world's gone gray;
Love, how the world's awry!
How can I ever say
"Good-bye, my lover, good-bye"?

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THE BEST BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1923

BY

BARON IRELAND

SELECTED from The Best Short Stories of 1923. The Better Than the Best Short Stories of 1923, The Supreme Short Stories of Last Year, Greatest 1923 Short Stories, Prize Winning Stories of the American Institute of Literary Prize Contests, and so on.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In selecting these stories the editor has shut his eyes and grabbed. They are all picked from the 2,317 anthologies published last year, no two of which contain the same story. A brief biological sketch of the author is appended to each selection.]

BABBITT'S ALIBI

BY APPLETON HERRICK

"Well, I'm telling you I tried to get away, but I was ten dollars ahead, and how could I leave when I was ten dollars ahead?"

(Appleton Herrick, who was born in Aloha, Ohio, in 1879, was first clerk in an advertising office, then an advertising salesman, advertising agent, advertising expert, advertising engineer, and finally he was an advertising consulting engineer. Has lived in Aloha, Ohio, all his life. "Babbitt's Alibi" is his first published story.)

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Rivka Finds Her Soul

BY RENA DIVORSKA

Mrs. Feinsilber's ample bosom heaved. She wrung her hands in her apron.

"Oi!" she wailed. "Mine gold, mine Charlkeh! Lost he is! Through the chickenpox I nursed him! Mumps I bring him through. Nights I sit up with him when he got the toothache! Like a lump of ice he makes my heart when he gets a slight coryza! *Oi weh!*"

"Stimm's, mommer!" said Rivka dully. "He's asleep under the stove. Yank him out by the leg. It wouldn't hurt him."

"Such a girl!" wailed Mrs. Feinsilber. "The way she talks about mine baby! My heart she tears out of me yet!"

As Rivka listened, something tight about her heart seemed to snap. Taking the broken elastic from her brassiere, she shirred another one through, put on her freshly starched shirt waist, and went to the movies.

Rivka had found herself.

She knew now that she was an American.

(Rena Divorska was born in Russia in 1893. Coming to the United States in 1892 she obtained a position as model in a department store, and since then has been an insurance broker, a notion salesman, a batik manufacturer, a postman and a teacher of art appreciation in the grammar schools. She is now opening tea rooms in Greenwich Village as fast as the sheriff closes them.)

The Drab Room

BY EULALIA POLTERTHWAITE WATSON

To the woman sitting on the edge of the bed the night seemed endless. The clock on the mantel ticked, for all the

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world like a clock ticking. Through the window three stars blinked. They looked like stars. A solitary bullfrog, like a bullfrog, croaked in the neighbouring marsh. A dog barked like a dog, a chicken crowed like a chicken, the grass pushed itself a thousandth of a millimeter nearer heaven. Grass does, even when you mow it, the woman thought.

The woman on the bed looked at the sick man in the bed. The woman on the bed got off the bed. The bed creaked as she rose. The woman, formerly on the bed, but now off the bed, went to the mantelpiece and took from it a clinical thermometer, the man on the bed following her with his eyes.

The effort was too much for him. With a convulsive movement he turned over in bed and went to sleep.

The woman, returning to his side, prepared to take his temperature. "Open," she said, but when the man's lips remained closed she saw what had happened. Slowly her grip on the fragile glass tube tightened. Then with a passionate gesture she thrust it between her own lips. Avidly her tongue closed over it.

When they pried it out the next morning it registered 98.6 degrees.

(Eulalia Polterthwaite Smith-Watson, or Eulalia Polterthwaite Watson, to use the shortened form which she prefers, was born in New York in 1882 and has lived on a New England farm all her life. Since her marriage to Smith K. Smith in 1921 she has written three novels dealing with New England life.)

Joss

BY ELSIE DODD

"You are the ten-thousand-kilowatt light of my feeble existence," said Bing Bong to his wife, bowing ceremoniously.

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"Much obliged," said Chuen Gumm, his wife, returning a bow as ceremonious as his own. She had been to an American college and read The Book of Etiquette, so her husband's formality did not embarrass her as it might have.

Then she jumped into the pool. "Beloved, you are as the fragrance of eight thousand three hundred and thirty-seven daffodils," she breathed as the waters closed over her for ever.

She would show that jealous mother-in-law of hers that she could be as devoted as the next one.

The man fell on his knees before the tomb of his ancestors.

The moon hung low.

(Elsie Dodd was born in Davenport, Iowa, and is the wife of a missionary in T'in-P'an Alley, Shanghai. She is the author of Chinese Chintzes, Sampan Sonnets, A Scuttle of Pomegranates and Other Poems, and other volumes of poems.)

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ABOUT BRIDGE

BY

WILLIAM JOHNSTON

WHICH KIND OF A PLAYER ARE YOU?

If you have been playing bridge for any length of time you will have discovered that there are several different kinds of *bad* bridge players. Have you ever taken the trouble to analyze your own game and see which kind of a player *you* are?

The six kinds of bad players I have run across are:

The Dub—She has an idea that rules are unimportant. "All you have to do to win at bridge is to use your common sense," is one of her pet phrases. She has heard of the "rule of eleven" but never could get it through her head. She is always asking what is trump, and pays no attention to her partner's signals.

She'll tell you confidentially that Mah Jongg is a much better game than bridge. She's right. For her it is.

It takes brains to make a good bridge player.

The Gab—She looks upon a bridge game solely as an excuse for conversation. Just when you are trying to remember how many trumps have been played she begins describing somebody's new gown. She starts telling about her latest operation right in the middle of the game. She never knows what

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the score is nor whose turn it is to play nor whether she is dealing with the red or the blue cards.

She may get some fun out of the game herself but none of the other three players do.

The Scold—She thinks she was born to rule the world and that she knows more about bridge than Whitehead, Work, and Florence Irwin combined. No matter what her partner does, she never is suited and scowlingly tells what card in her opinion should have been played.

If she overbids and her partner gets set two tricks doubled, she loses her temper and talks like a fish-wife. If she happens to revoke she indignantly denies it, and if convicted is sure to insist that it was dummy's fault for not asking her about it.

A player of this type can ruin an otherwise pleasant afternoon for anybody.

The Skin—She's out to make money out of the game. She wants always to play for a bigger stake than the rest of the players. She keeps an eagle eye on the score and is a martinet at enforcing penalties.

Her favourite pastime is to arrangè a set game when she has a partner who thoroughly understands her game, and their opponents are some beginning bridge players.

Her ambition in life is to make the game pay her rent. A partner whose playing causes her to lose a few hundred points arouses her enmity.

If a player of this type had a little more courage or a little more capital she'd be running a bucket-shop.

The Brash—He is always over-optimistic. If he has no good cards in his own hands, he takes it for granted that his partner must have them.

One of the worst of this sort I ever knew when he dealt and discovered that he had a bad hand always promptly bid

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two no-trump. He argued that it drove the opponents to three bids and made it easier to set them. Generally, however, they would double his two no-trump and his innocent partner would be set several hundred points.

Brash players are always doubling the opponents' bids, figuring on two tricks in their partner's hands. Watch out for them. They'll cost you a lot of points.

The No-Bid—There's nothing worse than having an overconfident partner, except having one that is too timid to bid. Once in a while you run across players who with three aces and four of the suit you have bid sit still and say "no bid." When they are sure of setting their opponents at least two tricks, they are afraid to double.

You can't ever win games and rubbers at auction unless you bid when you have the cards. A "no-bid" partner is ruinous.

If Married to Your Partner

There is one peculiar situation that frequently arises at the bridge table, which no book on auction hitherto issued gives any rules for—that is when husband and wife happen to cut each other as partners.

No American couple ever has satisfactorily settled the question as to which is the better bridge player. The battle is renewed each time husbands and wives play together.

If there is no practical way of avoiding having a husband and wife play together, these rules should be strictly observed:

A husband, *having his wife as a partner*, should—

a. Treat her as politely as he would the cook or his stenographer.

b. Conceal that pained look at a wrong lead behind a poker face.

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c. Wait until after the guests are gone to tell his wife what he thinks of her.

A wife, *having her husband as a partner*, should—

a. Remember that letting a man support you doesn't give you the right to insult him.

b. Be as sweet when your husband makes an error in play as you would be to a feminine opponent in an afternoon game.

c. Take it for granted that the man you married still has as much common sense as when he selected you as his wife.

Harsh as these rules may seem, any one who ever has played bridge against a husband and wife will realize the importance and necessity of them.

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A LAUGH A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY

BY

IRVIN S. COBB

Enough for Wilkins

From the lowlands a special judge was sent up to the Kentucky mountains to try some murder cases growing out of a desperate and bloody feud. He took with him as his official stenographer a young man from Louisville, who dressed smartly and, in strong contrast to the silent mountaineers, did considerable talking. For convenience let us call him Wilkins.

On his first Sunday morning in the mountain hamlet Wilkins felt the need of a shave. He had no razor and there was no regular barber in the town; but he learned from the hotelkeeper that there was an old cobbler living a few doors away who sometimes shaved transients.

In a tiny shop Wilkins found an elderly native with straggly chin whiskers and a gentle blue eye. The old chap got out an ancient razor and was soon scraping away on the patron's jowls. Wilkins felt the desire for conversation stealing over him.

"This is a mighty lawless country up here, ain't it?" he began.

"I don't know," said the old chap mildly. "Things is purty quiet jist at present."

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He paused to put a keener edge on his blade.

"Well," said Wilkins, "you won't deny, I suppose, that you have a lot of murders in this town?"

"We don't gin'rally speak of 'em as murders," said the old man in a tone of gentle reproof. "Up here we jest calls 'em killin's."

"I'd call 'em murders, all right," said Wilkins briskly. "If shooting a man down in cold blood from ambush isn't murder, then I don't know a murder when I see one, that's all. When was the last man killed, as you call it, here in this town?"

"Why, last week," said the patriarch.

"Whereabouts was he killed?" continued Wilkins.

"Right out yonder in the street in front of this here shop," stated the old man, with the air of one desiring to turn the conversation. "Razor hurt you much?"

"The razor's all right," said Wilkins snappily. "What I want to know are the facts about the killing of this last man. Who killed him?"

The cobbler let the edge of the razor linger right over the Adam's apple of the stranger for a moment.

"I done so," he said gently.

There was where the conversation seemed to begin to languish.

Why the Major Didn't Suit

On a voyage of one of the Cunard liners from New York to Liverpool a Major H. Reynolds of London was registered on the passenger list. The purser, running over the names, assigned to the same stateroom as fellow travellers this Major Reynolds and a husky stockman from the Panhandle of Texas.

A little later the cattleman, ignoring the purser, hunted up the skipper.

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"Look here, cap," he demanded, "what kind of a joker is this here head clerk of yours? I can't travel in the same stateroom with that there Major Reynolds. I can't and I won't! So far as that goes, neither one of us likes the idea."

"What complaint have you?" asked the skipper. "Do you object to an army officer for a travelling companion?"

"Not generally," stated the Texan—"only this happens to be the Salvation Army. That there major's other name is Henrietta!"

Grandfather Laughed at This One

On a Georgia plantation a group of darkies went coon hunting one night. Because of his love for the sport they took with them Uncle Sam, the patriarch of the coloured quarters. Uncle Sam was over eighty years old and all kinked up with rheumatism. He hobbled along behind the hunters as they filed off through the woods.

The dogs "treed" in a sweet gum snag on the edge of Pipemaker Swamp, five miles from home; but when the tree fell there rolled out of the top of it, not a raccoon but a full-grown black bear, full of fight and temper.

The pack gave one choral ki-yi of shock and streaked away, yelping as they went; and the two-legged hunters followed, fleeing as fast as their legs would carry them.

When they came to a moonlit place in the woods they discovered that Uncle Sam was missing; but they did not go back to look for him—they did not even check up.

"Pore ole Unc' Sam!" bemoaned one of the fugitives, between pants. "His ole laigs must 'a' give out on him 'foh he went ten jumps. I reckin dat bear's feastin' on his bones right dis minute."

"Dat's so! Dat's so!" gasped one of the others. "Pore Unc' Sam!"

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The Least of His Worries

Down in southern Alabama a person of colour was fetched into court to be arraigned for his preliminary hearing on a charge of wilful murder.

"Mose Tupper," said the judge, "you are accused here of one of the most serious crimes known to our laws—to wit, the taking of a human life. Are you properly represented by counsel?"

"Naw, suh," said the darky cheerfully.

"Well, have you talked to any one about your defense since your arrest?"

"I told de sheruff 'bout de shootin' when he come to my cabin to bring me heah," said the prisoner.

"And have you taken no steps whatever to engage a lawyer?"

"Naw, suh," said Mose. "I ain't got no money to be wastin' on lawyers. Dey tell me lawyers is mighty costive."

"If you have no funds," insisted the judge, "it lies within the power of the court to appoint an attorney to represent you without expense on your part."

"You needn't be botherin' yo'se'f, jedge," answered Mose.

"Well, what do you propose to do about this case?" demanded his Honor. "You must be properly defended—the law so provides."

"Jedge," said Mose, "ez fur ez I'se concerned you kin jest let de matter drap!"

This One Stood the Test of Time

Here is one which at intervals I have been hearing for years. It seems to me it gets better with each time of telling. I wonder if the reader will agree with me that its antiquity does not affect its excellence.

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The thing is supposed to have happened in a remote court house of Missouri. A resident of the Ozark Mountains, whose reputation was none the best, had been on trial on the charge of horse stealing. The jury returned a verdict of guilty. Taking into consideration the past record of the offender, his Honour on the bench said:

"It is my intention to sentence you to at least eight years at hard labour in State's prison. Now, then, before sentence is formally pronounced, I shall listen to anything you may have to say in your behalf."

After a moment of consideration the offender spoke:

"Well," he said, "I don't know ez I've got ary thing to say only this—it strikes me that you folks 'round this here cote house air purty toler'ble dam' liberal with other people's time."

Where the Real Fault Lay

The tourist was one of that type which for some mysterious reason is more numerously encountered abroad than at home. He was doing the cathedral towns of England, not because he particularly was interested in English towns, or in cathedrals either, but because the guide book advised him to do so.

Near the close of a glorious spring afternoon he stood on the greensward facing Canterbury cathedral with his legs planted far apart, his cap on the back of his head, his hands rammed deep into his trousers pockets, his cigar stuck into one corner of his mouth, and on his face an expression betokening profound boredom.

The celebrated Canterbury chimes were ringing for vespers, filling all the air with silver melody, when a side door of the cathedral opened and there issued forth a little, plump, pink-cheeked, benevolent clergyman. He approached the visiting stranger and in cultured tones said to him:

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"I take it, sir, that you are a stranger?"

"Hey?" inquired the American, cupping one hand about his ear.

The clergyman raised his voice:

"I assume, sir, that you are not a resident of these parts?"

"Nope," said the American. "I hail from Wyoming. It's durned good State, too—best in the Union. You ought to come out there some time, Elder, and give us the onceover."

"Eh—quite so," said the reverend gentleman. "Then," he continued, "since you are newly come to this place it must seem to you, even as it does to those of us who dwell in these cloistered and holy precincts, that the music of our glorious bells comes floating down to one almost like the voice of the Almighty Himself, seeking through the medium of their old brazen throats to communicate the message of peace on earth, goodwill to man, to us His children here below."

"Which?" inquired the visitor, inclining his head somewhat.

"Er—what I meant to say," stated the clergyman, "was that one must carry away from here, after hearing our chimes, the conviction in his soul that really he has been in communication with Deity itself—that the voices of the angels have cried out to him. Er—is it not so, my friend?"

The American shook his head.

"I'm sorry, parson," he said regretfully, "but them damn bells is makin' so much noise I can't hear a word you say!"

The Truth from the Inside

The dining car waiter was one of those persons who feel a sense of personal proprietorship in the institutions they serve —a type not at all uncommon among members of his race. His manner, his voice, all about him, subtly conveyed the idea that here was one who took a deep pride in the undertaking of feeding people on a trans-continental train, and was

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determined that no blot ever should besmirch the fair name of the system.

So when the gentleman who was going to California gave a breakfast order of grapefruit, toast, coffee, and soft-boiled eggs, he bent over the patron and in confidential tones whispered:

"Boss, I would not keer to reccermend the aigs this mawnin'! Naw, suh, I would suggest you tuck somethin' else on the bill."

"What's the matter with the eggs—aren't they fresh?" asked the customer.

The waiter's voice sank still lower.

"I don't know ef they's fresh or ef they ain't," he said: "but to tell you the truth, we ain't got none."

He Didn't Believe in Signs

A fireman on duty behind the scenes of one of the big New York theatres and charged with the responsibility of seeing to it that the regulations were strictly obeyed back-stage, suffered a profound shock as he came around from behind a stack of scenery, just before the evening performance. Standing in the opposite wings was a salesman for an East Side cloak and suit concern, who had procured entrance via the stage door for the purpose of soliciting orders for his wares among the young ladies of the chorus. This person was vehemently puffing on a large, long, black, malignant-looking cigar.

In three jumps the scandalized fireman had the violator by the arm.

"Say," he demanded, "what the hell do you mean, comin' in here with that torch in your face? Don't you see that sign right up over your head?"

The trespasser's eyes turned where the fireman's finger pointed.

"Sure, mister," he said, "I see it."

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"Well, can't you read?" demanded the fireman.

"Sure, I can read," admitted the other calmly.

"Then read what it says there. Don't you see what it says in big letters? It says— 'No Smoking.'"

"Yes," agreed the East Sider with a winning smile, "but it don't say 'Positively.'"

What Aunt Myra Desired

They brought a darky out of the jail in a North Carolina town with intent to hang him for murder. This was in the day when capital punishment was publicly inflicted. As a special mark of attention the widow of the murderer's victim was permitted to witness the event from a position of vantage directly facing the gallows. She had had a sort of small grandstand rigged up and she had decorated it with bunting, and when the march to the scaffold started, there she sat in a white mother-hubbard wrapper, gently agitating a palmleaf fan, flanked and surrounded by relatives, invited friends, and sister members of her lodge.

When the condemned had been properly trussed up, with the noose dangling about his neck, the sheriff, holding the black cap in his hand, edged up to him and said:

"Well, Jim, we're about ready. If you've got anything to say, I reckon this would be a mighty good time to say it."

"Yas, suh," said the doomed, "I has got sump'n to say. I jest wants to say dat I is fully repented fur whut I done. I taken it to de Lawd in prayer an' I knows it's all right wid Him. I ast de jedge w'ich tried me an' de persecutin' attorney an' de foreman of de jury ef they bore me any gredge, w'ich, one an' all, they said they did not. An' now I kin go right straight to Hebben an' nestle in de bosom of Father Abraham ef only I kin git de fergiveness of dat nigger lady sittin' yonder—de wife of de man I kil't."

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He lifted his voice, addressing the white-clad figure in front of him:

"Lady," he entreated, "does you fergive me fur shootin' yore husband six times wid a fo-ty-fo' caliver revolover?"

Excepting that her under lip jutted out a trifle farther there was no sign she had heard him. She calmly fanned on.

The darky on the scaffold tried again:

"Lady," he pleaded, "for de secont time I axes you, ain't you, please ma'am, gwine fergive me?"

Still from her there was no response. It was as though she had not heard him. The sympathetic sheriff felt moved to add his intercession:

"Aunt Myra," he called, "Jim, here, will be goin' away from us in a minute and we don't expect him back. Surely you don't entertain any hard feelin's against him now? Won't you speak to him and let him go in peace?"

This time the obdurate widow shook her head in an emphatic negative. Yet still she uttered no sound. The sheriff turned to the condemned.

"Jim," he said, "you see how it is; that old woman is set in her ways. What's the use of wastin' any more time on her? Besides, it's hot as the devil out here and I ought to be gettin' on home to dinner. Just hold still a second and we can have this all over."

"Mr. Lucas," sobbed Jim, "lemme see ef I still can't sof'en dat nigger woman's stony heart. Lady," he cried out, "wid mouty nigh my dyin' bre'f I begs you fur jest a word. I ain't hopin' no mo' dat you'll fergive me, but won't you please, ma'am, jest speak to me?"

And now she did speak. She motioned with her fan as though it had been a baton of authority, and in impatient tones she said:

"Go on, nigger, git hung—git hung!"

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K. O. COOK OF KEOKUK

BY

MORRIS BISHOP

K. O. Cook of Keokuk
Had a bit of business luck;
Bought a passage on a ship,
Round the world he took a trip;
At the world Cook took a look;
The world took one at K. O. Cook.

K. O. Cook of Keokuk
Was completely wonderstruck
When he saw a London cabby,
When he saw Westminster Abbey;
In the Abbey, laid to sleep,
Mortal tombs immortals keep;
He saw among those holy spots
The tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots;
He saw how rare Ben Jonson turns his
Melancholy eyes to Burns's,
And many a tomb of marble, such as is
Occupied by dukes and duchesses;
His eyes were large and round as saucers
When he came to Geoffrey Chaucer's;

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Carven there were all the names
Which the grateful world acclaims;
Therefore, when he found some bad stone
Just above the name of Gladstone,
In his hand a nail he took
And carved the name of K. O. Cook.

K. O. Cook of Keokuk
When in Egypt ran amuck
Carving on the pyramids
His name and his wife's and kids';
Many a humble Arab thinks
K. O. Cook has bought the sphinx;
Learned scholars who examine
The royal bed of Tut-ankh-amen
By this fact are thunderstruck:
The bed was made in Keokuk!

K. O. Cook of Keokuk
Purchased quite a lot of truck;
Notably a marble tomb
Bigger than his dining room,
Which upon a hill he stuck
Overlooking Keokuk,
That Keokuk in awe might look
At the tomb of K. O. Cook,
While Cook would lie above the ruck
Looking down on Keokuk.

The hand of Death has come to pluck
K. O. Cook of Keokuk;

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He lies upon his marble bier.
On the tomb these words appear:
"J. B. Thompson," "Joe Stecchelli,"
"Toledo Skinny," "Mac and Nelly,"
"Picnicked here with grandmamma;
Emma Hay of Omaha."

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SAY IT WITH WHITEWASH

How Certain People of Importance Might Have Figured in Our Histories if the Autobiography Habit Had Started Earlier

BY

KATHARINE DAYTON

EDEN EXPLAINED,
OR
HAVE I ONLY MYSELF TO BLAME?
By EVE

I HAVE long felt that I owed it to myself and to the world to put a stop, once and for all, to the silly rumours that have been published concerning me; and in this book I shall try to tell exactly what occurred at the now justly famous Garden Party.

What I did was done with the best intentions. In the first place, I distinctly understood the Serpent to say that an apple a day kept the doctor away, or I certainly would never have touched the horrid thing. And in the second, could any one believe that any woman in her right mind would knowingly do anything that would expose her to being made the subject of a novel by the Rev. Mr. Feeble? On this alone I feel I may rest my case.

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Now It Can't Be Sold

By Cleopatra

I have long felt that I owed it to myself and to the world to put a stop, once and for all, to the silly rumours that have been published concerning me. To begin with, I was not like other girls. Our home life was far from happy, as my father, Ptolemy, insisted upon playing the flute.

Jealous of my looks, the old Egyptian cats criticized me most unjustly, and especially for my relation with Cæsar. I want to say right here that Cæsar was a perfectly lovely man—just homesick, 'way off there in Egypt, for Calpurnia—and I only tried to make it nice for him at the palace; while he, in return, ran my wars, balanced my check book, and did any little odds and ends of killings that were necessary. I think he liked me because, like so many beautiful women, I was a good listener. Perhaps we were indiscreet sometimes, but after all, as Harry Lauder used to sing, poor Cæsar was only a Roman in the gloamin', and doing as the Romans do. As for Antony—he was such an easy mark!

Now, as to my suicide. It was nothing of the kind. It was almost impossible in hot weather to keep asps out of the palace, and, as Egypt has always been more or less dry, we hadn't a thing on hand for snake bite.

One word more. I have been severely criticized for my bad taste in selling the moving-picture rights to my private life. Well—winter was approaching, my old beads and bracelets were practically worn out, and, frankly, I needed the money. No one will ever know what I suffered when I first saw the films released! In extenuation I can only say, what I am sure everyone already knows, that my own rôle was always taken by a dummy.

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Mirrors of Matrimony

By Henry VIII

I have long felt that I owed it to myself and to the world to put a stop, once and for all, to the silly rumours that have been published concerning me.

I am frank to admit that I was always, as you might say, a marrying man. Wives I found very much like colds—if you catch one you catch the next all the easier—and thus it was with me. One wife led to another really without my noticing it until people began to talk. I don't know how I did it; I guess it was just a knack. One thing, perhaps, which contributed to my success was that I attended to all my marriages personally—made a regular business of it, and always did my own hiring and firing. An amusing little incident, which may interest my readers, occurred at my last marriage. Cardinal Wolsey or Archbishop Cranmer—I can't remember which one performed the ceremony, for, although my memory is excellent as to the essentials of matrimony, I find it hazy as to details—said laughingly, as he punched my license for the sixth time, "Well, wouldn't it be cheaper in the long run to get a regular commuter's ticket?" I can't remember whether I had him burned or beheaded, but I know we all laughed heartily.

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AND OBLIGE

BY

DOROTHY PARKER

WHEN I've made a million dollars—it may take a year or two
At the present rate of speed that things are going—
There are various little matters that are somewhat overdue,
And the prospect, at the moment, isn't glowing;
But as soon as I've a million, as I started in to say,
Life will be, I take it, gloriously happy;
For already I am planning to expend it in a way
That will be, if I may say it, rather snappy.

I will charter me a taxicab of cheery white and brown,
And you'll never catch me glancing at the meter!
And I'll make a little tour of all the milliners in town;
And the question is, Could anything be sweeter?
Just for stamps and lunch and cigarettes, each morn I'll draw a check
For a thousand dollars, payable to bearer,
And you'll hear the pearls a-clanking, as I drape them on my neck.
It occurs to me that little could be fairer.

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It is true a modest million doesn't take you very far,
And it's hard to find another when you've shot it;
But I'll blow it like the widely known inebriated tar,
For I want to be a good one while I've got it.
So the minute I've a million, I'll go right ahead and spend,
Though it doesn't last me more than over Sunday.
In the meantime, though, I wonder, as a favour to a friend,
Could you let me have a dollar—say, till Monday?

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"$83 AND UP"

BY

JOHN CLARENCE FUNK

For the past several years no one has appreciated the trite fact that "it pays to advertise" more than those commercially interested in a little spot in the Atlantic Ocean seven hundred miles from New York and six hundred miles east on a direct line from North Carolina.

At first blush, the person looking for a real reason for the migration of the hordes who have breathed, and the hordes who will breathe, the balmy air of the referred-to locus, would incline toward the one word "alcohol." But it is the wrong guess.

Some of course go for that, but the majority are hypnotized into an irresistible urge by the daily splashes in the newspapers (extra spread on Sundays) to which steamship companies and a legion of tourist agencies have subscribed their names. One literally is suggested into it; so the dollars set aside for travel diversion just naturally are sent in for a booking to that wonderful place to be reached, seen, and left —all for "$83.00 and Up."

"Four days on the ocean, four days on the island, all expenses—$83.00 and Up." The cadence of the sentence is almost musical, it scans (mentally) like a bit of Greek poetry. It calls, it pleads, it urges, it seduces. It pulls gently, it

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whispers passionately. America hasn't even a chance. They go in flocks, swarms: in the summer when it is frightfully hot down there, in the autumn when it is lovely at home, in the winter (the logical period) and in the spring when there is no earthly excuse. The pilgrimage is continuous, streamlike; and always the same—Americans, Americans, Americans!

The first day "out" justifies all of the enthusiasm engendered by anticipation; not so the second. The sky is quite as blue, the air more balmy, but during the night something has happened to the sea. It is not by any means the nice, placid thing it was the day before. It is rough and tumbly. out of sorts, grouchy. It seems to be churning something. It is hurly-burly. And most of the passengers have noticed the difference; noted it, in fact, with more or less disapproval.

For instance, the bugle call for mess is heard, but it goes largely unheeded. Air somehow seems to be preferable to food, at least food in the dining saloon. For the first time, that "and up" is unpleasantly recalled. Be it confessed that "up" in a mild sort of manner is the law of the hour. Up and up and up, whether there is anything to bring up or not, the rolling, pitching, tossing boat insistently commands. Meanwhile, the waiters are enjoying a vacation and are happy.

One half-dead husband with a forced grin remarked to his three-fourths dissolved bride, "It's '$83.00 and *Up*' all right, dear." "You think you're funny, don't you? It's mean of you to joke when——"

But the thought remained unexpressed and the first marital quarrel was thus averted as the little lady for the twelfth time leaned over the rail and became intensely companionable with the tossing and angry Gulf Stream.

It is eleven o'clock the next morning; and the forty-eight (admitted), sixty-eight (apparent), and several well camou-

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flaged newly-weds—not to mention the few other unimportant passengers—are as happy and bright as cherubs. The floating hospital, the ship of agony, has again been transferred overnight into a purveyor of abounding health and fellowship.

The sea is now a pancake with a dark rim. Far in the distance, waves seem to have splashed out of the ocean and suddenly become solid. Moreover, it is cloudy and a strong suspicion of rain is in the air. It is chilly, too.

A "native" who has been freely mingling on deck with the other passengers announces that Bermuda is ahead. It looks rather thin; and expectations are at once decidedly flattened. Somebody has been fabricating again. Indeed, it looks as though someone had deliberately lied. It is not an altogether pleasant half-hour. But it is Bermuda's little joke. Bermuda, like a beautiful woman, confident of her super-attraction, is merely setting the stage. She realizes that she will be seen at her very best when the lights are turned on and when one is close to her. Therefore, she can afford to wait.

The boat now is three miles from shore; the hills covered with green and dotted with white houses afford the first exotic impression of the Islands. The scene, however, fails to stir the travellers; they are too much down in the mouth.

Then something occurs. Something wonderful happens. A cloud parts and a blaze of sunshine lets loose. It floods the ocean space, the land, the heavens. The shadowy and impressionistic picture of the second before is now an hyperbole of glory. The sea has been transformed into a limpid baby-blue of fascination, and the Islands themselves with their green heightened by the sun, and the snow-white dwellings resting among the cedars are like the over-coloured scenery of a musical comedy. It can't be possible. It isn't real!

But with the passengers bound for St. George's transferred to the tender, and the vessel entering the channel between

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Spanish Point and the Garrison, the fact that a slice of Utopia has been let down by the Creator as an earnest of further beauties in the life to come, slowly impresses itself upon the stultified and stunned consciousness. A second is quite too small a unit of time to grasp Paradise!

Through the narrow, coral-reef channel the big steamer, now piloted by a Bermudian, finally slips into Hamilton Bay and warps to her dock at the city's front door. At this, the gaping pilgrims at last come to.

The six-hundred-foot, galvanized iron canopy, which serves as the gateway to the town, is crowded with the usual dock litter. One section, however, is empty but for a long table and several ceremonious gentlemen. It is Bermuda "saving its face." America, though highly desired, cannot land on British soil, even in Bermuda, without the formalities of a customs inspection. It really seems to be a waste of chalk—a superfluous gesture; but for an alien to step into heaven without an examination—and an English heaven at that—"Well, rawlly, that would be expecting too much!"

A very obese young groom having located his baggage, lost his wisp of a wife, and found her again, stepped through the gate into the city a free man. He was perspiring in the profuse manner of superfluous flesh, caused by seventy-two degrees of heat in the January sun. He confided to his wife: "I was chilly a little while ago, but look at me now." The blushing bride looked, and saw the dripping fat man with his collar melted into a nothingness. It was scarcely a sight conducive to romance. However, the myopia of love stepped in, blinded the little angel; and through the watery film oozing from his over-fed jowls, she saw only her hero, her lover, her mate. She looked into his eyes lovingly, longingly. Smiling sweetly, blissfully, she was overheard to exclaim: "Jim, you look wonderful!" There was a honeymoon for you!

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Bermuda is a place of specialties. For instance, it specializes in coral-block and white-washed houses. It also goes in very strongly for coloured people. Another of its favourites is the Bermuda onion; while the Easter lily is more than at home here. Palms, cactus, bougainvillea, match-me-if-you-can, hibiscus, oleander, morning-glories which stay up all day, poinsettias, and banana groves, are also cultivated to a wonderful degree.

As for the houses, they are quaint, attractive, and almost yell exterior sanitation at you. In looking at these chalk-like Spanish-formed abiding places, one's mind reverts to Pittsburgh—and a headache results! It is "Spotless Town" of the ad man's rhyme come to life.

And at night under the soft light of the moon, but for the caressing and seductive air, one would be certain that snow had covered the tops of these play-houses, which tops by the way serve a double purpose. In addition to their usual duty, they act as rain catchers; thus affording the Island people practically their sole supply of potable water. Periodic whitewashing of the roofs consequently is a law of the land.

Concerning the inhabitants, the coloured people are unique. In the first place, they preponderate in the ratio of three to one; in the second place, they speak real English; in the third place, though directly descended from the African Negro, they enjoy a practical equality with the whites; and in the fourth place, they are, to the tourist, politeness personified. It is astounding at first, and interesting to the last, to hear the drawl of one's cabby as he explains the beauties of the Island in this wise:

"The Devil's Hole is quite the thing to do. Rawlly, y' know, you shouldn't miss it. . . . You will please observe, sir, the calabawsh tree to your right. Rawther a

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unique sight, y' know, even in this garden spot, sir. . . . Yes, it is quite all right to stop here if you wish, sir. Kodaking? There's much of it done, sir." And so on.

The unsuspecting are likely to consider these gentlemen and their ladies (who occupy two thirds of the soda tables in the best drug stores) as "natives"; especially as the intermingling of white with black has, in some few instances, produced a rather attractive product. But this is a wrong conception. There are no natives here in the sense that Filipinos are Filipinos and Hawaiians are Hawaiians. Natives are either white people or Negroes who by chance have been born upon this mid-ocean fairy spot; that, and nothing more.

"Is there not a likelihood of an uprising here some time?" asked a suspicious tourist of the American manager of the English hotel.

"No," he replied. "One thousand British soldiers are always at the garrison. Besides, the laws are strict on gun-toting. In Bermuda's history, there have been but several murders. To merely scratch a man on the arm with a knife," he continued, "means seven years on the roads. It is an almost crimeless land. The Island, with its limited population scattered over its nineteen square miles, is like a great big family. And then, too, a man must stand by his deeds here. It is geographically out of the question to become a fugitive. The ocean sees to that."

He failed to add that poverty, want, and habitual idleness, the main crime breeders, are noticeably absent. And this despite liquor, which is purchased and consumed in large quantities.

One wonders whether it is to taunt the American tourist recently arrived from his "wet" Sahara, or merely a question of British economy—whatever the reason, the sight of broken

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beer and whisky bottles cemented to the tops of the beautiful walls surrounding the lovely estates is not particularly artistic. That the scheme is likely to keep marauders on the outside and cause highly vocal cats to seek other spots of vantage from which to indulge in their sleep-devastating concerts, must freely be admitted. But, at best, and allowing for all possible excuses for their use and efficiency, the newcomer is likely to be jarred by this inharmonious and historic sight of English prevention.

Nevertheless, one is convinced that this is the chosen land. Not only are the exotic, subtropical plants prodigally found here, but the tourist can enjoy them leisurely, carefully, personally. For no one has ever heard of Mr. Ford in this place. Gas stations there are none. There is also an equal absence of automobiles, and a consequent diminution of that sorely tried and usually erratic official known in more hectic latitudes as the traffic policeman.

The reason is clear. The Bermudians are not looking for a high death rate. They like to feel that they can pick up their *Mid Ocean* Monday morning and not be shocked by the Sunday toll of foolish automobile driving. Bermuda frankly doesn't like automobile manufacturers and their speed-maniacal developing products. To prove it, they edicted an edict (done by the local government presided over by an English Governor-General) that horses and legs, as formerly, should continue to be the only means of locomotion on the Island. Consequently with gas, trolley, and steam cars six hundred miles away, with as much sea between them and Bermuda, and with no bridge likely to be built in the immediate future, old-fashioned and delightful quiet is likely to reign for years to come.

On a small island in Hamilton Bay is to be seen the only local evidence of a former concession to that magic fluid, gas.

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It is a deserted hydroplane hangar. One is informed that the winds were bad and the station and plane were therefore moved to the West Indies. Rather, it is supposed that the thing was unwelcome—an aggravation and intrusion. So Science moved on, whereupon peace and calm came into their own once more.

Legs for locomotive purposes are here utilized in two ways: first, by the ancient and primeval exercise of walking; and second, by bicycling. Both methods are extremely popular and incidentally health-giving; but this latter clause must be accepted with some reservations. A person, when twelve years old, may have been quite adept with a wheel; however, this is no sound reason for believing that at forty one can hop on a "safety" and pedal with the abandon of former days. Sprained and broken ankles, bruised bodies and blackened eyes are strong indications to the contrary. Indeed, the traumatic record of the bicycle in Bermuda as a direct result of over-ambition by the middle-aged is an outstanding statistical fact!

Bermuda may be a "garden at New York's door," and all that, but there is no chance whatsoever for any one to doubt its ownership. His Royal Highness, King of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India, has made perfect arrangements on that score! Witness the pounds, shillings, and pence; also, that drive-to-the-left injunction. "To drive to the right is wrong. It's *all* wrong!" admitted a débutante of ten years ago who, while renewing her youth, failed to break the habit of a lifetime, and therefore pedaled her bicycle headlong into a self-respecting horse somewhat to their mutual detriment.

But just as one has become entirely reconciled to this British idea and mathematically accustomed to the currency, Hazleton, Pennsylvania, suddenly appears upon the horizon.

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For Hazleton boasts of considerable goats—billy variety—who browse around unromantically in the backyards and outlying streets of this altitudinous city of the anthracite region. In Bermuda, one naturally misses the huge piles of coal and the foreign element. But the goats, ah!—it's Hazleton over and over.

In justice to the Island breed, it must be added that they are rather reclusive and extremely polite and well behaved. No running around on the streets with dirty little urchins for them! Moreover, they aspire to more than a rear yard highly decorated with tin cans and ashes. These fellows wish you to know that, while they are "billies," like "billies" the world over, they are self-respecting British "billies," who pasture in paradise, tethered though they are. One is not born on English soil for nothing!

Nature did not stop with painting the sea and covering the land with beauty here. And thereby follows a good-luck story. Luck? Bah! There is no such thing as luck. But listen to this:

A certain gentleman some twenty or thirty years ago saw fit to leave his native clime in the northern part of Europe and come to Bermuda to live.

In the manner of thrifty people, he brought with him a young wife, and upon arriving acquired a few acres of farm land, a horse, and a cow. For years he farmed his bit of earth, living frugally and earning his bread very literally "by the sweat of his brow." Then two very inquisitive little coloured boys peeped into a small crack which they discovered in his land, and saw—a dream!

For years the tiller of the soil had been ploughing the roof of a wonder. He still ploughs, but his cave has been known to entertain four hundred persons in a day at $1.00 per capita. And there is no such thing as luck!

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An underground fantasy, a bit of nature's exquisite lace-work in colours, a thing to be seen, not to describe—such is the gentleman's possession.

Even a superficial description of the Islands (there are three hundred and sixty-five of them in a crescent-like string) which omitted St. George's would be nothing short of criminal. For here the historic past is presented in all of its allurement. One thinks of Quebec when climbing its narrow, characteristic streets; and again recalls St. Augustine, Florida, as the houses glistening in the hot sun blind the eye; and talks out loud to himself to be sure he is not in Harlem or Baltimore's black belt, when the people are noted. White houses! Black people! A study in contrasts!

A coupon is taken from the little book which is included in the trip's original purchase price. It is lifted by a gentleman with a boat of tug-like aspect trolling two odd skiffs at its stern. The day is brilliant; and after a five-mile run, a placid spot is reached. In short order, passengers are transferred to the glass-bottom boats whose use now becomes apparent. True to the Britisher's appreciation of American charity, the first sights beheld are suggestive pieces of currency lying on the top of the glass. It is wondered why shillings are floating about in this neighbourhood. But the more acute almost at once realize that the black men who have swabbed the boats and made them temporarily habitable after the wet journey through the channel, are merely taking this indirect method of asking for a bit of change. That their *technique* is excellent is easily appreciated. The rattle of money hitting the glass surface is noisy and convincing testimony of the fact, as the tourists, with the beautiful Sea Gardens of living coral conquered, again board the steamer.

It is sailing day again. With sorrowful faces the four-day transients begin to realize that they are on earth after all,

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that the Gulf Stream is itching for them; and that the world with its joys, sorrows, trials, and tribulations is beyond.

The passage down was a mere touch to this! Now Neptune is bent on destroying the boat. . . . With a portion of the forecastle gone and two windows of the pilot house smashed by the heavy seas, the sorely tried ship and passengers arrive in New York ten hours late.

No flowers, no summer here! On the contrary, slush, sleet, and a biting wind. But how wonderful! How nice! And as the motor of one's taxicab warms up for its start to the hotel, the tourist hears a familiar phrase. It comes from the mouth of an irrepressible youth. It is the "Amen" of the trip. "S'long, old man, good luck; and say, don't forget that '$83.00 and Up'!"

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SELLING AN AUTOMOBILE

BY

C. H. STANTON MASSEY

TO A MAN:

GOOD morning.

All right, sir, just step over here and I'll show you the latest model. Just in this week. I suppose you saw the announcement in the magazines of the new design of the body and the modern features we have adopted?

There it is, sir. Nice-looking job, don't you think? Yes, I'll raise the hood and you can get a better line on the new motor.

Beautiful work, that. Yes, indeed, we experimented for the last three years with this model before our engineers passed it as O. K. for the general public. You're right, sir, nothing like a V-shaped, straight-in-line engine. Notice those ductless valves. They add 110 per cent. more power and the gasoline consumption is way below what it was. We can prove this statement, for it's not mere say-so on our part, a matter of tried-out experience, with the records to back it up.

Why, that's the new automatic pressure feed. All you have to do is press that little button there. See it? That does the work. Nothing like it ever on the market, and no other car has it. Yes, we have put on the brakes all around. The greatest engineering feat in the history of horseless car-

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riages. And that carburetor; well, it's the last word. All you have to do when she bucks is give it a little turn right into that groove there, and it's fixed. Step in and try that foot accelerator. What do you think of that? Never get tired pushing that, would you? Could go the rest of the day and never know you'd been driving.

The tires are the new ones, you know. You've probably heard of them. Can't get better ones. And Q. D. rims, sure thing; wouldn't have anything else on this car. Watch those springs when I bear down on her. Some action there, all right; just like a rocking-chair when you ride a while on them. Why, the price is twenty-five hundred, f. o. b. Plus a little war tax and freight. Amounts to about forty-two hundred delivered at your door.

All right, sir, I'll be glad to talk to her. Thank you.

To the Man's Wife:

Yes, ma'am, I think the upholstery is beautiful, too. We will be glad to match your gown exactly if you will leave a sample of the material. Oh, yes! The body can be finished in a robin's-egg blue. All right, thank you very much. It will be delivered to your door in about three weeks. Yes, yes, very well—good day.

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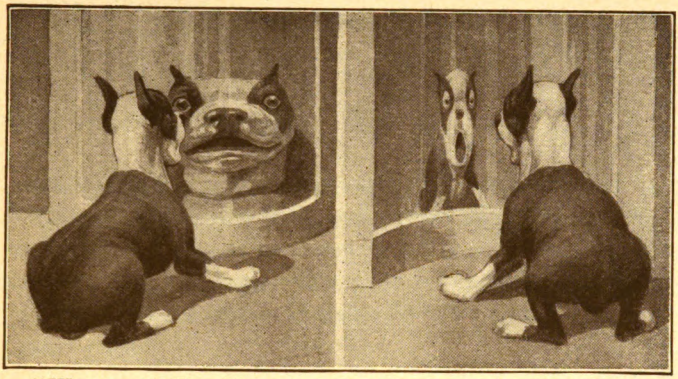
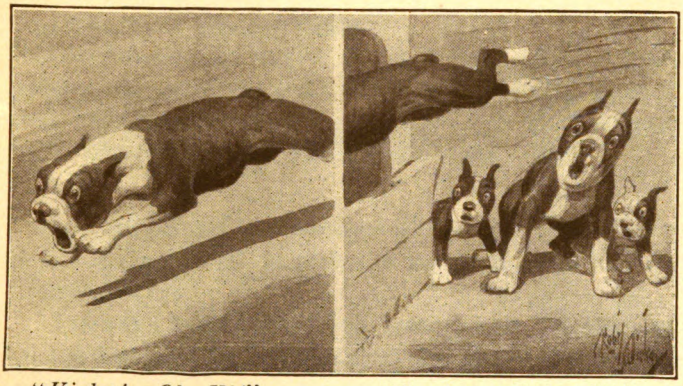
MR. AND MRS. BEANS



"Wow! If I'm like what that mirror shows, I need—"

"Great snakes! This one shows me worse!"



"Violet! Oh, Vi!"

"Send one of the children for the vet! I'm coming down with something terrible!"

Drawn by Robert L. Dickey
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WOOF! WOOF!

A SPEAKER at a minister's meeting in Boston told the story of a Negro clergyman who so pestered his bishop with appeals for help that it became necessary to tell him that he must not send any more appeals. His next communication was as follows: "This is not an appeal. It is a report. I have no pants."—*Post.*

The wit or wag who got away with the following bit of humour gives our idea of tolerance de luxe, ne plus ultra, ad infinitum, and e pluribus unum!

Says the aforesaid wag—"My idea of tolerance is a base-ball game between the Ku Klux and the Knights of Columbus, with a Negro umpire, and the proceeds of the game to go to the benefit of the Jewish Relief fund!"—*Our City.*

Lord Balfour praises the waiters that he met in Washington at the conference on limitation of armaments and tells the following story:

"I was at a hotel where all the waiters were coloured men. On the first evening I pushed away the menu, and gave the waiter a coin.

"'Just bring me a good dinner, Uncle,' I said. He brought me an excellent dinner. I continued this plan for a fortnight. When I left my waiter said to me:

"'Good-bye, sah, an' good luck, and when yoh or any of

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yoh frien's come here what can't read the menu, jes ax foh old Calhoun Clay.'"—*Spokesman's Review* (*Washington.*)

Bishop Mathews, returned from a tour of the Southern States, brought back many stories of what he terms our Black Aristocracy. One of them goes:

"That youngest boy of yours doesn't seem to do you credit, Uncle Mose," remarked the darky pastor to one of his parishioners.

"No, sah, no, sah," replied the old man sorrowfully. "He is de wurstest chile I eber had; in fact, he's de white sheep ob de family."

It seemed that when Rastus and Sam died they took different routes, so when the latter got to heaven he called Rastus on the phone.

"Rastus," he said, "how yo' like it down thar?"

"Oh, boy! Dis here is some place," replied Rastus. "All we have to do is to wear a red suit wid horns, an' ebery now an' den shovel some coal on de fire. We don't work no more dan two hours out ob de twenty-four down here. But, tell me, Sam, how is it with you up yonder?"

"Mah goodness! We has to git up at fo' o'clock in de mawnin' an gathah in de stahs; den we has to haul in de moon and hang out de sun. Den we has ter roll de clouds aroun' all day long."

"But, Sam, how comes it yo has ter work so hard?"

"Well, to tell de truf, Rastus, we's kin' o' short of help up here."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Following a dinner of savants, a certain professor of psychology thought he would test a coloured cloak-attendant as to his memory. Although the professor pretended to have

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mislaid his check, the boy without hesitation handed him the right hat.

"How did you know this one is mine?" asked the learned man.

"Ah don' know dat, suh."

"Then why do you give it to me?"

"Cause you give it to me when you come in, suh."—*The Forecast.*

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BLAH BROADCASTING

BY

SAM HELLMAN

I

BACK in the days when I was jay-walking through Mike McGuffey's reading books I remembers oncet bumping into a wise wheeze pulled by one of them history high domes to the effects that any boobit could easy duck the harpoons heaved at him by a enemy, but what it took to side-step the stuff your friends wanted to do for you they just wasn't none of. The old boy breezes under blankets to the head of the class for that smart crack, but he should 'a' added that they is even lesser than none of what it takes to get out from under when the frau's friends starts to taking a interest in you. Kid Helpless is your name, sir.

The Magruders I has told you about; Jim, the supersimp, who's three laps ahead of everything when it comes to the things he knows better'n E plus, and Lizzie, that stalemate of hisn, who yesses him on, and who thinks—I just can't help flattering the frills—that wage slave of hern says a hundred aces worth at the leastest every time he springs his trap, which is too often, no matter how often. Her and Jim is a perfect couple on accounts of both of 'em agreeing with him in everything. As far as I knows, they has only had one quarrel, the which was the time he admitted to me that they

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was a bare possibility that he might have been mistaken about something or other, maybe, and she starts a argument insisting that he couldn't be.

I wouldn't care nothing about the yes-we-ain't-never-wrong habits of them Magruder minuses if it wasn't for the way them red-ink entries acts when they comes crashing our hut. Every time they calls they puts on like they was slumming down by the railroad tracks. I'm a diamond on the rough and don't make no bonuses about it, but it riles me raw when a cuckoo gets the idea like Jim's got that I'm a poor benighted hoodoo and it's up to him to learn me the refineries of the uppish classes and the smart set-ups.

Besides the which, this bobo's helped hisself to the hunch that I can't read nothing in the papers outside of the comical, if any, strips, and if it wasn't for him telling me, I'd never have known nothing about the war or prohibition or King Two-Tank or any of them other turns which has been going on in the big tent. Mostly I has to listen quiet to Magruder's line of hop, because, his Liz and my Kate is old side-cluckers and I couldn't start nothing with Jim the which I wouldn't have to finish with the wife, and they ain't no sense starting nothing which you ain't got no more chances of winning than a duck is got of laying eggplants. Oncet in a while, though, I sets myself up to a rash act and turns the dog loose on that tramp.

As for examples the other night. I'd had a wicked day and was getting myself all fixed for the early hay when the 'phone blings and in comes the misses with the poison that Jim and Liz is on the way over. I don't say hardly nothing excepting everything mean I got on my mind and some I thunk up special, finishing the celebration with three wishes —one that the Magruders should be run over by a buzz cart on the road to our shanty; two that they should fall down a

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open manhole; and them failing, that they should trip on our steps and break mosta their legs.

"Ain't you the hospital one, though," sneers the lady of my sorrows.

"I can be as hospital as the next one," I snaps back, "when the folks that is coming is welcome; but them fat-headed friends of yourn is just about as welcome to-night as a rattlesnake in a baby's crib. Now——"

"Now that you is all through," cuts in the misses, "I don't mind telling you that Lizzie says she's got a big surprise for us."

"Maybe for you," I come back, "but not for me. That flipper ain't got nothing for me excepting a sinking feeling. They is only one person in the world I got less use for and that's the wren Jim Magruder took on for better than worse."

"I don't know nothing we got in the house," remarks the wife, "that we need lesser of than your opinions."

Well, for about ten minutes we amuses ourselfs passing the cactus back and forth and then the jests arrive. Jim's carrying a big black box.

"What's that?" I asks. "Your vanity case?"

"This," says Magruder, "is something that will bring the world to your door and——"

"Hooch?" I interrupts.

"Take it a look." And he opens up the layout. It's one of them radio sets. "I ran into a dump to-day," explains Jim, "that was selling out and they just had two of them things left. So I grabbed one for you. Only fifty fishes."

"Too many by a coupla shoalfuls," I remarks. "They ain't nothing worth that if you ain't got no use for it."

"Who that counts says we ain't?" cuts in the wife. "I'm crazy for a set."

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"You can be just as without one," I answers. "They ain't no bedtime hop or hog-market solos coming into this house excepting over my dead body."

"Well," says the misses, "that's practically the way they will come to you. You gotta use a headpiece, you know."

"What for?" I asks, sarcastic. "Didn't I hook up with a loud speaker when I married you?"

"You gotta have one of them radios," cuts in Magruder, "if you wants to be jerry to what's going on in music and——"

"Sure!" I interrupts. "I guess they ain't enough suckers now that gets up in the middle of the night to hear a bunch of tin-panners in Kansas City or a barroom tenor in Atlanta cut loose with Yes, We Ain't Got No Bananas or some of them other uproar classics. If I'm gonna stay up late I'd rather watch discards than listen to discords."

"Ever listen in?" inquires Jim.

"Oncet," I tells him, "over at Slim Gilligan's roost. Some cuckoo in Pittsburgh was retailing a kid story, something about a bear climbing into a bedroom and eating up a coupla babies. That bimbo wasn't doing nothing excepting broadcasting nightmares. When he gets to the exciting part of the bunk they is a lotta buzzing and the next thing I knows I'm giving a listen to a guy pulling a spiel about how many youngsters a young married coupla flies will turn out unless they is swatted on their honeymoon. Even that lad don't get no chance to finish his act, some bozo busting in with the baseball scores in the Three-Eyed Leagues, which is got just as much interest for me as the price of spring onions in southeastern Peru."

"The statics must 'a' been on the hummer," says Magruder.

"What's them?" I seeks to know.

"I couldn't explain," he answers, "on accounts of the fact

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that you ain't got enough scientifical knowledge to get a holt on what I should be telling you, and it would be like throwing pearls at the swans and——"

"That," I cuts in, "is a hell of a long way to say you don't know, ain't it?"

"Jim don't know?" gasps Lizzie with horrors.

"You heard me," says I. "They ain't nothing wrong with the statics in this room. Come on, Jim, tell the little boys and girls what a static is."

"Let him alone, you," cracks the wife, dealing herselfs a hand. "What good would it do you to find out, anyways? You wouldn't know what to do with 'em."

"I sure would," I comes back. "I'd take 'em to the place where I bought the outfit and get a bunch that wasn't on the hummer."

"Yeh," remarks Magruder, "and while you was there I guess you'd buy yourselfs a new set of wavelengths, huh?"

"Why not?" I inquires. "Expenses ain't hardly nothing to me when they is something scientifical to be did."

"Like," suggests the frau, "paying four or five dollars to draw to an inside straight or a bob-haired flush. The only science you know anything about is poker, and I ain't seen you staggering home with no loads of bacon lately, neither."

"That," says I with a grin, "is because the statics ain't been so good the last coupla sittings."

"How," asks the misses, giving the subject a change of air, "is we going to get this thing rigged up, now that we has decided that we got to have it?"

This domestical "we" is just the same as that editorial "we" you hears so much about. The wife uses it when she announces house policies.

"Jim knows——" begins Lizzie.

"He ought to," I butts in. "It's a part of everything."

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"——a man," goes on the Magruder wrench, "who is a expert in this line. He's coming out to our place to-morrow. Shall I send him over here?"

"At your perils, Pauline," says I, stern. "I wouldn't let nobody monkey with our set excepting Jim. I ain't gonna have no ordinary bobo goom the works. Whatever's worth being done for is worth doing swell's my motto."

"Maybe," yelps Jim, "you got a idea that I can't set up one of them dinguses."

"He's got a wonderful mind for them things," contributes Lizzie.

"Which?" I asks.

"Electricity," answers she. "You should 'a' seen what he done when our battery run down when we started coming over here. Most folks would 'a' called a garage, but all Jim done was to turn a handle in front and off we went."

"I see," says I. "Did he crank on the lights too?"

"We didn't need 'em," Liz comes back. "They is a beautiful moon out."

We talks some more radio, and I edges Magruder skillful into such a nine hole about how good he is at rigging 'em up that he's just got to promise to come over the next afternoon and do the job.

"Why," asks his wife, "don't you fix ours, too?"

"Well," he answers, "the feller I'm sending out ain't had no work for a long time and I figures I'd kinda like to help him out."

"Jim's so good-hearted," murmurs Liz.

That to me is the merry guffaw—the idea of that bimbo going in for charities. If that bird owned a coupla oceans, he wouldn't throw a handful of water in his mother's face if she fell in a faint.

"Why," I asks, "don't you give that guy the jack the

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job calls for and do the work yourself if you is looking for a superior article?"

"He didn't ask for money," comes back Magruder. "He asked for work."

Just then the bell butts in and I goes to the door. They is a copper on the porch.

"Hello," says I. "The house pinched?"

"Not yet," he answers, "but it will be if that hunk of tin outside don't get a tail light slapped on it pretty sudden. Yours?"

"I could get you broke for that," I comes back, indignant. "Jim," I hollers back, and him and the two women come a hot-footing. "Crank some lights on that bus for this John Law."

"Can't," mumbles Magruder. "The battery's down."

"Do like you done before," suggests Lizzie.

"Yeh," I jeers. "I wanna see."

"Come on, come on," barks the bull. "Get busy or I'll call an ash wagon and have the oil can hauled away."

"Better drive it to the garage around the corner," I says finally. "Of course, fixing batteries on the hoof ain't nothing but a child play for you; but the trapper that runs the joint I'm telling you about ain't had nobody to work for a long time, and I figures you'd kinda like to help him out. Besides, you better save up what you knows about electricity for to-morrow."

"What was the idea," asks the frau when we is in the privacies of our own battleground, "of getting Jim to fix up that radio set? Is you sure he can do it?"

"I'm sure," says I, "he can't."

II

The next day at lunch time I ambles around to a shop run by Bill Cates. This baby is one of them birds that changes

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businesses every time some new fad pops up. When I first knows him he was shoeing horses; then the bike stuff got good and he shooed away the horses and fell for that. After the which he tried some other grifts, including the running of a garage. Without knowing, I figures he must be doing a radio act by now, and sure and enough he is. His windows is all cluttered up with the accessories of the crime.

"How's tricks?" I asks.

"Not so good, Dink. Wanna buy this place?"

"I'm a cash customer, kid," I answers, "and I didn't come over here to be insulted. Whatta you wanna get out for? I thought the come-ons was flopping hard for this truck."

"It ain't so bad," comes back Bill; "but the big dough's to be made in the aeroplane business, and I figures on getting into it. What I don't like about this radio gag is that you have to answer nine million questions every time a cuckoo buys a dime's worth. I just got done with a bimbo who wanted a whole course in engineering with three feet of wire. You know him, don't you—Jim Magruder?"

"Oh," says I, "he's been here, has he?"

"He butchered a hour for me," answers Cates. "It seems like the lad's trying to hook up a set without knowing no more about the works than I does about training kangaroos to sing. When I was talking to him about antennæ that baby thought I was discussing my female relations. I doubt whether he knows the difference between a crystal detector and a variocoupler."

"No!" I gasps. "Don't tell me that they is such ignorance in the world! Do you think he'll be able to set up the layout with the lessons you give him?"

"I guess so," answers Bill, "if he's even got as many brains as a sheep in a blizzard. I suppose you've gone dippy on this radio bunk, too, and wants me to show you how to fix one up."

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"To the contraries," I replies, "I wants you to tip me off on how to put one of them on the fritz—the one Magruder's setting up, as a matter of the facts. Ain't they some way to pull out a little screw or something that bird wouldn't notice that'd naturally put the whole layout off watch?"

"For why?" Cates wants to know.

I explains; and before I gets done, Bill agrees to help me crab the set. He's kinda sore at Jim, anyways, for killing so much time at the shop.

"It ain't professional," says Bill, showing me how to shush the radio; "but I should give a worry, seeing as I is going to give this business the razoo. The chances is that the thing won't work anyways, the way that guy Magruder sets it up."

"I must be sure," says I. "You got any of them statics in stock here?"

"Any of them whiches?" he comes back.

"Statics," I repeats. "Them things which balls up the hop coming through the air. Don't you keep 'em?"

"I thought," says Cates, slow, giving me a funny look, "that that friend of yourn didn't know nothing about radio, but you gets the rubber fishhooks for——"

"Sign off, bo," I cuts in. "All I knows about the stuff is that I don't like it."

I starts outta the shop when who should bust into it but Gabby McKay, an old side-show ballyhoo baby I used to gang around with in the days when I was helping elevate the circus by pushing poles up under the big top.

"Well, if it ain't Dink O'Day!" he yelps. "What you doing outta jail, Dink?"

"Out on patrol, kid," I answers. "How long you been preying on this burg?"

"Just a coupla weeks," he tells me.

"Doing what?" I inquires next.

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"I'm a broadcaster, boy," he answers. "I'm the bobo that does the announcing over at BLAH station down the street. Ain't you wrapped your ears around none of my lines yet?"

"Not yet I ain't," says I. "How do you like the job?"

"Not it," he comes back, "or the town. If I had a stake I'd be on my way the day before yesterday."

"It looks," I remarks, "that everybody I knows is in this radio business and trying to get out."

"You would, too," barks McKay, "if you had to stand around all night introducing lady sopranos that can't sopran; stuffed shirts with nothing to say and calling for a hour to say it in, and wise-crackers from the six-a-day walloping the air with funny jokes that ain't nearly so funny as they ain't jokes. Them lads sure does punish the ether——"

"Hop-heads, eh?" I interrupts. "Do they use that stuff now instead of snow or a shot in the arm?"

"Huh?" says Gabby, looking surprised. "Oh, I ain't talking about that kinda ether. I'm speaking of that thing in the air on the which them radio waves slide and——"

"You sure is a glutton for wasting time," cuts in Cates, who's been listening in. "They ain't enough books in the library to hold a tenth of what O'Day don't know about this here radio."

"Maybe not," I admits; "but I, anyways, had sense enough to get outta the business before I got in."

I makes a date to have chow with McKay the next day, grabs some lunch at one of them be-your-own-bus-boy dumps and beats it back to the office. I don't think no more of radios until I gets home that evening, when the frau greets me with the joyous news that Jim has been and went, leaving the layout all set for the evening's entertainment.

"Lovely," says I. "Sure it'll work?"

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"Sure?" she comes back. "Ain't I just got done listening to the cutest talk on how to take peach stains outta sealskin coats?"

"Fine," I remarks; "but peaches ain't in season when you wears sealskin coats, is they? How you gonna get——"

"How should I know?" shrills the misses. "Anyways, information is information, no matter what it's about; and besides, what the lady said would maybe do some good to them wives whose husbands does buy them sealskin coats."

"Maybe," says I; "but I don't know none that is so flush that they can buy them kinda coats, and also peaches, when it's cold enough to wear 'em. While we is on the subjects, though, what has the neighbours brung in for supper to-night?"

Like I wants, Kate huffs outta the room and I immediately gets busy making use of the radio-wrecking lessons that Cates learned me. It don't take no more'n a second to heave the monkey wrench into the works. I ain't no sooner finished than I hears the wife coming back. I quick jams on the headpiece.

"I don't hear nothing over this here thing," I tells her, "excepting a racket that sounds like a coupla bull pups having a fight on a tin roof."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing," I answers. "I just put these telephone dinguses on."

Kate monkeys around with a coupla the knobs and the businesses that looks like clocks, but they ain't no change from the buzz-saw obligater.

"Maybe," I suggests, helpful, "them statics is having a riot and we should wait until they gets under the influences of the ether. I think——"

"Why?" she asks.

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"Why what?" I queries.

"Think," she answers. "Nothing don't never come of it. Jim and Lizzie'll be right over after dinner and he'll fix it up in a minute."

I ain't hardly done wiping the dishes when they arrives, Magruder looking like he was thinking three cheers for hisself.

"Well," says he, jovial, "how's she working?"

"Grand," I replies. "I just got done listening to a guy giving a imitation of a jazz band marching through a boiler factory during a hailstorm."

"Don't waste your ears on him," snaps the frau. "They is something the matter with the radio."

"I guess," remarks Jim, with a pitiful smile, "you folks don't quite know how to handle them things. Observe me close."

You couldn't observe that tightwad no other way, but I watches him while he fools around with the set.

Pretty soon the smile on his map does a fade-out and I can see from what he's doing that he ain't got no more chances of finding out what's the matter with the layout than a dried cod.

"What," I inquires, after about fifteen minutes, "would you say, from a quick look, appears to be the trouble?"

"They is a kinda buzzing," says Jim, "and——"

"Yeh," I interrupts, "I figured that out, too. You see, Kate, I ain't such a stupid, after all. They is a coupla things about this radio that I has learned already. Just as soon as I puts on them ear pieces, I says to myself, 'What is that funny noise?' and right away the idea comes to me it's a buzzing sound. Not so bad, eh, Jim, for a lad that ain't hardly had no schooling or——"

"I wouldn't go no farther," shoots back Magruder, "than call it a triumph—for you."

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"Being around Jim so much like you is," says Lizzie, "you is bound to pick up a lotta knowledge."

"You mouthed a saidful then, gal," I comes back, enthusiastic. "You'd be surprised at the things I learns how to do just by watching the way he does them. I won't never have no troubles fixing up this radio when it gets outta whack just by piping the quick way he's putting it into shape now. All done, Jim?"

"Who wants to know?" he bawls back, red in the face.

"Tom Edison and Hank Ford just called up about it," I answers. "What's the matter? Them statics on another spree?"

"I know," he comes back; "but I ain't got enough small words to say it so you will. I could easy fix it in the daytime, but the light here ain't so good."

"Let's go over to your place," suggests Kate, slipping me the shush sign. "I got my ears all set for a radio concert and I guess your set is O. K."

"You mean," I inquires, "the one the expert hooked up?"

"No," says Lizzie. "She's talking about going over to our house."

Magruder sends over a mean glare, but don't make no objections to the wife's idea. We all piles into the Magruders' wagon and in ten minutes we is squatting around his radio. Jim's let hisself get nicked for one of them big horns. He don't have no troubles a-tall starting the machine off, and right away we is listening to the middle of a song to the effects that you is gotta call on your mother every night or you can't see the old lady a-tall, on account of her not having no bananas, I suppose. I don't know nothing that's got lesser sense to it than the words to them jazz spasms unless it's maybe the notes to the music, if any.

We gets by the chorus in great shape, and Jim's beginning

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to smile natural again like he was responsible for the raw treat we is having, when they is a sound of a guy gritting his teeth on a piece of sandpaper. When that dies down, the old hen that's gotta have her kiddo every night, including Sundays and holidays, is left hanging by her toenails to a bar of ether while another bobo steps into the spot and slips us some rollicking inside info about what a rotten sewer system we is got and how much rottener it's gonna get unless the campaign run by the *Daily Whoof* goes over.

At first I think this is one of them talky bits they drag into these songs; but, like it sometimes happens, I ain't right.

"That's KNT cutting in," explains Magruder.

"Who's him?" I asks. "And what business is he got connecting up a sewer with this here hymn?"

"That's a station in the next town," says Jim, "and they has got a stronger broadcasting layout than we has; but I'll tie a knot in them babies."

He turns knobs and acts generally like a stage safe-cracker trying to bust into the old miser's strong box for the missing will, and pretty soon we is got the sewer shouter on the run. We don't get the old frill back that was cuckoo about company, instead of which we draws a lad which tells funny stories, one of them, I remembers, being about a radio nut telling another filbert about just sticking a wire outta the window and getting Cuba, to which the come-back was: "That ain't nothing. I stuck my head outta the window and got Chile."

Finally even the statics can't stand no more of this wheeze baby and for the next ten minutes we don't hear nothing excepting the music of the spears, like some poet writer calls noises that ain't got no meaning.

"You had enough?" asks Magruder.

"You ain't got no idea how much more than," I replies.

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"Can't you hook up with none of them places like Frisco or Dallas or the like?"

"Your ignorance is refreshments," comes back Jim. "This kinda set is only good for a coupla hundred miles, and you couldn't get nothing outside of BLAH and a few other stations around here. What do you want for fifty smackers?"

"I ain't kicking," says I, "but I kinda got a idea from what Bill Cates told me to-day that it was all in the way you handled them things; that some babies could get London with the same layout that other lads couldn't pull in something broadcasted off their own roof. You know Cates, don't you?"

Magruder shakes his head no.

"The feller that tried to show you how to hook up a radio," I explains.

"Nobody," cuts in Lizzie, "ain't got to show Jim nothing about electricity."

"Considering the flummux Jim made of the job at our house," says I, "it looks like nobody ain't got no show to show Jim nothing."

"Why don't you try and do it?" sneers Magruder. "You don't know a radio from radium." He acts pretty riled and I get riled, too. Besides which I'm getting tired of that bozo working the high dome on me and even getting Kate to believe that I'm a boob and him a bearcat.

"Listen here!" I yelps, "they is eight-year-old kids that is stringing up them layouts, and what they can do and you can't, I sure can. Come on over to our place to-morrow night if you wanna see what a radio can do when properly approached."

"What you gonna do?" he asked. "Get a bigger set?"

"No, I ain't," I answers, "and nobody ain't gonna monkey with the flivver we got excepting me."

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"Yeh," jeers Magruder. "Maybe you'll get Dallas and Frisco and them places."

"Perhaps not," I shoots back; "but I'll get a hell of a lot nearer to 'em than you can. Come on over."

"All right," grins Jim. "I'm crazy to hear that station they is got in Hong-Kong."

III

In the morning I drifts over to Cates's . He's still in the radio business.

"In the first place," says I, "I wants one of them horns that lets a whole gang suffer at one time. In the second place, I'm looking for some trick stuff that can't be seen from the outside, that'll let this set of mine take in more territory than it does now. In the third place, I want you to keep your trap shut about what I gets from you."

"Number One and Three I has," comes back Bill. "What kinda layout you got?"

I tells him the name and explains what I has on my mind.

"Not a chance, Dink," says he. "Them sets ain't worth a hoot and they ain't no way to make 'em better. You is lucky to get BLAH with it."

That hurts some, but I ain't discouraged altogether. I figures I can easy fix up the mess on the machine which I made the day before, and even if I can't get none of them far-away places, I can, at the leastest, do as good as Magruder done, maybe even better if the statics ain't acting up. I let Cates tell me something about operating the radio and then I beats it with the horn.

Around noon I gets to thinking of the fodder date I got with McKay and in the so doing a idea hops right outta the air and lands in my dome. The more it rattles around in my bean the better it listens, and when I meets up with the broad-

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casting kid at the greasy spoon we has picked for the rounder-view, it's all settled as far as I is concerned.

"Gabby," says I to him, "is you still so strong for tin-canning your job and getting hence outta here like you was yesterday?"

"I is," he answers.

"That being the cases," I continues, "you don't know of no reasons why you shouldn't take a hundred iron men for doing me a favour, is they?"

"Without knowing what you is talking about," comes back McKay, "you're on for anything ranging from strangling your wife and throwing her down the well to listening to you sing. A century note will just take me where I is going."

"Where's that?" I inquires.

"Away from here and BLAH," he answers.

Then I tells him about the idea I got, and right away he says it oughta work all right and agrees to sit in. Besides, he comes through with some suggestions of his own for putting the stuff over good.

"You ain't afraid none of them babies up there will spoil the beans, is you?" I asks.

"Nope," he replies. "They is coupla nice lads and ain't neither of 'em got no notion they can lick me. Does that friend of yourn read the radio programmes that is printed in the *Dispatch?*"

I tells Gabby, Jim don't take that paper, even; and after a few more words, we separates, me first slipping McKay a fleet of ten spots and a pint of something I noticed in my hip pocket when I flops down in the restaurant. Everything is sitting so pretty that I is bubbling over with good humours when I gets home that evening. The wife is fooling with the radio.

"Here, little one," says I, showing the horn, "is some com-

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petition I has brung home for you. It's a real snappy loud speaker."

"You might as well," answers the wife, "bring home some piano music without having no piano. This thing don't work."

"Run along to the kitchen, rosebud of mine," I urges, "and let father fix up the bad old radio, and——"

"You!" she cuts in.

"Yep," I replies, jovial. "None other than Dink O'Day, the boy prodigal."

She mutters something about the sorta hooch they is selling and beats it out. In a little while I has got the horn in place, and besides has fixed the which I unfixed the day before.

After dinner I says to the misses, "I got a little more work to do on the set and I wish you would drive over and get the Magruders. You remembers I promised to call for them."

"What's the use?" she wants to know. "That radio ain't working, is it?"

"Maybe not now," I answers, "but it will be by the time you is back."

"All right," says Kate, with great confidences in my abilities. "I'll bring 'em over for some bridge."

When the three of 'em hoofs in I'm in my shirt sleeves, fussing around the radio, the busiest baby you ever seen doing nothing. I'm all surrounded with saws and hammers and files and oil cans and a lotta other stuff I dug outta the cellar to give the act a bigtime setting.

"Just a minute, folks," I says, "and we'll be all fixed. I'm just putting a few finishing touches on the kitisch tubes and the dingle dorkits; you know, Jim, them things which gives you a stronger muskokas in the ether."

"Uh-huh," mutters Magruder. "Where'd you learn how to work on these things?"

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"Just from watching you last night," I answers, modest. "One gets so much that way, doesn't one?"

"I always says," rings in Lizzie, "that if everyone——"

"I'll bet you is making a fine mess of it," says Jim.

"Now," I remarks, giving one of the knobs a useless pat, "we is all ready."

"To hear Dallas?" inquires Magruder, sarcastic, "or Frisco?"

I just grins, takes a look at the time, stalls around a few minutes, picking up the truck on the floor, and then I opens up the evening's festivals.

"Station BLAH broadcasting," comes through the horn, and I easy recognized Gabby's voice, even though it's kinda thick like he'd been hitting the pint I give him. He goes on to announce that they will be a violin solo, and so they is. Luck's with me right.

The music comes along without a break and without nobody dropping no tin cans around in the ether like they done over at Magruder's shack.

"How do you like it, Liz?" I asks.

"Not bad," says Jim. "The air conditions is good."

"Not bad," repeats his wife. "The air conditions is good. I noticed they was when we was riding over here."

"I thought," sneers Magruder, "you was gonna show us something extra special. You ain't done nothing but watched me and——"

"Wait a while," I cuts in. "All I is doing now is tuning up. Pretty soon I'll go after distance. Watch!"

The violin quits and right quick I gets busy fussing with the machine, pushing things around and then pushing 'em right back where they was in the first place. I'm all nervous with anxieties as to whether McKay'll be able to deliver when they is a little buzzing sound, and then—

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"Stytion ZOP, Tower of London, England, now broadcasting," comes in a squeaky voice. I gotta hand it to Gabby. He was always good at them imitations and he ain't lost none of his cunnings. "Lydies and gentlemen," goes on McKay in his best cock-eyed accents, "I wishes to introduce the Honorable Violet Oats, third daughter of His Gryce, the Duke of Bullchester, who will sing Where Was You, 'Arry, on the Last Bank 'Oliday?"

They is a kinda sound that listens to me like a frill trying to keep from laughing, and I figures that Gabby is got in good with the performers and they is playing ball with him. I takes a look at Jim and Lizzie and the wife. Their traps is all open and their lamps bulging out. The duke's gal begins singing.

"Not so good," I remarks, careless. "It should oughta be clearer."

As a matter of the facts, it couldn't be no better if Violet was in the room sitting on my lap.

"What kinda set you got?" asks Magruder, hoarse.

"Just like yourn," I answers. "Only you gotta know how to handle 'em to get the long shots."

"And you fixed it up yourselfs?" he wants to know.

"I seen him do it," answers Kate, giving me the kinda look she used to when we was friends before getting married. "They wasn't nobody else here to-day."

"You folks make too much of a mere triffle," I remarks, nonchalant.

By this time the duke's gal's run outta wind. They is a little buzzing, and while I is again doing my stuff with the knobs et cet Gabby again comes to the bat.

"Station XYT, American Club, Hong-Kong, China, now broadcasting," he announces, in a voice that ain't nothing like the one he had on the Towers of London. It sounds

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awful thick and they is a kinda drunken wabble to it. My pint, I figures, is getting shot fast.

"Hong-Kong!" gasps Magruder.

"Yeh," I said, careless; "you asked for it last night, you know. I hears they has a good station in Sydney, Australia. Shall I try to pick it up?"

Nobody don't say nothing, and I lets the guy McKay introduces go on with the funny yarns he is telling. They is so old they easy sound like they mighta come from China.

The baby finally dries up and I'm ready to call it a night when—

"How'd you like my work, Dink?" comes through the horn. "Did that Magruder lad fall for the London and China stuff?"

I rushes over to turn off the radio. That flathead McKay's got all hooched up and blown the works!

"Thanks for the hundred, Dink, and don't——"

At which points I get Gabby shushed off, but it's like trying to steal horses after the barnyard's closed. The eggs is fried.

"Bah!" snaps Magruder, giving me the disgusted eye.

"BLAH!" says I.

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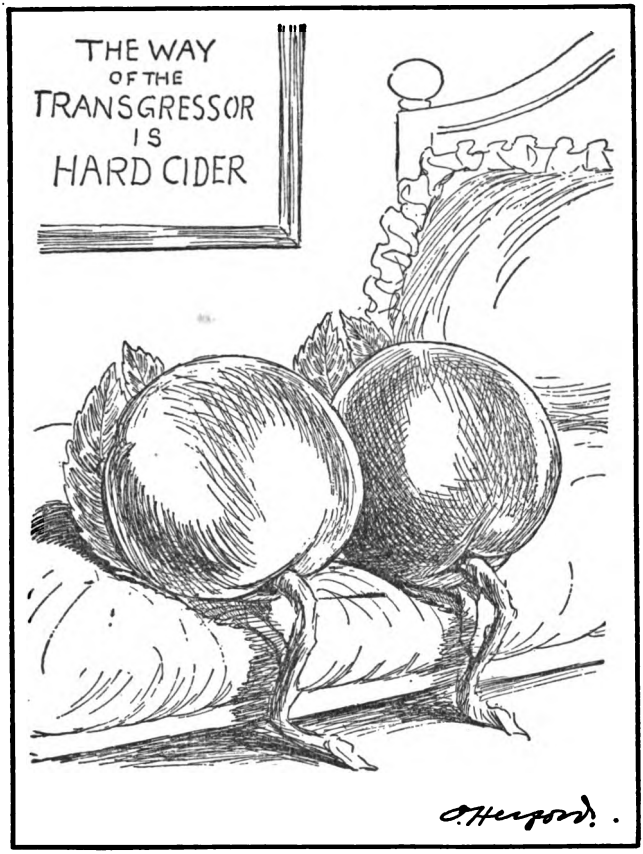

THE APPLES' PRAYER

Lead us not into fermentation

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FROM WASHINGTON

"Do yez b'lave in frinology?" asked Mr. Dolan; "meanin' be that the sighnce of tellin' a man's charackter be the lumps an 's head."

"Iv coorse," answered Mr. Rafferty; "there's nothin' gives a better clew to a man's habits than lumps, black eyes, patches iv shtickin'-plashter, and the rest iv such signs."

"As I understand it," said the heathen, "you propose to civilize me."

"Exactly so."

"You mean to get me out of habits of idleness and teach me to work."

"That is the idea."

"And then lead me to simplify my methods and invent things to make my work lighter."

"Yes."

"And next I will become ambitious to get rich, so that I won't have to work at all."

"Naturally."

"Well, what's the use of taking such a roundabout way of getting just where I started? I don't have to work now."

"Are you the defendant in this case?" asked the judge, sharply.

"No, suh," answered the mild-eyed prisoner; "I have a

From the Washington *Star*.

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lawyer hired ter do de defendin'. I's de man what done stole de ahticles."

"Can't the Democrats of this town get together?" inquired the political exhorter in Kentucky.

"Get together!" answered the man with court-plaster on his ear; "why, it takes eleven deputy sheriffs to keep 'em apart!"

"Bleggins is going West."

"To grow up with the country or get a divorce?"

"Would you allow your name to go on the pay-roll of a corporation?"

"Never," answered Senator Sorghum; "anybody that needs the benefit of my counsel and support hereafter will have to come around with the cold currency in a lump sum."

"Yes," said Miss Passeigh, "I enjoy the society of Mr. Airyland. He keeps me interested. He is always saying something that one never hears from anybody else."

"Really!" rejoined Miss Cayenne; "has he been proposing to you, too?"

"Let us be patient," said the hopeful friend. "All this trouble will blow over."

"It'll blow over all right," agreed Senator Sorghum. "But maybe it'll be like a tornado I saw out West. It blew over, but it took everything in sight with it."

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GAY LIFE BACK-STAGE

BY

ROBERT C. BENCHLEY

AT THE very mention of the word "back-stage," especially back-stage at a musical show, your Wise Boy murmurs "slicky-slicky" and begins shuffling his feet. There is a fairly prevalent notion that if you have been behind the scenes where the chorus girls are, you ought to go to confession right away, but that it is worth it.

In my long career on the stage (five months now) I have found that the only danger back-stage is that of having something drop on you. I went into the thing rather hoping that I was going to be tempted. Not only have I not been tempted; I have been stepped on, and any one hanging around with other things on his mind than getting out of the way as soon as possible will get stepped on, too.

Right at the stage door, you get your first big set-back. The doorman has been chosen for the job because, when he was quite young, he had his heart taken out. He is also quite likely to be hard of hearing. It is only after you have been working with a show for two weeks that he will let you in at all. Until then, you have to bring your mother or your pastor along.

Furthermore, the space between the stage door and the next portal is just large enough for a medium-sized rabbit

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to turn around in, and while you are standing there, fourteen people have to get past you on their way downstairs under the stage. Some of these are beautiful young ladies dressed as mackerel or bunches of figs, but there is a certain business-like manner in the way in which they brush past you that makes you sure you are not being tempted; not right at that minute, anyway.

The next division of floor space that you step into is a little larger. A father-rabbit would have it pretty comfortable here, provided he didn't try to do any tricks. A flight of stairs leads from here up to the dressing rooms and these stairs are crowded at all hours of the day and night with people in a great hurry to get dressed or undressed. If you want to go up, the best way is to cling to the outside of the banisters. You will find that everyone is very pleasant, so long as you let them get to where they are going. Otherwise, you are out of luck. If any organization of tired businessmen worked as hard or fast on their jobs as the chorus girls in a big musical show, they would die of apoplexy.

Let us turn from the stairway leading to the dressing rooms and go into the region which is directly behind the scenes. First we step through a doorway, where we are hit on the head by a large boat which is being hauled up into the roof. Everything except the actors is hauled up into the roof when not in use. So when you walk across any space between the back walls of the theatre, you stand a good chance of having the top of your head crashed in with almost anything from a table to a jolly old replica of the Sphinx.

The only thing that saves you from this is the fact that you aren't in one place long enough to have anything drop clean on you. From one direction comes a couch being pushed by four union men; from another, a gondola being dragged by four more union men; while the floor beneath you

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starts to heave as a trap opens to let eight union men shoot up some orange trees in full bloom. Anything that is going to hit you on the head has got to move fast to keep up with you.

And now for the gay life back-stage and the girls! How about a little revelry! Here comes a bevy of them now, dressed as several of the warmer months of the year. They look promising, and seem to be laughing at something. What do you suppose it is? Well, it turns out to be you. You discover this after they have walked over you on their way to their entrance. Heigh ho! A good laugh never hurt any one.

And who is this pretty little miss sitting all alone on the top of a bookcase? A peek over her shoulder discloses the fact that she is reading "Political Parties and Party Problems in the United States," waiting for the signal which is to start her up on a plunger as the Spirit of the Open Fireplace in the big Home-Building number. It would be best to tip-toe away before you get "Political Parties and Party Problems in the United States" thrown at your head, my little man.

With the prevalence of trick numbers in our musical revues, in which young ladies and vegetables and small buildings are shot up through the stage on plungers, there is the increasing danger to the visitor or casual actor of stepping on a trap and either dropping down into the cellar or being elevated up into the middle of a scene.

A young man once came for the laundry to the "Music Box" while the performance was in progress and, in order not to disturb the show, he went down and under the stage to get to the dressing rooms on the other side of the theatre. While under the stage, he tried to engage in familiar conversation with one of the girls and was encouraged to a point where he became engrossed in his task and not a little pleased

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with his prowess as a man-about-town. Suddenly someone shouted, "Right!" and there was a grinding of machinery, and the young man, dressed in a natty sack suit and derby, was projected with his lady friend up through the stage floor and into the big Fish number. She was supposed to be a goldfish. The audience couldn't quite figure out what his rôle was, but they sized him up as a pickerel in a derby hat and gave him a big hand. The success of his first appearance went to his head and he decided that the stage was the career for him, and that, my friends, is how James K. Hackett got his start.

The people back-stage who really have the gay time are the stage-hands. All being good union men, there are ten of each on hand for every job calling for one, and so they have plenty of time for gaiety, and a dandy crowd of congenial boys to make merry with.

Consider the life of the carefree members of the stage crew of a big show. Arrive at the theatre at 7.45 and have a good smoke, just to start the evening off right. A good smoke never hurt any one. Then, if you happen to be third assistant curtain man, you walk with the first and second assistant curtain men across the stage at 8:15 and shake the corner of a big portière three times. After the overture you pull your end of it halfway across the stage and then go out and take another smoke. Then you go down beneath the stage and help a young lady stand on a plunger and ask her a couple of snappy questions about her health. You may, if you know her well enough, or even if you don't, pull a couple of wise cracks about life in general.

Then for another good smoke and a cozy half-hour around the circle with fifteen or twenty others of the boys who haven't anything in particular to be doing at that moment. And many a good story will come out then in the course of con-

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versation. Perhaps a smoke will top off the evening, after you have given the curtain another good tug at the conclusion of the performance.

So when you hear about the carefree, bohemian life of theatrical people behind the scenes, dismiss from your imagination the picture of romping chorus girls and visiting Johnnies in full-dress suits, and drink a toast to the man in overalls with the gay smile, for he is the Pet of the Theatre at a handsome consideration per hour, and a handsome consideration-and-a half for overtime.

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THINGS THAT EVERY OWNER AND OPERATOR OF MOTOR VEHICLES SHOULD KNOW

I HAVE been motoring with a friend. The invitation came by telephone just before lunch, and took me, as such invitations do, at a disadvantage.

He said, "Hello! Got anything important to do this afternoon?"

I said, "Hello! Nothing very."

He said, "Take you out in the car."

I said, "What car?"

He said, "My car."

I said, "Who's running it?"

He said, "I am. Got my license this morning."

I had forgotten, when he spoke, that he had a car—a "little Ford," as they are lovingly called—though I had recently seen him learning how to run it. But I had told him the truth. That is the direct result of the infernal informality of these invitations by telephone. More than that, as I could not help realizing, this invitation carried a responsibility. He was my friend. He had his license. It was even more important now that nothing should shake his confidence in himself. My attitude would affect his confidence. I aped his enthusiasm as I accepted.

It is an apt example of the effect of habit on the normal instinct for self-preservation that we who have no motor

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cars trust ourselves so fearlessly with those who have. It is like our attitude toward the railway train, although in that case we are not personally acquainted with the engineer. We simply trust him. I should have had the same confidence in my friend except for the accident of seeing him being taught. I should have rolled away as contentedly as Mr. Hazlitt starting out on his winding road for his three hours' march to dinner. "It is hard," he wrote, "if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy." There are no lone heaths left in any part of the world that Mr. Hazlitt would be likely to inhabit; nowadays he would probably have a little Ford car of his own (or perhaps a motorcycle, for he liked to go by himself), and take his pleasure in a three hours' run to dinner. The game he started would do the running and leaping if not the laughing and singing for joy. But I digress in these thoughts of Mr. Hazlitt.

"*Don't touch my arm!*" said my friend sharply. "It-makes-me-nervous-to-have-anybody-touch-my-arm-when-I'm-driving." A truck load of groceries was coming, and he aimed his little Ford car at it. The mountain of groceries recoiled before him. My friend and the truck driver blew their horns at each other. They advanced, retreated, and finally (as Shakespeare would have said) avoided. My friend shouted an apology to the truck driver. The truck driver (I regret to say) shouted a curse at my friend.

I was sorry to have touched my friend's arm. I had put on my ulster, with the moth-balls still in the pockets, and the garment widened my natural proportions. It did not make me indestructible, though no doubt it protected me from moths, but it at least added to my person its reassuring thickness.

"Thank you," said my friend, noticing how I had shrunk

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away from him. "That's *much* better. Now don't forget to keep your eye skinned for right-hand roads."

There is an interesting little book I have since looked over —"Things That Every Owner and Operator of Motor Vehicles Should Know"—which contains a bird's-eye view of two automobiles of equal size, power, and general destructiveness, approaching each other along intersecting roads. "When two operators," says the book, "reach an intersection of ways at approximately the same time, the operator approaching from the other's right shall have the right of way. *The best way to prepare to observe this rule is to slow down as you approach every intersection, then keep your eye on the right. It is a good idea also to keep your eye on the left.*"

My friend had improved upon these instructions: he had made me his right eye. Firemen on their way to fires, policemen pursuing criminals, and hospital ambulances speeding to the sick or disabled, have always the right of way. But these approach unmistakably. There is time and to spare for the cautious motorist to leave his car and climb a telegraph pole, not forgetting, however, to lock the car or effectively set the brakes and stop the motor. The real difficulty in looking out for right-hand roads is their normal secretiveness. Often the road ahead unrolls, as novelists say in describing scenery, like a broad ribbon; but every now and then it unrolls round a corner. Sometimes there is a sign stating that this is a DANGEROUS CURVE; or, perhaps, that immediately beyond are many children, heedless and happy (as one quickly imagines) at their play. Almost anywhere there may be a right-hand road. Sometimes, to be sure, there is a sign, so that persons curious in such matters may learn the name of the road; but the convention is to place these signs where they will be least conspicuous and not compete seriously with the

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billboards. Once in a while, as if by accident, a right-hand road is quite plainly visible across open country.

"There's a big car coming along this next road," I remarked presently. "It is still quite a long way off, and looks to me like a Chesterfield—or perhaps a Camel——"

"You don't have to *describe* the car," interrupted my friend. "Say 'Stop' or 'Go.' That's quick and to the point, and tells me just what to do."

"All right," I said. "Go!"

He blew his horn and went, forgetting for the instant something that every owner and operator of motor vehicles should know about slowing down. The larger car—I was still uncertain whether it was a Chesterfield or a Camel—seemed to be coming a good deal faster than I had estimated. I decided that I should have said, "Stop"; but I had said, "Go," and it was too late now to change my advice. Instinctively I wrapped myself closer in my ulster and breathed deeply of moth-ball. But the operator of the Camel—or Chesterfield—remembered his book. He slowed down with astonishing rapidity. He knew that he had the right of way, but he graciously conceded it.

It was a beautiful afternoon for motoring. Autumn had come, but summer lingered. I was too warm in my ulster. Now and then, watching out for right-hand roads, I saw something of the scenery and pictures—a pond, a hillside, a maiden preserving her schoolgirl complexion, cows in a meadow, a gentleman in a bath-robe lathering his face with a perfect shaving-soap. Once in a while I involuntarily and stealthily glanced at my friend operating his car. It was unquestionably a major operation.

Yet it sometimes happened that the road not only unrolled like a broad ribbon, but was equally empty of human beings, live stock, and poultry. Then I unbuttoned my ulster, and

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my friend his face. If we had been Mr. Hazlitt, we should have laughed, we should have sung for joy.

These periods were too good to last. The ribbon was seldom empty. There might be, for example, just ahead of us

a boy on a bicycle;
a touring car;
two or three hens;
a woman wheeling an infant in a perambulator;
a cat crossing the road;
an old man driving a load of hay.

Or there might be:

a child on a kiddy car;
lovers walking hand in hand;
a truck loaded with granite;
two beings of opposite sex on a motorcycle;
a horse and buggy;
a farmer leading two or more cows.

These combinations are merely illustrative. They represent men, women, and children of all ages, any kind of vehicle in use during the past half-century, and all native animals and poultry. Wild animals are negligible unless you happen to meet a circus procession. "Most of the accidents," says the careful author of "Things That Every Owner and Operator of Motor Vehicles Should Know," "happen in thickly settled districts. Slow down! You may lose a little time but may save a life." At such moments my friend slows down. He may lose a little time, but he may save not only one life but several. And I button my ulster. I may be too warm but I may save a life.

Human movement is dependent on instinctive mathematics. When I walk I am constantly solving a series of problems. So is everybody else within sight. We determine where we all are, and where we all shall be at successive mo-

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ments; and thus we navigate, steering ourselves so shrewdly that we rarely bump into each other. So my friend, operating his car, must estimate the respective speed of the boy on the bicycle, the touring car, the woman wheeling the infant, and the old man driving the load of hay.

Here, it seems to me, is a timely suggestion for the writer of a school arithmetic: If a little Ford car is travelling at a speed of 10 miles an hour, and a boy on a bicycle, 26 yards in front of the little Ford car, is travelling at a speed of 6 miles an hour; and a woman, 12 yards in front of the boy on the bicycle, is wheeling an infant in a perambulator at a speed of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour; and an old man, 147 yards in front of the woman wheeling the infant in the perambulator, is driving a load of hay toward the woman wheeling the infant in the perambulator at a speed of $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles an hour; and a touring car, 57 yards behind the load of hay, is overtaking the old man driving the load of hay at a speed of 57 miles an hour—what is the correct speed for the little Ford car to pass the boy on the bicycle and the woman wheeling the infant in the perambulator without colliding with the old man driving the load of hay? or the touring car? or both? or everybody?

A careful operator must consider also the probable behaviour and speed of the hens. "The highways," says "Things That Every Owner and Operator of Motor Vehicles Should Know," "are made for all the people and should be safe for all. Slow down. You may reach your destination a minute later, but you are more likely to get there, and you may save a life." At such moments my friend was in no hurry. Anybody could have seen that his first thought was to save a life.

The sun was setting. My friend had turned his little chariot round. To do this, you select a wealthy private estate with a wide driveway, blow your horn in case the owner

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should happen to be coming out, make the appropriate gesture with your left hand, and drive in. Just as if you were coming to dinner. Then you stop short, blow your horn in case the owner should happen to be coming in, make the appropriate gesture with your left hand, and back out. Just as if you had made a mistake. *But you back out at a different angle*, which ingeniously turns you round, and provides, I think, an unanswerable argument for the preservation of wealthy private estates in a democracy.

Twilight deepened; and all the familiar things of day—trees, houses, men, women, children, vehicles, animals, and poultry—became by degrees vague and spectral. I turned up the collar of my ulster. Now and then a car, operated by a true believer in the doctrine of Safety First, came glaring at us with goblin eyes. Here and there, a farmer's wife switched on the electricity in her quaint old-fashioned kitchen. My friend pressed a button and his little Ford car projected two beams of light.

A car passed us—"*Hell!*" said my friend in a hardly audible whisper. It was now almost dark.

"I wonder if you would mind," said my friend presently, "if I drop you at the next corner. It's only a mile or so to your house. If I take the other turn, I'll be home sooner. It's getting a bit later than I said I'd be out, and I don't like to make the family nervous."

He laughed and I laughed. "Not a bit," said I heartily.

He blew his horn, made the appropriate gesture with his left hand, and stopped his car on the corner. I took off my ulster. I should be late for supper, but (as "Things That Every Owner and Operator of Motor Vehicles Should Know" would put it) I was more likely to get there, and I might save a life.

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MABLE—And did you object when he kissed you?
SABLE—Every time.—*Chicago Phœnix.*

A teacher asked one of her pupils to write a brief story about the rain. After much thought the boy produced the following: "What does the rain say to the dust? 'I'm on to you and your name is mud.'"—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Mr. Fizzington is quite a linguist, isn't he?"
"I never knew it."
"Oh, yes, he talks three languages."
"What are they?"
"Horse, baseball, and golf."—*Chicago News.*

RICH CALLER (*who is making the round of the tenement district*)—Well, I must go now. Is there anything I can do for you, my good woman?
THE OTHER (*of the submerged*)—No, thank ye, mem. Ye mustn't mind it, mem, if I don't return the call. I haven't any time to go slummin' meself.—*Chicago Tribune.*

LITTLE EDGAR—Papa, who was the greatest hero in the war?
PAPA—Captain Bibbleson, I guess. His magazine story is three pages longer than any of the rest of them has written. —*Chicago Tribune.*

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SMITH—I was reading in the paper this morning about a Texas man who was struck by lightning while he was swearing. Remarkable occurrence, wasn't it?

BROWN—Oh, I don't know. If lightning was to strike a Texas man when he wasn't swearing, it would be much more remarkable.—*Chicago News.*

"What," asked Miss Elderleigh, "did papa say when you asked him for me?"

"He didn't say anything. He fell on my neck and wept."—*Chicago Herald-Examiner.*

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THE FIFTY-SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE

BY

STODDARD KING

WHEN I had decided to build me a house
I felt just a little afraid
That plan and design were not quite in my line,
So I sought architectural aid.
And I said: "Show me, pray, something most recherché,
For I'm weary of hanging my hat
In an Early Victorian,
Pre-Montessorian,
Plain two-by-fourean flat."

The architect puffed at his period pipe
As he sat in his Renaissance chair,
And he gave me a smile in the pure Gothic style,
Though he spoke with a Romanesque air.
Said he: "If your taste is not wholly debased,
The best you are certain to find,
Is the later colonial,
Pseudo baronial,
G. Washingtonial kind."

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I thanked him politely and paid him his fee,
But sundry acquaintances cried,
"That stuff you should shun, for it hasn't been done
Since Benjamin Harrison died!"
And they took me direct to a new architect,
Who argued with logic compelling
For a quasi Delsartean,
Post-Bonapartean,
Wholly Beaux-Artian dwelling.

My downfall had started; I groped in a maze
Of traces, transitions, and trends,
And I laboured anew over prints that were blue,
With the aid of my numerous friends.
But I don't knit my brow about building plans now,
For all of my money is spent—
And my home's an Arcadian,
Second-Crusadean,
Pink-lemonadean tent!

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TOURING

BY

HENRY L. HERBERT

Reproduced from advance proofs of the Automobile Guide Book of 1932, and published through the courtesy of Local No. 16, Amalgamated Billposters of the United States.

Tour No. 7849. Springville to Corson's Centre. Road maintained by Coverall Billposting Company.

Pole markings. From Springville to Birchtown—Apgar's Ammonia signs. From Birchtown to Richfield—Sooner's Scented Soap signs. From Richfield to Corson's Center—Seidenheimer's Spaghetti signs.

Route—From Conlon's Custard signboard, Springville, follow right-hand road past Autogo Truck Company sign to Stephen's Stubbers sign (2 miles).

Turn left and climb steep grade to top of Seven County Hill, where fine view of one county may be had through knothole in Brook's Best Butterine sign. Gimlets for boring holes may be purchased for fifty cents at Coaxem Inn on left side of road near Smith's Snappy Soup sign.

From Seven County Hill follow down grade past Toomey's Tires sign, Reynolds Rustless Razor sign, and Norton's Noodles sign to Green Valley (7 miles).

Here, excellent view of Mount Memento may be enjoyed from top of Wilson's Wire Wheels sign. Ladders for rent or

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sale at Wiggle Inn and Thin Tea House—both places being recommended by the Coverall Billposting Company.

Leaving Green Valley, keep straight ahead between continuous line of billboards to Cramer's Crossroad, where speed should be reduced to enable tourist to read fine print in Levy's Luscious Limburger sign (10 miles).

Follow straight road again to Ruggles Ripping Raincoats sign and then turn sharply to right, avoiding left turn past Riley's Rich Rat Biscuit sign. Straight ahead once more to Kenny's Dam (14 miles).

Kenny's Dam, constructed in 1694 by Abraham Kenny, is one of the points of historic interest on the tour. Although every effort has been made recently to hide it from the public, the determined tourist can still obtain a glimpse of the dam by lying flat on the roadside and peering beneath the billboard displaying Mostil's Mosquito Menace.

From Kenny's Dam, follow left-hand road between billboards to Sunbeam Sauce sign opposite Oakley's Overcoat sign (19 miles), there turn to right and climb steep hill to Corson's Centre Chamber of Commerce sign (21 miles). Corson's Centre lies directly behind the billboard.

Road in excellent condition except for short stretch about three hundred yards west of Birchtown, where paint on Sapp's Snappy Shoe billboard has peeled slightly making sign difficult to read.

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FROM BOSTON

"Where do you suppose those scenario writers get their ideas?"

"Well, judging from the product, I should say they get them from each other."—*Boston Transcript.*

TEACHER (*to class*)—What is an octopus?

SMALL BOY (*who has just commenced to take Latin*)—Please, sir, I know, sir; it's an eight-sided cat.—*Boston Transcript.*

"An' how's yer wife, Pat?"

"Sure, she do be awful sick."

"Is ut dangerous she is?"

"No, she's too weak t' be dangerous anny more!"—*Boston Transcript.*

SHE—I like your impudence! I haven't quite reached the bargain counter yet.

HE—You would be a bargain on any counter.—*Boston Transcript.*

HE—My dear, it's no use for you to look at those hats; I haven't more than a dollar in my pocket.

SHE—You might have known when we came out that I'd want to buy a few things.

HE—I did.—*Boston Transcript.*

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HOBBS—I really believe you have stopped your worrying. What brought about the change?

DOBBS (*cheerfully*)—My troubles are more real than they use to be.—*Boston Transcript.*

JOYCE—I love you; I love you. Won't you be my wife?

JESS—You must see mamma first.

JOYCE—I have seen her several times, but I love you just the same.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Do you tell your wife everything?"

"Everything I think someone else may tell her first."—*Boston Transcript.*

HENPECK—There'll be no parting in heaven, you know.

FRIEND—That's so; if you want a divorce, old fellow, you'd better attend to it on this side.—*Boston Transcript.*

CALLER—So the angels have brought you a new baby sister.

ELSIE (*disgustedly*)—To see the fuss nurse makes over her you'd think she came from Paris.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Look, Daddy," said a little six-year-old, "I pulled this cornstalk right up all by myself."

"My, but you are strong!" said his father.

"I guess I am, Daddy. The whole world had hold of the other end of it."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Did any of your family ever make a brilliant marriage?"

"Only my wife."—*Boston Transcript.*

"My son seems anxious for a literary career."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"I don't know whether to put him in the army or navy."—*Boston Traveler.*

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"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Gadgett, proudly, "we can trace our ancestors back to—to—well, I don't know exactly who, but we've been descending for centuries."—*Boston Transcript.*

WOMAN FRIEND—"No wonder Edith won't look at you. It's your own fault. You act like a slave—fawning and cringing before her, as if you didn't dare to call your soul your own."

MR. WORMLEY—"Don't women like that kind of thing?"

WOMAN FRIEND—"Um—not until after marriage."—*Boston Transcript.*

A little fellow was learning from his aunt about Grant, Lee, and other famous leaders of the Civil War. "Is that the same Grant we pray to in church?" he inquired innocently.

"Pray to in church? You are mistaken, dear," said the aunt.

"No, I'm not," he insisted, "for during service we always say, 'Grant, we beseech Thee, to hear us.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

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SO THIS IS GOLF

BY

HARRY LEON WILSON

THE man stands on the fifteenth tee. He has just driven a perfectly topped ball, a true ground gripper; it went to the bottom of the deep ditch a hundred yards beyond. This is really more than a ditch, being very deep, with precipitous sides. Anywhere but on a golf course it would be called Devil's Gorge or something scenic, and people would come miles to look at it, and warn the little ones to stand back from the edge.

The man is now speaking. It is more like an oration, warm and hoarse with invective. Standing erect, head up, his chin, like the prow of a battleship, projecting well over the edge of the tee, he hurls heated words down the empty fairway. He can be heard playing golf a long way off, though the words lose their edge on the summer breeze. Good thing, too. We should not be permitted to do more than imagine them in these pages. But you get the effect.

The man ceases to speak. He has said everything he could think of that promised to help, and he has thrown in a bit extra because he felt that way. He drives another ball and clears the ditch. He hurries along. He seems to say that he will now teach that ball a bitter lesson. Above it he grimly takes from his bag, a bag tastefully trimmed with the Macpherson tartan, the choice tailor-made brassy that has been

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fitted to his figure for nine dollars and fifty cents by Angus McAngus. He lunges fiercely at the ball and scars the fair turf something cruel, removing the father of all divots. The divot gets off on a true line and outdistances the ball by five yards. The ball has been but slightly disturbed.

This crisis is too poignant for words. The man merely strides to the nearest tree and with perfect stance and swing wraps about its trunk the shaft of the choice brassy. He then laughs in a hollow manner and goes swiftly away from there. He is somewhat eased in mind by this demonstration that he is a man and not a worm.

Presently he is wheedling a ball down the sixteenth fairway and into the ditch that guards the green. He finds it coyly nestled in a heel print. Pausing only to calculate that the heel producing the print was that of a man weighing four hundred pounds, he takes from the beautiful bag with the Macpherson tartan a weapon especially recommended by Angus McAngus. With this he produces a sand storm. It is no mere flurry. It is the sort of thing that strikes terror to the hearts of Bedouins in the desert, causing them to put their trusty touring camels into reverse, to shield their faces with the burnoose and to call out the name of Allah.

The man calls out something to the same effect in his native tongue. The storm rages. Fiercely the blast swirls about its unprotected victim, who did not think to bring a burnoose. He no longer calls out; the sand has impeded his utterance. This is some of the worst golf he ever tasted.

He wipes his eyes and instead of speaking he behaves like a peevish wildcat. The storm has died, the sun may again be seen. Pausing only to twine the storm maker about the bole of a stout oak the man goes swiftly away from there. A club a hole seems to be about par for him.

The seventeenth hole is mercifully uncomplicated save

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by a few minor snares. The golf architect has here risen above his habitual perversions, as if resolving henceforth to lead a better life. In consequence the man reaches the eighteenth tee without the loss of another club. He has holed out a snappy six on the seventeenth and feels a bit of the old thrill. He permits himself to admire the scenery. The fairway is wide, a vista of shining emerald along the rock-trimmed margin of an opal sea. Innocent little wavelets strike in play against the rocks. All Nature seems to smile. The man tees up a ball, the last but one in the pouch of the beautiful bag. It is a choice ball, advertised to give more distance than any other ball. It has a touch of platinum or a Burmese ruby or something inside to make it go. It costs two dollars, but what is money if you can lengthen your drive?

The man addresses the ball—not too politely. "Now, you so-and-so—so-and-so, you don't know it but you're going to take a long ride."

Does the costly ball hear? It gives no sign. It merely rests there on its hillock of sand, pallid and expensive. The man takes a practise swing. Perfect! That's it—get the wrists in ahead of the carcass! He takes his stance. He frowns darkly at a nursemaid and child a half mile back of him, then swings. The ball takes a long ride as he had promised, a long, low, swift flight which, if continued sufficiently, would bring it to rest on one of those far fairy islands throned with dusky native copras, minutely arrayed, who will allow themselves to be photographed for a bottle of gin. For that matter, who wouldn't be photographed in almost nothing for a bottle of gin? But of course the man's ball doesn't go that far, not even with the one-carat diamond at its center, because the man didn't hit it hard enough. It had perfect direction but not the distance. So it plunks into the opal sea. This is not a part of the fairway. It is too

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big for a water hazard. The ball sinks as neatly as any common dollar ball bought from a caddie for thirty-five cents.

Again the man can be heard playing golf. But he is off his game to-day and his language has run low. Like the venom of the rattle or the inky protection of the giant squid, there is only so much of it. He quits after discovering this, and tees up the last of his costly long-distance balls. He lets go. To his amazement it speeds down the real fairway. Not so far as the advertisement promised; not so far as you could expect for a couple of dollars; still, a fair drive—except for that slice unaccountably developing at the latter end of its flight. It has stopped in a rough area upgrown with one of the lesser-known cereals.

The man hums lightly as he hastens to it. Has he not cheated the cruel sea? Above the ball he takes from his bag a beautiful mashie niblick, his best-liked club. It is autographed by Abe Mitchell and was secured for him at great pains, in addition to the expense, by good old Angus McAngus. The man parks his feet correctly, frowns down the fairway, glances off at a distant motor car, not hiding his annoyance, and fires when ready. The ball rises gracefully from its couch, achieves the altitude record, develops distance promisingly, but then angles insanely to the left. It plunks into the still opal sea. Not so far out as the other, but far enough. The lucid water closes above it and the opal glint is again unmarred. An ocean makes nothing of a golf ball more or less.

The man stands a moment in deep contemplation. Then once again he swings the perfect mashie niblick autographed by Abe Mitchell. He has the correct stance, he breaks the wrists perfectly, the shot is well timed, and the follow through beyond criticism. The club rises gracefully into the air, develops distance as it whirls, and it, too, sinks beneath the opal sea, autograph and all. There is a deadly glitter in the

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man's eyes as the insatiate deep swallows his pet. His eyes are red, but still you can see the glitter. He stalks with dignity to the little jutting headland beyond which his treasures have come to rest. He poises there, tense and solemn.

"That does settle it," he mutters briefly, unclenching his teeth for this purpose. "Never again! I'm through!"

Hard upon this he assumes the correct stance, whirls the beautiful bag with the Macpherson tartan three times about his head and lets go with a superb follow through. The bag does not get so far as the balls that give you a lot of distance in the drive, but it gets far enough. The lovely water lisps above it. A score of pearly bubbles rise over its last resting place. The relentless sea has claimed its own. The man dusts his hands one against the other.

"Never again!" he repeats. He goes swiftly away from there.

And that is golf.

The time is six hours later. The opal sea is paled by the rays of a rising moon that scatter silver along the fairway and nest it among the branches of the gnarled pine at the verge of the little headland. All is still save for the gentle play of wavelet against rock, and the recurrent bronchial protest of a late and invisible gull. But whose is this skulking figure that skirts yonder edge of the fairway, and now, concealment no longer possible, comes boldly across from screening shadows to the water's edge? You know well enough whose it is.

It sits on the little jutting headland and is also silvered over by the impartial moon. It looks earnestly out to sea. The prospect is one of distinguished beauty. Galleons and shallops, fair freighted, might ride at anchor there, luminous yet dim, duskily glowing with all romance. But we are off the key. The man is now serenely prosaic. If

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his mind is above the earth at all it is to feel grateful for certain cosmic accuracies. He is gratefully remembering, perhaps, that the earth in its flight does not slice, nor the moon hook. He is glad to feel that one of them is gently but firmly pulling that blanket of water back from the flanks of the other so he can get down on those rocks and recover his beautiful bag and the mashie niblick autographed by Abe Mitchell.

Now the moon has done its work. It is low tide. So the man clambers down to the gaunt rocks. He clumps and sloshes and slides. But he is not vocal as a few hours since. He will be just as happy if he is not now observed. Over rocks slippery with marine vegetation, among spined, shelled, or gooey invertebrates, useful enough in biology but having no recognized place in the royal and ancient game, he gropes a painful way with uncertain feet and bruised hands. He exhibits a patience that should have been his back on the loathly fifteenth. A glad cry quickly smothered. From a shallow pool he has brought up the mashie niblick, the autograph unimpaired. A slightly louder glad cry, also smothered, and from a neighbouring pool he has salvaged the bag trimmed with the Macpherson tartan. A crab scuttles from its recesses, but he is not out after crabs. He is back on the fairway in five—two sloshes, two slips and a barked knee.

But this night's work is not over. Dripping like a recovered body, he proceeds to the ditch on the sixteenth where the deadly sirocco lately hid him from mortal view and stifled his well-chosen remarks. He searches for the oak about which he lately festooned his niblick like a clinging vine. He does not at first find it. Could some low scoundrel have passed that way and sneaked off with his good old niblick? No; here it is. Angus will reshaft it for three dollars or thereabouts.

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On to the fifteenth! That good old form-fitting brassy—he'd never be able to play again without that. He recovers the severed head. All it needs is another shaft, and Angus has his measure. The night's work is done. He goes swiftly away from there. And as he goes, this is what he is really thinking. He is really thinking—as a man really thinks when all the time he knows it is foolish—that he has at last shown the bag and clubs that he is not to be trifled with. He thinks he will have taught them a lesson. He thinks they will understand what a narrow escape they have just had, and behave right in future.

And from this sort of thinking as he clumps and drips down the road he modulates into a dream of expertness—that is, he begins to play mental golf. He is on the fifteenth tee, a statue of confidence. He gets off a whale of a drive, two hundred and twenty-five yards, at least. No, must be more than that, what with the downhill roll—say, two hundred and forty or forty-five. Gosh, that was certainly a sweet ball! Now for a good, full mashie with some nifty back spin. Slow up, down without rushing! Say, will you look at that little pill roll up—acting like a trained pig! Not too close though. We want a good putt left. Not too easy, but on the other hand nothing phenomenal. Just an average putt of about five feet, the kind that professionals are so likely to miss. Steady now! Get the line. A gentle sweep, iron close to the ground. Watch her roll in. A snappy three on a four-par hole. Some class to that, boy!

On he maunders, dripping sea water and playing perfect mental golf. He finished the course out, two under par. And if I have not made a certain detail plain let me do it here.

The man is a man in the middle years—not a child.

And that is golf.

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FROM PHILADELPHIA

"I don't like to say such long prayers," said a little girl the other night; "I want to say nice short ones like nursey does."

"What kind does nursey say?" inquired her mother.

"Oh, she just says, 'Oh, Lord, why do I have to get up!'" —*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

"Rather a swell-looking fellow to have to hock his watch," remarked the pawnbroker's clerk.

"Yes, but this explains it," replied the pawnbroker, who had been examining the timepiece; "there's a woman in the case."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

"She'd look better without so much powder and rouge on."

"Yes. She isn't so bad as she's painted."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"Look here, Bogus," asked Colonel White. "Do you happen to know where Ink Judson is just now?"

"Yassah! Yassah! Sho' does, sah!" replied Brother Bogus. "He's asleep dis minute over dar in de shade of de lumber yahd lookin' for a job, sah."—*Country Gentleman.*

ETHEL—I rather like that young Doubleday. He has a good firm mouth and chin!

MYRTLE—Goodness! Has he been kissing you, too?— *Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

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"We had quite a prominent actor as a guest at our house the other evening."

"Gracious! didn't you find it hard to entertain him?"

"Oh, no, we just handed him a bunch of photographs and his own was among them. He amused himself for hours."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"We keep three servants girls," said Mr. Newly-wed; "one coming, one going, and one here."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

WILLIE—Won't your pa spank you for staying out so late?

TOMMY (*whose father is a lawyer*)—Naw, I'll get an injunction from ma postponing the spanking, and then I'll appeal to grandma and she'll have it made permanent.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

"I'll never marry," said Miss Passay, with emphasis.

"Perhaps not," replied Miss Snapp, "but you certainly have put up a gallant fight."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

PARSON PORRIDGE—De Bible says, "A man dat is diligent in business shall stand befo' kings."

DEACON DOUGHNUTS—Wa-al, dat's all right—pervided he's got aces.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

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PERIPATETIC THOUGHTS

BY

WALLACE M. BAYLISS

I HATE to pass this Beauty Shoppe;
I wish I had the nerve to droppe
Within to see what they could do
To help the hair upon my toppe.

That freakish way of spelling shoppe
I hope will not extend to coppe,
For if I called him as it looks
He'd think me fresh and make me hoppe.

They say, in every Flower Shoppe,
The married fellows often stoppe
To buy a bouquet for the wife—
A saying-it-with-flowers soppe.

The flappers, who so gayly floppe,
Will some day into housework ploppe,
Will wash and iron, cook and sew,
And eke will use the humble moppe.

Ah! Here's a charming Candy Shoppe,
And I've a bit of coin to swoppe
For something that will please my girl
And pave the way for me to poppe.

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Next Sunday morn yon lowly woppe
Will blossom forth into a foppe;
What miracles good clothes perform!
I wonder how's the garlic croppe.

O'er night we lost our barber Shoppe
When girls began their locks to loppe,
And in that ancient male retreat
How silent is the razor stroppe!

Who'd think this way of spelling shoppe,
That's naught but orthographic sloppe,
Would lead to all these rambling thoughts?
Heigho, here's home! Now for a choppe.

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MALINDY-ISMS

BY

RENA SHORE DUNCAN

LAWDY, Miss Annie Lee, I never would have knowed you, you's that thin. Marrifyin' and livin' with them Yankees sho has tuck you off. Law, chile, you don't favour yourself none at all. And how's the doctor? You and the doctor is the richest folks in Noo Yawk, ain't you? Shucks, I bet you is. I bet you is got silver dollars buried away twell there's green mould on 'em.

Is he a ridin' doctor or a tooth doctor, Miss Annie Lee? Now, Vio-leen, she 'lowed he was a ridin' doctor—ride to see sick folks, like; but Addie, she jest knowed he was a horse and cow and dog doctor; but I speculated as how he might jest pull teeth, like Doctor Sanderson. Yas'm.

Did you hear about Emmet's weddin' and them two gold teeth he done give Ide for a weddin' present? Yas'm, he married Ide, Aunt Tiny Priest's daughter. She's one of them new niggers what come up here from Louisiana with the Price Clothin' Store folks. She 'lows she kin cook, but she sho ought to be down there ag'in, a-choppin' cotton. Wellum they had the new Baptist preacher, and fo' bridesmaids, with bokays o' snowballs; and Ide, bein' the bride, she done carried one dozen real tasty pink carnations. Toots, she played the Turkey in the Straw for the march up, as she 'lowed as how there jest warn't no luck gittin' married with

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one o' them solemn tunes. Mr. Tom, bein' as Emmet done worked fo' him so long, he brung a whole passel o' town folks to see it, and I hear as how they still talks considerable 'bout that there Snowball Weddin'. Yas'm.

I come up chiefly, though, Miss Annie Lee, to spress to you my thanks for that there package you done sent me from Noo Yawk. The pink georgette waistie was grand. Cose I could wear it. Ever see any waistie yit what wouldn't fit a nigger? But that there mournin' veil pleased me jest plum to death. Somehow, I always did crave a mournin' veil. They jest come in too handy for funerals, and sich, and I does feel and look mighty dressed up and pompouslike in it. And shucks, Miss Annie Lee, you orter hev seem them there Tin Cup niggers' eyes pop out when I showed them that there Noo Yawk box, with its contentments, all tied up and addressed to "Malindy Walker, Colored, Tin Cup, Fayetteville, Ark-in-saw." Yas'm.

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PARADISE BE DAMNED!

BY

F. SCOTT FITZJAZZER

This story was written between 10 P. M. and 3 A. M. of one night while I was playing bridge. THE SWIFT SET *paid me enough for it to recoup what I lost at bridge and leave me the price of a diamond tiara and two theatre tickets. The movie rights brought me $60,000. It is probably the worst story I ever wrote—though, for that distinction, it has many rivals.*

GRANDPA AND PAPA

Anthony Blaine's grandfather had all the money in the known world and lived in Tarrytown—a remarkable coincidence. Entirely surrounded by cold cash, he had acquired an austere frigidity of manner and was commonly called "Old Chill Blaine." This relationship made Anthony constantly conscious of social security, since an aristocracy founded sheerly on money postulates wealth in the particular —whatever that means.

His father, an ineffectual æsthete of that prehistoric period known as the 'nineties, had died before he was born, apparently thus reversing the customarily usual process of nature—a phenomenon explicable only on the hypothesis that language sometimes obscures the thought it is supposed to elucidate. The fact is that Anthony was a posthumorous child—a kind of practical joke on his surprised mother.

Anthony inherited from his father nothing but his last

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name, his taper fingers and a million dollars—a miserable heritage.

Mother Dear

But his mother, Beatrice Blaine! She was a woman!—by curious chance. Born in Boston of the old Puritan family of O'Hara, she was educated in Rome—also in Watertown and Ogdensburg, having been fired from three schools successively. She went abroad and was polished in Poland and finished in Finland.

She learned to smoke Camels in the Desert of Sahara and, at the Hague, to drink the national beverage, double strength. All in all, she absorbed a sort of education and an amount of liquor that it will be impossible ever again to find in this country.

In an absent-minded moment, she married Stephen Blaine, because she was a little bit weary, a little bit sad and more than a little bit pie-eyed. He tried to keep step with her, but in less than a year cheerfully died. So Anthony was born fatherless.

Little Child, Who Made You?

His childhood and youth were spent in the midst of privations—private cars, private yachts, and private tutors.

At the age of seven he bit bell-boys, at eight smoked cigarettes, at nine played poker, at ten read Rabelais, at eleven imbibed intoxicants, at twelve kissed chorus girls, and at thirteen his mother died of delirium tremens. He was sent to school at St. Ritz's.

Tom Brown at Rugby

St. Ritz's isn't Eton but it is pretty strong on drinkin'. Anthony's private stock was recruited from all parts of the world.

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"What's 'is pink stuff, Anthony?" asked a fellow dipsomaniac of the fourth form, in the intimacy of intoxication.

"'At's ole genevieve from Geneva. 'At green's grenadine from Grenada, an' 'at yellow's yataghan from Yap. Make a fairish cocktail, if you lace it with l'il' ole wood-alcohol. Keeps a fella fit, 'is stuff does."

He drank liquors of incomparable strength and iridescent beauty, in whose mysterious depths all the lost lures of Mont Marter and of 42nd and Broadway shivered and shimmied languorously in resplendent redundancy. Also he took a shot of hop now and then.

He read enormously. In his first term he accomplished Rousseau's Confessions, "The Newgate Calendar," Boswell's Life of Johnson, "Frank in the Mountains," Kant's Critique, The Arabian Nights in fourteen volumes, "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," "The Dutch Twins," the Memoirs of Cazanova, Petronius, Suetonius, Vitruvius, Vesuvius, Plato, Cato, Keats, Yeats and all the Elsie books.

Incident of the Impudent Headmaster

Clad in an opalescent dressing-gown, the colour of peacock's eyes and emu's fins, Anthony was lying on a luxurious lounge of mauve satin stuffed with eiderdown and aigrettes, reading Ghunga Dhin and drinking Ghordon Ghin. A timid knock on the door preceded the entrance of the headmaster. He stood in the doorway sheepishly, hat in hand, pulling an obsequious forelock.

"Blaine—er—er—Mister Blaine," he said.

"Well, Margotson? What is it?"

"I called—er—to ask you, sir, if—er—er—you wouldn't kindly attend a recitation—er—now and then—er—just as a matter of form, you know?"

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"Go to hell!" said Anthony coldly, turning again to his liquor.

"Yes, sir. Very good, sir."

The headmaster faded through the doorway and, doubtless, went as he had been directed.

"Damn his impudence!" muttered Anthony.

Incidental Diversions

He was leading man in all the school plays, editor of the *St. Ritz Bartenders' Guide*, quarterback on the eleven, first base on the nine, second bass on the glee club, forward on the hockey team and backward in his studies. He carried off first honours in the hundred-yards, the mile, the hurdles, the hammer-throw, the standing long drink, the debating society, and the bacchanalian orgies.

Thus Anthony at eighteen, six feet tall and narrow in proportion, green eyes that shone through a tangled mass of tawny eyelashes, scornful of the bourgeoisie and of the proletariat, entered Princeton.

Spires and Gurgles

From the first he loved Princeton, the pleasantest country club in America. He loved the tall, towering tapestries of trees, infinitely transient, transiently infinite, yearning infinitely with infinite melancholy—the dreamy double chocolate jiggers pleasing the palate, drenching the innards with a joy akin to pleasure—the early moon, mistily mysterious, more mysterious than mystery itself—the deep insidious devotion of the dreaming peaks, in their lofty aspiration toward the empyrean—through it all the melancholy voices singing "Old Nassau," blent in a pæan of pain. While over all the two great dreaming towers towered

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toward the sky, like a gigantic pair of white flannel trousers, reversed.

The Sub-Deb

The time is in the evening of any day in any month in any year. The place is the front room of an apartment in 52nd Street, New York, the library of a house in 68th Street, the ballroom of the Ritz-Royce, a limousine outside the Country Club in Louisville, the Princeton campus, anywhere else you choose.

Enter Rosalind—*kissable mouth, other details unnecessary. Enter to her* Anthony Blaine.

He: Will you kiss me?

She: Sure!

(*They kiss—definitely and thoroughly—in a most workmanlike manner.*)

He: Did you ever kiss any one before?

She (*dreamily*): Dozens, hundreds, thousands of boys.

He: Kiss me again.

(*They kiss.*)

She: How old are you?

He: Nineteen-past.

She: I'm sixteen-just.

He: Kiss me again.

(*They kiss.*)

She: You're some kisser yourself.

He: Of course—Princeton, you know.

She: I knew it. Now, Yale men——

He: Don't mention the brutes!

She: But Harvard men——

He: Sissies! Kiss me again.

(*They kiss.*)

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SHE: When I was in——

HE: You're so loquacious.

(*They kiss.*)

SHE: By the way, who are you?

HE: Anthony Blaine.

SHE: I've heard——

HE: Don't talk.

(*They kiss.*)

SHE: I'm——

HE: What difference does it make who you are? Let's get married.

SHE: Can't. I'm engaged.

HE: Whom to?

SHE: What?

HE: To who—who to?

SHE: Oh. Why, to Dawson Ryder and Skeets McCormic and Amory Patch and—to a boy named Wilson—don't remember his first name and—to a Yale boy I met in the dark and don't know any of his names or what he looks like and to—oh, lots of others.

HE: You love me, don't you?

(*They kiss.*)

SHE: I love you! I love you! I'm mad about you. I can't do without you.

(*They kiss.*)

HE: My God! You're spoiling both our lives.

SHE: My God! Am I?

HE: Here! we're losing time.

(*They kiss—kiss—kiss.*)

SHE: You've broken my heart.

HE: My God!

SHE: My God!

HE: Time's up. I have a date with Cecelia Connage.

SHE: She's my sister. She's not very good at it.

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HE: Good-bye! You've broken my heart and mussed me all up.

(*They kiss. He stumbles toward the exit—a broken man—then—throws back his head with that proud Princeton gesture—and goes out.*)

SHE: Oh, God! I want to die!

(*She looks about her—misty-eyed—with a deep aching sadness—that will pass—that will pass in time—say, three minutes.—She looks—for her vanity-bag—powders her nose—renews the carmine on those tired lips——*)

SHE: Well? Are they going to keep me waiting all night? Next boy, please!

MORE GURGLES

The last light fades and drifts across the land,
The low, long land, the land of towers and spires.
That wanders lonely lest the lurid lyres
Press thy pale petals with a passionate hand—
Enchanted essences and pagan pyres—
Oh, dream that sleeps and sleep that knows no dreaming!
So wert thou wrought in fragrant fadeless fires.
So wert thou wrapt in garments goldly gleaming
And dying knew not what should end this seeming.

The ghosts of evenings haunt these afternoons.
The mid-day twilight shifts with my desire.
Nor yet before my eyes do they conspire
There to distil the fragrance of the moons
That burn and are consumed with splendid fire,
And hurl them to abide in their abode
Where young Fitzjazzer turned his youthful lyre
And sang to Princeton his melodious ode
Which, what it means, there's no one never knowed.

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Collars and Ties

Anthony Blaine paused in the process of adjusting the universe to himself and looked about him—an apartment in a house of murky material, windows that loomed gloomily down upon Fifty-second Street, voluminous chairs, a fireplace of murky black, a flamboyant exotic rug of crimson velvet, an orange-coloured lamp—everything suggested the solidarity of wealth, an entrée into the best society.

He yawned and sauntered to his bathroom, an enormous room, where he spent most of his time. He usually took five baths a day; on Sundays, seven.

Emerging from his bath, he polished himself with fine sandpaper, finishing with chamois-skin, until his smooth skin shone like satin. From the closets bursting with clothes—underwear for an army, silk shirts for a city, collars and ties for a multitude—he selected his attire.

He taxied to Brooks's, to buy him some ties and collars, then to the grill-room of the Jazza.

Life in Large Cities

The grill-room of the Jazza. Anthony *seated. Enter* Richard Caramel. *In person short, in pocket shorter. His figure is round—he is always round where* Anthony *is buying drinks.*

Anthony: Hello, Caramel, old sweet!

Dick: Thanks, I will.

Anthony: Waiter! Two double Dacharis in tea cups and four more to follow.

Dick: Sounds to me!

Anthony: Pour it down, beardless boy! How many can you hold?

Dick: Don't know—never had enough.

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ANTHONY: Waiter! two dozen quadruple Dacharis in bathtubs. Who's the luscious débutante across the room?

DICK: My cousin, Gloria Goodle, the Speed Girl from Kansas City.

ANTHONY: No!

DICK: Yes! These short lines are life-savers, aren't they?

ANTHONY: Indeed. Also this dialogue stuff—so snappy. What were we talking about?

DICK: Gloria Goodle.

ANTHONY: Oh, yes——

DICK: The Speed Girl from Kansas City.

ANTHONY: Aren't we nearly at the bottom of the page?

DICK: Yes, turn over.

ANTHONY: Your cousin?

DICK: Want to meet her?

ANTHONY: Gloria who?

DICK: Goodle.

ANTHONY: Funny name.

DICK: Funny girl.

ANTHONY: What's her line?

DICK: Legs.

ANTHONY: Whose?

DICK: Her own.

ANTHONY: My God! lead me to her!

DICK: Come on.

ANTHONY: Wait a minute. I've got something on my mind.

DICK: Get it off before you meet Gloria.

ANTHONY: Suppose I were an Athenian—too proud to be enigmatic, too supple to eventuate, too incongruous to ratify, too courageous to adorn—

DICK: Cut it! Suppose you were an author too young

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to be wise, too self-sufficient to learn, too impatient to wait, too successful to stop—that's the kind of bunk you'd write.

Glorious Gloria

She was dazzling—alight; it was agony to comprehend her beauty in a glance—hair full of heavenly glamour—mouth full of gum drops.

"Where are you from?" inquired Anthony.

"K. C., Mo. Got any gum drops?"

"Gum drops! My God!"

The clock on the mantel struck five with a querulous fashionable beauty. Then, as if a brutish sensibility in him was reminded by those thin, tinny beats that the petals were falling from the flowered afternoon, Anthony pulled her to him and held her helpless without breath, with scarcely room to masticate the gum drops, in a kiss like a chloroformed sponge.

The clock struck six.

Passion *vs.* Gum Drops

Anthony: Will you marry me, Gloria?

Gloria: Are you rich?

Anthony: Haven't a cent.

Gloria: Thought you were a millionaire.

Anthony: Absolutely stony. Spent it all on neckties and collars.

Gloria: I must have gum drops.

Anthony: Impossible.

Gloria: My God! how I love you!—but I must have gum drops.

Anthony: My God! You've broken my heart!

Gloria: My God! have I? Try a gum drop.

Anthony: My God! woman, you're heartless.

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GLORIA: I'm Gloria Goodle—the Speed Girl, Coast to Coast Gloria.

ANTHONY: Coast to coast!—ashes to ashes! dust to dust! My love is dead.

(*Then a thick impenetrable darkness descended on his mind—though you'd hardly notice the difference.*)

THE DAWNING OF A BRIGHTER DAY

At seven-thirty of the same evening, Anthony was sitting on the floor of the front room of his apartment, with three books before him—a child again playing with his stamp-albums—when Gloria and Dick came in.

"Anthony!" she cried, "your grandfather has died and left you a hundred million bucks."

"Go 'way," he answered with petulant gentleness, "I've got a five-pistache stamp of Jugo-Rumania and there isn't any place for it in the damned old book."

"Jugo-Rumania!" gasped Dick. "Ain't that the truth? The poor gink's got 'em. He always was a wet one."

"Never mind," said glorious Gloria gently. "I'll marry him and take him to Arabia where the gum comes from and you can get a decent drink. His trouble ain't so much the humidity as the hooch."

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FROM THE UNIVERSITIES

MOTHER—Betty, John brought you home very late last night.

BETTY—Yes, it was late, Mother. Did the noise disturb you?

MOTHER—No, dear, it wasn't the noise. It was the silence. —*Cornell Widow.*

"I'll marry a girl that can cook and make a home, and not one of those who can only play bridge."

"Fine. Come over and meet our Polish housemaid."—*Yale Record.*

"I've come to fix that old tub in the kitchen."

"Oh, Mamma! Here's the doctor to see the cook!"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

TEACHER—Johnny, how old is a person who was born in 1894?

JOHNNY—Man or woman?—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

HISTORY PROFESSOR—Do you know that Washington was first in war and first in peace, and——

STUDE—And last in the American League.—*Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.*

"I hear, Jackson, that your wife got a divorce and returned to Alabama. Who will do my washing now?"

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Waiting for his birthday in order to write an article on how it feels to be fifty

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"Don't worry, mum; I'se co'tin again, and I co'ts rapid."
—*Yale Record.*

VISITOR—What does the chaplain do here?

FRESHMAN—Oh, he gets up in the chapel every morning, looks over the student body, and then prays for the college.—*Lehigh Burr.*

DAUGHTER—Daddy, dear, can I have twenty-five dollars to buy you a birthday present?

PARSIMONIOUS POP—No, Jane, I think I'd rather have the money.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

VISITOR (*at murder trial*)—And what did the jury do with the beautiful defendant?

SECOND VISITOR—Gave a compromise verdict.

VISITOR—A compromise verdict?

SECOND VISITOR—Not guilty, but could not go into vaudeville.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

"We've got a dandy college yell, now."

"What is it?"

"We give four Russian battleships, a siss-boom-ah and then two Chinese generals."—*Harper's.*

"Blaine is a very quiet man."

"But you've never met him?"

"No, but I've met his wife."—*California Pelican.*

PROFESSOR—Gentlemen, I am dismissing you ten minutes early to-day. Please go out quietly so as not to wake the other classes.—*Yale Record.*

SOPH—Say, Freshman, why didn't you speak to me this afternoon?

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FRESHMAN—Didn't see you, sir.

SOPH—Didn't see me? Why, you passed right by me.

FRESHMAN—Oh, you were the guy with the girl who wore open-worked stockings.—*Washington and Lee Mink.*

"See that girl over there? She was a war bride."

"Good Lord! She must be at least seventy."

"Yeh. She was a Civil War bride."—*Stanford Chaparral.*

BOSTON LADY—How much are these string beans?

BOSTON HUCKSTER—Seventy-five cents a quart.

LADY—Isn't that rather altitudinous?

HUCKSTER—Yes, madam; but these are very high-strung beans.—*Yale Record.*

"Try a sample of the stuff before you buy it," hissed the bootlegger.

"But suppose it kills me?"

"Well, it's my loss then, ain't it?"—*Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.*

THE GIRL—Meet me to-morrow night at the same place at 7:00 o'clock.

THE BOY—All right. What time will you be there?—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

DUMB—My, but Frank is getting round-shouldered!

BELL—Too much study, I guess.

DUMB—Study nothing! The trouble with him is that he's been kissing too many short girls.—*Princeton Tiger.*

WARDEN (*to murderer in electric chair*)—Is there anything you would like to do before I push the fatal button?

THOUGHTFUL MURDERER—Yea, I would like to give my seat to a lady.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

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MRS. JONES—And how many evenings will you expect off each week? I never give more than two.

NEW MAID—I'm afraid that won't do, ma'am. You see, I'm a débutante this season.—*Brown Jug.*

TRAVELLER—Where can I leave this suitcase?

HOTEL CLERK—Sorry, sir; but the ice box is full.—*Lehigh Burr.*

REA—Liza, what fo' yo' buy dat odder box of shoe blackin'?

LIZA—Go on, dat ain't shoe blackin'; dat's my massage cream.—*Lehigh Burr.*

"I am a good judge of human nature," remarked a man as he employed a stranger. That night the stranger robbed his safe.

"Thank heaven, I still have a sense of humour," said a woman to some of her friends. Shortly afterward she went through the "Daily Dozen," with a straight face.

"I have improved this town and saved ten thousand souls," cried an evangelist as he left a city after holding revival services. Next month the citizens enlarged the jail.

"I believe in enforcing the prohibition law as it stands!" bellowed a Congressman. As he sat down a faint, glassy clink was heard in his coat pocket.

"Now for a good evening's work," said a student, as he arranged his books and papers. Half an hour later he went to the movies.—*Princeton Tiger.*

"Are you from the Far North?'

"No, why do you ask?"

"You dance as if you had snowshoes on."—*Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.*

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TEACHER—What is the plural of mouse, John?
JOHN—Mice.
TEACHER—Correct. Now the plural of spouse?
JOHN—Spice.—*Cornell Widow.*

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GIUSEPPE ON GOLF

BY

C. A. MORENO

THEES gama da golf, eet getta my goat. My seester's litla boy, Alfredo, nota yet seexteen, hava work as cadda on a thee public leenks two, t'ree year. He braga aroun' da house verra much about how gooda he is ata da game. He one day aska me to go out weeth heem an' letta heem teacha me to play theesa game. I theenk mebbe so I taka heem down one, mebbe so two peg, so I go.

He hav beega bag fulla da club, an' plenta litla whita ball. He maka litla pile a sand an' place da litla ball ona hees top. Then he taka a verra longa club an' sweeng at heem. Cr-r-rack! The litla ball he fly lika da bird, hundred feefty yard, then he run ona da ground, lika da rab' feefty yard a more.

Then, litla Alfredo, he fixa da sanda pile for me, an' handa to me hees club, an' he say, "See can you driva heem so far as me." I hava to laugh to myself. Alfredo, litla skeeny fella, arms lika da pipa stem; but me, I beega man, beega da ches', beega da leg, beega da arm, plenty da mus'; I know I can hit theesa ball a mile an' lose heem for litla Alfredo. So I sweeng at heem, an' believa me, I sweeng hard. I sweeng so hard I no can stan' still but speen roun' lika da top, two, t'ree time. When I hava stop, I say: "Dida you see heem go?"

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An' Alfredo say, "He no go, you mees heem, he still seet on his sanda pile, an' a look at you." An' he seet there, as eef he would say: "You beega da boob, you no can heet me."

"I show you, you litla white devil," I say, an' once a more I sweeng, but once a more I mees.

"Keepa da eye on da ball, eef you wanta heet heem," says Alfredo.

"You keepa da tongue in da mou't," I tella heem, "eef you no wanta I shoulda heet you." Then I try heem once more. I have begeen to feel mucha da mad. I mad at litla Alfredo, I mad ata da litla ball, I mad ata da whole worl', but my mind I hava made up, to heet thatta ball or busta myself wida open.

Thees time I walk up to heem slow, I theenk, mebbe so, the otha times I hava been too queeck. I draw backa da club verra slow, verra careful, then I shutta my eye an' breeng a heem down with alla da mus' what I got, an' thees time I heet something—but notta da ball. Eet ees the grounda what I heet, an' I heet heem so hard I maka da dirt fly alla da same lika dynamite blast. Eeeta rain on Alfredo an' me, an' leave beega hole ina da groun'.

But the litla ball hava gone an' I says to Alfredo, "Anyway I heet heem theesa time." But Alfredo pointa hees feenger atta heem, five, seexa yard to one side an' he say, "No, you no heet heem, but when you heet thatta ground he theenk eet a earthaquake an' runa to onea side to getta away."

Then I queet; I not so beega fool notta to know when I have enough. To Alfredo I giva back hees club, an' to heem I say: "Taka back theesa club, an' theesa ball, an' feenish theesa game withouta me. Eet mebbe so nice a game for cheeldren," I say, "but notta for beega growna man lika me. To hella weeth such a game!" I say.

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I AM INTERVIEWED BY THE PRESS

BY

STEPHEN LEACOCK

IMMEDIATELY upon my arrival in London I was interviewed by the Press. I was interviewed in all twenty times. I am not saying this in any spirit of elation or boastfulness. I am simply stating it as a fact—interviewed twenty times, sixteen times by men and twice by women. But as I feel that the results of these interviews were not all that I could have wished, I think it well to make some public explanation of what happened.

The truth is that we do this thing so differently over in America that I was for the time being completely thrown off my bearings. The questions that I had every right to expect after many years of American and Canadian interviews failed to appear.

I pass over the fact that being interviewed for five hours is a fatiguing process. I lay no claim to exemption for that. But to that no doubt was due the singular discrepancies as to my physical appearance which I detected in the London papers.

The young man who interviewed me immediately after breakfast described me as "a brisk, energetic man, still on the right side of forty, with energy in every movement."

The lady who wrote me up at 11:30 reported that my hair was turning gray, and that there was "a peculiar languor" in my manner.

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And at the end the boy who took me over at a quarter to two said, "The old gentleman sank wearily upon a chair in the hotel lounge. His hair is almost white."

The trouble is that I had not understood that London reporters are supposed to look at a man's personal appearance. In America we never bother with that. We simply describe him as a "dynamo." For some reason or other it always pleases everybody to be called a "dynamo," and the readers, at least with us, like to read about people who are "dynamos," and hardly care for anything else.

In the case of very old men we sometimes call them "battle-horses" or "extinct volcanoes," but beyond these three classes we hardly venture on description. So I was misled. I had expected that the reporter would say: "As soon as Mr. Leacock came across the floor we felt we were in the presence of a 'dynamo'" (or an "extinct battle-horse" as the case may be). Otherwise I would have kept up those energetic movements all the morning. But they fatigue me, and I did not think them necessary. But I let that pass.

The more serious trouble was the questions put to me by the reporters. Over in our chief centres of population we use another set altogether. I am thinking here especially of the kind of interview that I have given out in Youngstown, Ohio, and Richmond, Indiana, and Peterborough, Ontario. In all these places—for example, in Youngstown, Ohio—the reporter asks as his first question, "What is your impression of Youngstown?"

In London they don't. They seem indifferent to the fate of their city. Perhaps it is only English pride. For all I know they may have been burning to know this, just as the Youngstown, Ohio, people are, and were too proud to ask. In any case I will insert here the answer I had written out

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in my pocketbook (one copy for each paper—the way we do it in Youngstown), and which read:

"London strikes me as emphatically a city with a future. Standing as she does in the heart of a rich agricultural district with railroad connection in all directions, and resting, as she must, on a bed of coal and oil, I prophesy that she will one day be a great city."

The advantage of this is that it enables the reporter to get just the right kind of heading: PROPHESIES BRIGHT FUTURE FOR LONDON. Had that been used my name would have stood higher there than it does to-day—unless the London people are very different from the people in Youngstown, which I doubt. As it is they don't know whether their future is bright or is as dark as mud. But it's not my fault. The reporters never asked me.

If the first question had been handled properly it would have led up by an easy and pleasant transition to question two, which always runs: "Have you seen our factories?" To which the answer is:

"I have. I was taken out early this morning by a group of your citizens (whom I cannot thank enough) in a Ford car to look at your pail and bucket works. At eleven-thirty I was taken out by a second group in what was apparently the same car to see your soap works. I understand that you are the second nail-making centre east of the Alleghanies, and I am amazed and appalled. This afternoon I am to be taken out to see your wonderful system of disposing of sewage, a thing which has fascinated me from childhood."

Now I am not offering any criticism of the London system of interviewing, but one sees at once how easy and friendly for all concerned this Youngstown method is; how much better it works than the London method of asking questions about literature and art and difficult things of that sort. I

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am sure that there must be soap works and perhaps a pail factory somewhere in London. But during my entire time of residence there no one ever offered to take me to them. As for the sewerage—oh, well, I suppose we are more hospitable in America. Let it go at that.

I had my answer all written and ready, saying:

"I understand that London is the second greatest hop-consuming, the fourth hog-killing, and the first egg-absorbing centre in the world."

But what I deplore still more, and I think with reason, is the total omission of the familiar interrogation: "What is your impression of our women?"

That's where the reporter over on our side hits the nail every time. That is the point at which we always nudge him in the ribs and buy him a cigar, and at which youth and age join in a sly jest together. Here again the sub-heading comes in so nicely: THINKS YOUNGSTOWN WOMEN CHARMING. And they are. They are, everywhere. But I hate to think that I had to keep my impression of London women unused in my pocket while a young man asked me whether I thought modern literature owed more to observation and less to inspiration than some other kind of literature.

Now that's exactly the kind of question, the last one, that the London reporters seem to harp on. They seemed hipped about literature; and their questions are too difficult. One asked me whether the American drama was structurally inferior to the French. I don't call that fair. I told him I didn't know; that I used to know the answer to it when I was at college, but that I had forgotten it, and that, anyway, I am too well off now to need to remember it.

That question is only one of a long list that they asked me about art and literature. I missed nearly all of them, except one as to whether I thought Al Jolson or Frank Tinney

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was the higher artist, and even that one was asked by an American who is wasting himself on the London Press.

I don't want to speak in anger. But I say it frankly, the atmosphere of these young men is not healthy, and I felt that I didn't want to see them any more.

Had there been a reporter of the kind we have at home in Montreal or Toledo or Springfield, Illinois, I would have welcomed him at my hotel. He could have taken me out in a Ford car and shown me a factory and told me how many cubic feet of water go down the Thames in an hour. I should have been glad of his society, and he and I would have together made up the kind of copy that people of his class and mind read. But I felt that if any young man came along to ask about the structure of the modern drama, he had better go on to the British Museum.

Meantime, as the reporters entirely failed to elicit the large fund of information which I acquired, I reserve my impressions of London for a chapter by themselves.

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A SERMON ON COLLEGE HUMOUR

BY

STEPHEN LEACOCK

This exhortation was addressed to the infant college paper called *The Goblin* of Toronto. *The Goblin* followed my advice, and look at it now.

I SHOULD like just for once to have the privilege of delivering a sermon. And I know no better opportunity for preaching it than to do so across the cradle of this infant *Goblin* to those who are gathered at its christening.

As my text let me take the words that were once said in playful kindliness by Charles the Second, "*Good jests ought to bite like lambs, not dogs; they should cut, not wound.*" I invite the editors of this publication to ponder deeply on the thought, and when they have a sanctum to carve the words in oak below the chimneypiece.

The best of humour is always kindly. The worst and the cheapest is malicious. The one is arduous and the other facile. But, like the facile descent of Avernus, it leads only to destruction.

A college paper is under very peculiar temptations to indulge in the cheaper kinds of comicality. In the first place its writers and its readers are for the most part in that early and exuberant stage of life in which the boisterous assertion of one's own individuality is still only inadequately tempered by consideration for the feelings of others.

In the second place it finds itself in an environment that

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lends itself to the purposes of easy ridicule. The professor stands ready as its victim.

The professor is a queer creature; of a type inviting the laughter of the unwise. His eye is turned in. He sees little of externals and values them hardly at all. Hence in point of costume and appearance he becomes an easy mark. He wears a muffler in April, not having noticed that the winter has gone by! He will put on a white felt hat without observing that it is the only one in town; and he may be seen with muffetees upon his wrists fifty years after the fashion of wearing them has passed away.

I can myself recall a learned man at the University of Chicago who appeared daily during the summer quarter in an English morning coat with white flannel trousers and a little round straw hat with a blue and white ribbon on it, fit for a child to wear at the seaside. That man's own impression of his costume was that it was a somewhat sportive and debonair combination, such as any man of taste might assume under the more torrid signs of the Zodiac.

As with dress, so with manner. The professor easily falls into little ways and mannerisms of his own. In the deference of the classroom they pass unchallenged and uncorrected. With the passage of the years they wear into his mind like ruts. One I have known who blew imaginary chalk dust off his sleeve at little intervals; one who turned incessantly a pencil up and down. One hitches continuously at his tie; one smooths with meaningless care the ribbons of his college gown.

As with his dress, so with the professor's speech. The little jest that he uttered in gay impromptu in his first year as a lecturer is with him still in his declining age. The happy phrase and the neat turn of thought are none the less neat and happy to him for all that he has said them regularly once a year for thirty sessions. It is too late to bid them good-bye.

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In any case, perhaps the students, or perhaps some student, has not heard them; and that were indeed a pity.

When I was an undergraduate at the University of Toronto thirty years ago, the noblest of our instructors had said the words "*Hence accordingly*" at the commencement of such innumerable sentences that the words had been engraved by a college joker across the front of the lecturer's desk. They had been there so long that all memory of the original joker had been lost. Yet the good man had never seen them. Coming always into his classroom from the same quarter of the compass, he was still able after forty years to use the words "*Hence accordingly*" as a new and striking mode of thought. The applause which always greeted the phrase he attributed to our proper appreciation of the resounding period that had just been closed. He always bowed slightly at our applause and flushed a little with the pardonable vanity of age.

Having fun over a thing of that sort is as easy as killing a bird on the nest, and quite as cruel.

Can it be wondered, then, that every college paper that sets out to be "funny" turns loose upon the professoriate. It fastens upon the obvious idiosyncrasies of the instructors. It puts them in the pillory. It ridicules their speech. It lays bare in cruel print and mimic dialogue the little failings hitherto unconscious and unknown. And for the sake of a cheap and transitory laughter it often leaves a wound that rankles for a lifetime.

My young friends, who are to conduct this little *Goblin*, pause and beware.

For the essential thing is that such cheap forms of humour are not worth while. Even from the low plane of editorial advantages they are poor "copy." The appeal is too narrow. The amusement is too restricted; and the after-taste too bitter.

If the contents of a college paper are nothing more than

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college jokes upon the foibles of professors and fellow students the paper is not worth printing. Such matter had better be set forth with a gum machine upon a piece of foolscap and circulated surreptitiously round the benches of the classroom.

If the editors of *The Goblin* are wise they will never encourage or accept contributions that consist of mere personal satire. If a student is as fat as the Fat Boy himself let him pass his four years unrecorded in the peace due to his weight. If a professor is as thin as a meridian of longitude let no number of *The Goblin* ever chronicle the fact.

At the end of every sermon there is, so far as I remember, a part of it that is called the benediction. It consists in invoking a blessing upon the hearers. This I do now. I should not have written in such premonitory criticism of *The Goblin*, if I did not feel myself deeply interested in its fortunes. I think that a journal of this kind fills a great place in the life of a university. As a wholesome corrective of the pedantry and priggishness which is the reverse side of scholarship it has no equal. It can help to give to the outlook of its readers a better perspective than the cramped vision induced by the formal pursuit of learning. In the surroundings of your University and your province it has, I think, a peculiar part to play. You are in great need—I hope I say it in all gentleness—of the genial corrective of the humorous point of view. You live in an atmosphere somewhat overcharged with public morality. The virtue that surrounds you is passing—so it sometimes seems to more sinful outsiders—into austerity.

In other words, to put it briefly, you are in a bad way. Your undergraduates, if they were well advised, would migrate to the larger atmosphere and the more human culture of McGill. But if they refuse to do that, I know nothing that will benefit them more than the publication of a journal such as yours is destined, I hope, to be.

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BALANCED?

BY

MAUD KENNEN WADDOCK

WHENEVER I've been happy
In a fashion slightly snappy,
  And I realize a pang of conscience prods,
In order to relieve me
Of compunctions that aggrieve me,
  I make oblation to my little gods;
And my system of contrition
Is to pick my own punition,
  For I find it leaves my soul as good as new,
If I seek that shrine of beauty
Widely advertised as Duty,
  And select myself a dirty job to do!

After all my maddest revels
I attack domestic devils,
  I clean the ice box till it's spick and span;
Or I resolutely scrub
Underneath the bathroom tub,
Though I know 'twill ne'er be seen by mortal man.
I acquire a headache, bending
O'er a seam that has no ending
  Oh, I castigate myself time after time!

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And I search subsconscious byways
Finding certain secret sly ways
To make my retribution fit my crime.

So the self that's Puritanic
Strives to pay for pranks Satanic
And oftentimes the balance sheet is clear,
While again, a slight digression
From the pathway of discretion,
And I find myself most sadly in arrear.
Should you question if quite lately
I have squandered profligately,
On advice of counsel I'd refuse to say;
You must draw your own conclusion
From the end of this effusion—
I'm entertaining my in-laws to-day!

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"Do not be so cast down," she said; "it grieves me greatly to give you so much pain."

He looked up and laughed.

"Don't worry," he said; "my proposal was just a freak election bet."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

NEURICH—Be sure you get a good-looking nurse for baby.

MRS. NEURICH—Why?

NEURICH—I want him to have police protection.—*Medley.*

MRS. BLANK (*visiting*)—Really, James and I meant to call long before this, but somehow we kept putting off the evil day.—*Weekly Telegraph.*

MRS. GOODSOLE—While you were abroad did you visit the Holy Land?

THE GOLF BUG'S WIFE—I didn't, but my husband did. He wouldn't go home until he'd played St. Andrews.—*Judge.*

DORCAS—Do you ever allow a man to kiss you when you're out motoring with him?

PHILIPPA—Never. If a man can drive safely while kissing me, he's not giving the kiss the attention it deserves.—*Kansas City Star.*

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Two small boys were puzzling their brains to invent a new game. At last one of them said, eagerly: "I know, Billy, let's see who can make the ugliest face."

"Aw, go on!" was the reply. "Look what a start you've got!"—*Pathfinder.*

A man rushed into a tobacco store.

"This cigar you sold me," he said, "it's—it's simply frightful."

"Well, you needn't complain," said the tobacconist. "You've only got one. I've got thousands of them."—*The Progressive Grocer.*

"Will you join our party in the jam preserves?" asked the first fly.

"No," said the second fly, "the lady of our house has baked a cake with icing on it. We're going in for winter sports."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"I thought you said she was one of your best friends."

"She is."

"But when you met her the other afternoon she seemed stiff and formal."

"Yes, but I understand her thoroughly. She's just been reading a book on etiquette."—*Detroit Free Press.*

FAIR VISITOR—Here, my poor man, are some roses for you. What can I do to make you comfortable?

PRISONER—Guess you're making a mistake, lady.

FAIR VISITOR—Mistake—how?

PRISONER—I'm only here for porch-climbin'. Yer'll find the guy that killed his wife in th' nex' cell.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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"I'm getting old."

"Having rheumatism?"

"Worse than that. I'm having reminiscences."—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

GREAT LECTURER—In the South Sea Islands it costs eight spearheads to get a wife.

MUCH LECTURED—In this county, it only takes one bonehead.—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

OLD GENTLEMAN (*dictating an indignant letter*)—Sir: My stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you; I, being a gentleman, cannot think it; but you, being neither, can easily guess my thoughts.—*The Independent.*

PAUL—I had a date with a professional mind reader once.

PAULINE—How did she enjoy her vacation?—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

Speaking of endurance tests, there is the wait for an amateur performance to begin.—*St. Joseph (Mo.) News-Press.*

In reply to the query, "Who brought gifts to the Infant Jesus?" which appeared on the Scripture examination paper of a Skegness school, one pupil appended: "Mr. Franklincense and Mr. Myrrh."—*Christian Life.*

"Pa, what is repartee?"

"Oh, merely an insult with its dress-suit on, my son."—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

A party of tourists was about to be steered through the ruins of Pompeii. The guide began his lecture by saying:

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"Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption in 79."

"Oh!" exclaimed the lady from the Middle West. "Just eight years after the Chicago fire!"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

SHE—When you asked me to be your wife you deliberately deceived me?

HE—In what way, Martha?

SHE—You told me you were well off.

HE—Well, I may have said it, Martha, but I didn't know how well off I was at that time.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

FIRST POKER PLAYER—I say we quit the game now we're even.

SECOND POKER PLAYER—Even! How do you make that out?

FIRST POKER PLAYER—Why, you had all of my money awhile ago, and now I've got all of yours!—*Detroit Free Press.*

"What happened to Rollignan?"

"He dhrowned."

"An' couldn't he swim?"

"He did, for eight hours, but he was a union man."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

JONES—Are you going to pay me that account?

SMITH—Not just yet.

JONES—If you don't, I'll tell all your other creditors that you paid me.—*Stray Stories.*

Alice for the first time saw a cat carrying her kitten by the nape of its neck.

"You ain't fit to be a mother," she cried scathingly. "You ain't hardly fit to be a father!"—*Youth's Companion.*

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WE WANT YOUR
EGGS
AND WANT THEM BAD
PORTER & YOUNG
—Display Ad in The Le Roy (Minn.) Independent.

GREENE—Did you ever hear an after-dinner speech that was really worth while?

DEAN—Only once. Last night I dined with an old acquaintance and he said: "Waiter, bring me the check."—*American Legion Weekly.*

It was Robert's first visit to the Zoo.

"What do you think of the animals?" inquired Uncle Ben.

After a critical inspection of the exhibit the boy replied, "I think the kangaroo and the elephant should change tails."
—Cincinnati Western Christian Advocate.

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SNAPPY CHATTER WITH PRESIDENT

BY

RING LARDNER

TO THE EDITOR:

Since the news leeked out that I had been to Washington the mails has been flooded with a couple of letters wanting to know did I meet the President. Yes friends we both had that honour and the meeting took place in the executive offices on one of the days when he receives whatever newspapermen is able to be up by 4 P. M.

The doors is throwed open at a given signal and all the correspondents rushes in and stands around his desk and he stands up and reads off a few replies to queries that has been wrote in to him and wile he is reading any correspondent has got the privilege of interrupting him to ask extra questions provide it they don't care if they get a answer. The day I was there he might just as well of said mah jongg as soon as we had him surrounded.

When meeting was over Mr. Watkins of the Indianapolis *Star* says for me to lag behind like usual and he made the introductions and we shook hands and the President says I have heard your name a good many times and I wanted to say horse a piece but I just give him one of my smiles and says I had heard of him too and he says what was I doing in Washington and I says I had came there hoping to testify but nobody could call on me so I had called on him. He laughed till you

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could of heard a pin drop. So then I left before he had a chance to ask me to supper, as I all ready was dated up.

Starved to Death in Safety Zone

The date was with a stage actress who I had kind of bragged around that I knowed her and promised some of the Washington folks that I would introduce her to them and the arrangements was that they would wait for me down to Harvey's restaurant and I would bring her there. Will state at this point that the lady in question was Miss Dale Winter who is starring in a music show name Irene which seems to be getting kind of popular. Well anyways I could not find Miss Winter and the folks who was waiting for us got kind of hysterical and one of them name Jack O'Brien made the remark that if Winter comes will Ring be far behind. This is said to of created a furor in Harvey's and spoiled several people's supper.

One thing I noticed about Washington is that the taxi drivers is pretty near all boys that failed to get overseas during the war but is about ½ seas over now and still trying to do their bit and if they don't knock off at lease one pedestrian per trip they don't charge for the ride. The boys was telling me about a congressman from Humperdinck county, Wisconsin, who they had all been trying to get but couldn't seem to do no more than graze him till finely they hired a policeman to tell him about the safety zones in the middle of the street and he stepped into one of them one night and they kept him there till he starved to death. Personly I was too smart to walk anywheres and all I got was strained ligaments from trying to work the foot brake from the back seat.

Senators Nearly Get Trapped in Senate

Another chance a pedestrian takes is on acct. of the bootleggers being jealous of each other and every time one of them

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sees another, which you can't hardly help, why they's a mutual shooting affray. But the boys has generally always been trying their own stuff and being 1.2 blind they are just as libel to hit you or I. And one time it seems they happened to hit a senator but luckly for him the bullet struck his head and he got off with a abrasion and anyways he was from Vermont which somebody has nicknamed the granite state.

I kind of expected that everybody in town would be speaking in code but was able to understand practally everything that was said up to 2 or 3 A.M. I figured that the Washington newspaper men being right there on the grounds, why they would have a better inside in the situation but they was very few names I didn't hear favourably mentioned for the president's chair, speaking of which they will half to make it a couch or you can count me out. One correspondent even said he had heard that Cox was going to run again. He didn't explain the use of the adverb.

Spent one pleasant P.M. out to the Central High School where the athletic director is Doc White that used to pitch and sing baritone for the White Sox. Doc's high school baseball team was having their work out and will state that it is good thing for Philadelphia that they ain't in the National League. Doc has got a skinny shortstop named Scrubbs which fits him about like Ladd fits the chairman of the oil committee.

Well, the last day I was in the old burg they was a heavy blizzard and the senators adjourned two hours early for the fear it would get worse and they couldn't get home. Only for this 4 sighted action they's no telling how long they would of been detained in the senate, of all places.

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RING INVESTIGATES WASHINGTON SCANDAL RUMOUR

BY

RING LARDNER

TO THE EDITOR:

I been hanging around Washington a wile in the hopes of getting called on to testify though I don't know nothing about anything but that don't seem to be no bar to getting called on. They have had witnesses that come all the way from Seattle to tell that flowers lasts longer if you keep them in water but two or three days of rigid cross examination failed to shake them.

However they wouldn't nobody pay no tension to me though I hung out in all the different committee rooms and smiled and winked at all the different senators and kept coughing and clearing my throat like I was ready to tell them a story that would leave them in hysterics. But somebody must of put in a knock and I finely had to pack up and go home without a whole lot of people even knowing I was in town. That is the kind of a deal they give me.

The boys and gals that was on the stand seemed to be having the time of their life and their faces fell ½ a ft. when the senators said that will do. It was the first time the most of them had ever been in the limelight and they hated to get it over with. They was a battery of newspaper photographers always on the job and it certainly was pathetic to see some

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of the boys and gals keep looking in their direction in the hopes that they would not be forgotten. But plates costs money and before they will waist one on you you have either got to be beautiful or Harry Sinclair.

Pure Oil and Poor Oil

On acct. of the nation wide disappointment rising from not being summonsed maybe I would better give my evidence just like I would of give it had I of been asked and show the senators what a mistake they made when they left me out in the cold and in giving it I will try and follow the style like I heard other people that was lucky enough to get called on.

Q. Do you know Harry M. Daugherty?

A. Well, I know a man named Jim Daugherty of Philadelphia. He refereed the Gibbons-Dempsey fight in Shelby, Montana, where Senators Walsh and Wheeler comes from. He was supposed to get $5,000 dollars for his services, but he claims he did not get that much.

Q. Do you know any other Daugherty?

A. Well, I used to know one that was spelled Dougherty. His first name was Pat and he played left field for the Red Sox and White Sox and come to think of it he was interested in oil wells up in New York State. He had curly hair.

Q. Did he hit left or right handed?

A. Left handed. But he throwed right handed.

Q. Did you ever know a man named Smith?

A. No.

Q. Did you ever know a man named McLean?

A. One of my best pals was Larry McLean the catcher.

Q. Was you ever interested in Pure Oil?

A. Only in French dressing.

Q. Did you ever own any oil of any kind?

A. Yes, but I bought it for something else and didn't know

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what it was till after I had drunk it. But it certainly wasn't pure. In fact I would call it Poor Oil. (Laughter.)

Q. Have you talked with anybody connected with this inquiry?

A. What inquiry? Oh, yes, I know what you mean. Why, yes, I have talked with Mr. Will H. Hays, but that was way back when he was the post master.

Q. What was the conversation?

A. Neither of us understood it. It was all in code.

Q. How did you come to loose so much hair?

A. If you are going into personalties Senator, why where did you get them funny eyebrows?

Q. Your front teeth looks all right, but how about your back teeth?

Appearances Are Deceiving

A. Well, I want to explain that Senator, I had a couple of loose ones which the boys said had better come out and they took them out and are going to put in some bridge works. But I have got to wait till I have time as I find it impossible to get through my work in a hr. and a ½ per day like a senator. (Laughter.)

Q. What is your work?

A. I refuse to answer on the grounds that I might make a monkey of myself.

Q. Was you ever refused for insurance?

A. Just fire insurance. The examiners seemed to think they was danger of me burning up. But I want to tell you Senator that I always like to be took out on a five card major suit and when I double a bid of three I mean business.

Q. That will do.

A. But wait a minute Senator, I ain't told you how many children I got.

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Q. That will do.

That is a example of what I would of testified to and shows you what they missed not calling on me, but senators is libel to make mistakes as they are only human though they may look different.

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A MANDY LAY

With the Usual to Rudyard K.

BY

CLARENCE MANSFIELD LINDSAY

By the old Henhouse Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Plymouth Rock a-settin', an' I know she lays for me!
For the wind is in the plane trees, an' the pullets seem to say:
"Come you back, you poultry raiser; watch your prize hen Mandy lay!"
Watch your good old Mandy lay
In her nest upon the hay;
Can't you 'ear the roosters crowin', in a prideful sort o' way?
Let the fryin' squawkers play,
But old Mandy's bound to lay;
When the price goes up, by thunder, china eggs is bound to pay!

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FATHER AN' SON

BY

ABE MARTIN

DOES your son skulk behind th' house or dodge in an alley when he sees you comin', or does he drop his playthings or leave his companions t' run down th' street t' meet you? Is he allus talkin' 'bout "my paw" t' his playmates, or does he refer t' you as "him"? Does your boy place his order fer a haircut, or a ball bat, or a snare drum, through his mother, or does he jump on your knee an' order direct? Is your son afraid o' you, an' how is your attitude toward your wife? Are you too great t' cut up with your son? Are you th' life an' sunshine o' some establishment an' played out when you git home, or are you th' director in a losin' concern, or have you got th' dyspepsia?

If your boy is afraid o' you, it's only a question o' time till he gits ont' you. Then he'll laugh, or tear out. Do you go home in th' evenin' an' go in th' kitchen with your watch in your hand? At th' evenin' meal do you make your little boy eat kale or spinach? Do you ever shove th' butter over where th' little feller kin reach it? Do you scowl an' bawl your son out when he timidly whispers t' his mother an' asks fer a second egg? Do you make him eat up ever'thing he bites into? Do you buy him shoes four sizes too large, an' tell him th' parade is all that ther' is t' a circus? Make a

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chum o' your boy. Show him th' difference between a jay bird an' a sparrow, an' how t' fly a kite. Make him like you so when he gits further along he'll wash th' car an' mow th' grass.

We wuz walkin' along th' street th' other day an' we came upon two little boys workin' on a pushmobile. Suddenly one o' them looked terrified an' said, "Beat it, quick! Here comes th' ole man!" An' they rushed panic-stricken up an alley. Lookin' down th' street we saw a little pompous feller comin' along wearin' a fierce collar an' carryin' a newspaper under his arm. His head wuz erect an' a firm chin glistened in th' evenin' sun. He looked like he'd jest put th' finishin' touches on a history o' th' universe, an' wuz all set fer a thick red steak an' a pot o' Java.

Sure enough, he turned in th' home on whose lawn th' little boys wuz playin'. Then I saw a woman hurriedly jump out of a porch swing an' scamper in th' house as he approached. He entered th' house with his chin higher 'n ever, an' through an open window we heard in hard metallic tones, "Dinner not ready? You're a hell of a wife!"

We asked a feller who chanced t' pass, who lived in that home, an' he replied, "He's a credit man fer a dollar-down-an'-th'-rest-eventually furniture store, but I don't know his name."

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A HICK TOWN

BY

ABE MARTIN

A HICK town is a community where a Masonic ring or an Elk tooth won't git us by if we hain't got th' goods; it's a settlement where th' president o' th' People's Bank is as liable as not t' be a good cornet player, an' where th' purtiest girl in town gits ever'thing out o' life in one summer. A hick, or nine-flivver town, is a place where ever'buddy knows ever'buddy else's business, where, if a young man steals a cow, th' whole town knows that he's takin' after his gran'father on his mother's side, where th' postmaster cancels stamps with an indelible lead pencil.

It's purty hard t' fool th' people in a hick town. Sometimes a feller'll have t' usher in a church for two or three years before he gits a good chance t' clean up an' tear out. Ther hain't much opportunity fer anything in a little town 'cept t' be good an' noble, but if a feller kin be satisfied with one wife, a Sunday suit, an' th' approval of his conscience, he kin worry along purty comfortablelike. But except fer smells an' opreys ther's 'bout as much diversion in hick towns as ther is in th' cities. Occasionally a sign'll fall on an ole an' respected citizen, almost daily some well-known cow'll git hit by an auto, sometimes a prosperous an' widely known citizen'll fall an easy prey t' some epidemic an' leave seven or eight thousan' dollars tied up, occasionally some pioneer citizen who's been feelin' poorly for seventy years'll actually die.

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Hick towns are only human after all, so they have ther eternal-triangle sensations th' same as th' cities. Maybe th' ideal an' unsuspectin' husband'll shoot th' liveryman, or maybe he'll take his errin' wife back, but none o' 'em ever cut any ice in th' social affairs o' th' town agin.

In a city, where nobuddy needs any other credentials 'cept a good front, it's different. Some folks thrive in a city that couldn't git trust fer a can o' cove oysters in a hick town. Lots o' folks blend right in with th' artificiality o' th' city an' that's th' place fer 'em. But if a feller wants t' live an honest, quiet, peaceful life, an' enjoy th' love, an' garden tools, an' lawn mower, an' confidence of his neighbours, ther's no spot like th' hick town where ever'buddy's ont' ever'-buddy—where respectability is a real asset, where we kin git on committees, an' where we're remembered long after we're gone without givin' fifty thousan' dollars t' somethin'.

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TO-DAY'S GIRL

BY

ABE MARTIN

WHEN Gran'maw gits t' thinkin' about th' pleasures an' opportunities o' th' present day she must wonder how she ever survived th' ole poky croquet-playin' period of her uneventful girlhood. We wonder what she thinks when her tender striplin' of a niece tears out o' th' house an' jumps int' a powerful liver-coloured machine an' spins away in a cloud o' cigarette smoke with some close-reefed irresponsible pompadoured dude that don't expect t' git married fer fifteen years. Our girls are gittin' out too soon. They don't work at mudpies long enough. We no longer see th' meekness that used t' lurk under th' long lashes o' Miss Sixteen. Th' candy-apple flush that used t' rush t' her face at th' slightest slip o' th' tongue no longer rushes.

Th' miss o' t'-day is interestin' like a snake charmer, but not girlish. She fills th' neighbourhood with apprehension, while her folks trust t' luck. Ther's somethin' about th' girl o' t'day that disarms those who would like t' love an' protect her. Her eyes sparkle with a challenge, an' out in society her bearin' carries an independence that makes th' feller who would like t' git married an' settle down decide t' put th' matter off. Th' painted thin-spaced girl o' t'day with her pin-stripe eyebrows an' red tacky lips an' cerise nose has all th' peculiarities o' those grown callous in th' whirl o' pleasure.

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But, after all, ther's some things t' admire about th' new girl—her pluck an' her determination t' be self-sustainin'. We love t' see her smilin' cars t' stop that she may ride t' work an' save a nickel. We admire her bravery when it comes t' jumpin'. We love t' see her at th' noon hour in a cafeteria selectin' th' things she likes, an' payin' fer 'em. We like her in business positions—especially haberdashery stores, 'cause she never shows us th' kind she wears. You catch a girl clerk when she hain't fixin' her hair or powderin' her nose, an' you've got as good a clerk as one would want. But we miss th' old indescribable somethin' about th' girl in her teens that used t' make us stutter an' tremble in her presence.

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They kissed and parted

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LADY—And what sort of person is Mrs. Robinson, Colonel?

COLONEL—Oh, the sort of person who calls a table napkin a serviette.

LADY—But I always call it a serviette.

COLONEL—(*undefeated*)—Then you know exactly what kind of person she is.—*Punch.*

"What made you marry Daddy, Mummy?"

"So you're beginning to wonder, too!"—*London Opinion.*

GOLFER (*whose unknown opponent has driven a straight two hundred and fifty yards from the first tee*)—Say, does he often do that?

CADDIE—It's all right, sir—'is foot slipped.—*Punch.*

DRUGGIST (*to his stout wife*)—Don't come into the shop for a minute. I am trying to sell six bottles of my fat-reducing mixture.—*Humorist.*

FIRST TOURIST—Why are you at the station at this unearthly hour?

SECOND TOURIST—Well, you see, I can never remember all the things I've forgotten till I get to the station, so I have to allow for plenty of time to go back for them.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

MAGISTRATE—I cannot understand you. . . . You admit murdering this poor old woman for a paltry half-a-crown!

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PRISONER—Well, Guv'nor, half-a-crown here and half-a-crown there . . . it soon mounts up, yer know!—*London Opinion.*

"Ma'am, there's a man at the door with a parcel for you."

"What is it, Bridget?"

"It's a fish, ma'am, and it's marked C. O. D."

"Then make the man take it back. I ordered trout."—*Answers.*

GOLFER—Absolutely shocking! I've never played so badly before.

CADDIE—Oh! You 'ave played before, then!—*London Mail.*

SLIM YOUNG THING—Look at that woman—she looks as if she'd been poured into her dress.

HER PARTNER—Yes, and forgot to say "when."—*London Opinion.*

MISTRESS—By the way, cook, I want to give a small luncheon party on Wednesday——

COOK—I'm afraid, mum, I shall have to ask you to put it off as I'm playing against the housemaid in the second round of the Domestic Ladies' Golf Tournament.—*Tatler.*

MOTHER—Which do you think he's most like, Mrs. Smith?

MRS. SMITH (*meaning kindly*)—Well, to tell yer the truth I think 'e's just escaped bein' like either of yer.—*Punch.*

LADY (*looking at a new dog*)—He's certainly not worth five pounds——

DEALER—'Ush, not so loud, Mum. 'E's listening in—'e's one o' them new wireless terriers.—*London Opinion.*

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GOVERNESS (*to Mabel, just returned from a week-end visit*)—And did you have a nice time with your grandmother, dear?

MABEL—Well, as a matter of fact I was rather bored. Between you and me, Miss Pringle, Granny is a bit early victorious.—*Punch.*

MISTRESS—Jane, I've mislaid the key of my escritoire. I wish you'd just fetch me that box of odd keys; I dare say I can find one to open it.

JANE—It's no use, ma'am. There isn't a key in the 'ouse as 'll fit that desk.—*Punch.*

PATIENT—Can this operation be performed safely, doctor?

DOCTOR—That, my dear sir, is just what we are about to discover.—*London Opinion.*

THE PATIENT—I've broken my glasses; do I have to be examined all over again?

THE OCULIST—Oh, no, only your eyes.—*Sketch.*

"Old Brown won't live long; he has one leg in the grate."

"You mean one leg in the grave.'

"No; he's going to be cremated."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

MAGISTRATE—You are charged with being drunk. Have you anything to say?

CULPRIT—I've never been drunk in my life, sir, and never intend to be, for it always makes me feel so bad in the morning.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE MAIDEN—Not very cheery, are you?

THE YOUTH—No. I'm afraid I'm beastly sentimental, but when I think what we've been to each other all this summer and that in a month I shall have forgotten even your name—well, I can't help feeling it a bit.—*Punch.*

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THE PROFESSOR—Isn't it wonderful, my dear? They've actually found in the tomb couches and chairs thirty centuries old and in good condition.

HIS WIFE—I have always said, John, that it pays in the long run to buy the best.—*Punch.*

SOULFUL LADY—There are times, Mr. Simpkins, when I feel convinced I was on earth in ancient Egypt.

YOUTH—I say, you know, it's jolly rare for a girl to joke about her age like that.—*Punch.*

STRENUOUS YOUNG WOMAN (*turning down a proposal of marriage*)—I must have a caveman who, club in hand, will beat me into submission.

YOUNG MAN—Well, look here. What about a round of golf next Saturday?—*Punch.*

PANEL DOCTOR (*to gloomy patient*)—You must drive away this depression. Practise a spirit of cheerfulness. Sing at your work, as it were.

PATIENT—Sing at my work? Why, it can't be done, sir. I'm a glass blower.—*Punch.*

SALESMAN (*at Harridges*)—Now, here's an overcoat for you, sir—look at it—feel the material—there's value for money!

BUYER—Yes, but I want a new coat: that happens to be the one I've just taken off.—*London Opinion.*

GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER—What ever be up with thee, Granddad?

GRANDDAD (*in convulsions of aged mirth*)—Why, I sold the old kitchen chair to that chap from Lunnen as a genuine antique, an' I can remember me old granfeyther telling me he made it hisself.—*Punch.*

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"I see by the paper that the concert we attended last night was a tremendous success."

"Yes, I had no idea we enjoyed it half so much at the time."—*London Opinion.*

THE VICAR—Your sons are really terrible, Mr. Little. Don't you ever inflict a little corporal punishment on them?

MR. LITTLE—No. I have never hit my boys except in self-defense.—*London Opinion.*

JESSIE—I can't imagine how you get money out of your husband.

BESSIE—Oh, I simply say I'm going back to Mother, and he immediately hands me the fare.—*Answers.*

MISTRESS—You can have this hat, Reynolds. I shall not wear it again.

HER MAID—That is kind of you, mum. It's the very one my young man likes me in best!—*Pearson's Weekly.*

"I have a job for you, Mr. Graffik," said the editor to the new reporter. "Are you married?"

"No, sir."

"I thought not. Get married instantly, and let me have three columns by ten o'clock on how to manage a wife."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

DEAR MASTER:

I have the pleasure to regret to inform you that when I go bath this morning a billow he remove my trouser. Dear Master, how can I go on duty with only one trouser? If he get loss where am I? Kind write Accra that they send me one more trouser and so I catch him and go duty. Good-

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day Sir. My God, how are you? Your loving corporal."—*London Daily News.*

FATHER—I never smoked when I was your age. Will you be able to tell that to your son when you are my age?

WILLIE—Not with such a straight face as you do, Father.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

"What is your occupation?"

"I used to be an organist."

"And why did you give it up?"

"The monkey died."—*London Opinion.*

AUNT (*talking scandal*): Mrs. Mashie? Oh, surely not! She is an awfully good woman; so devout.

NIECE: But she flirts outrageously.

AUNT: Yes, but only with the clergy.—*Answers.*

GIRL (*to shy lover*)—You've hardly spoken a word all evening, Sandy, and yet you write me such beautifully long letters.

SANDY—Aye! A'm just thinking what A'm going to put in ma next.—*Humorist.*

FRIEND—I say, your wife looks charming. Her dress is a poem.

AUTHOR (*who foots the bill*)—Much more than that, old man; ten poems and a short story.—*Passing Show.*

MAGISTRATE—Have you anything to say before I pass sentence?

BURGLAR—Yus, m'lud. It's a bit thick bein' identified by a bloke wot kept 'is head under the bedclothes the whole time.—*London Opinion.*

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THE LANDLADY (*discussing plans for spring clothes renovation*)—Ah, sir, I often wonders what the moth did live on before that there Adam and Eve invented clothes.—*Passing Show.*

MISS F.—Who is that you just bowed to?

MISS B.—Oh, she's our next-door neighbour!

MISS F.—But she didn't return your bow.

MISS B.—No, she never returns anything.—*London Opinion.*

SHE (*tenderly*)—When did you first know you loved me?

HE—When I began to get mad when people said you were brainless and unattractive.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

NOVICE—Er—I want some golf clubs, please—suitable for a nine-hole course.—*Punch.*

"A bachelor," said the cynic, "is one who looks before he leaps, and then stays where he is."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

JACK—Dad, what are ancestors?

DAD—Well, my boy, I'm one of your ancestors. Your grandfather is another.

JACK—Oh! Then why do people brag about them?—*Pearson's Weekly.*

"Why have Scotsmen a sense of humour?"

"Because it's a gift."—*London Morning Post.*

"Jessie, I have told you again and again not to speak when older persons are talking, but wait until they stop."

"I've tried that already, mamma. They never do stop."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

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ADELINA—Wasn't there some talk of Maud marrying a duke?

DOLLY—Yes, but you see the duke didn't say anything about it.—*Sketch.*

"Charley, did you hear that joke about the Egyptian guide who showed some tourists two skulls of Cleopatra—one as a girl and one as woman?"

"No; let's hear it."—*The Humorist.*

"The hotel is so crowded, sir, that the best we can do is to put you in the same room with the proprietor."

"That will be all right; just put my valuables in the safe."—*Tatler.*

An Englishman in Paris had to visit the dentist.

"And, m'sieur," asked the servant in a tender tone, "whom shall I have the misery to announce?"—*Royal Magazine.*

FOREMAN OF THE JURY—We find the prisoner guilty, with some little doubt as to the identity whether he is the right man.—*Passing Show.*

LADY—We saw the advertisement about this house being for sale and we've come to see it.

OWNER—Yes, madam; but after reading the house agent's description of it we have decided not to sell.—*Passing Show.*

NATIVE (*who has accompanied total stranger along country road*)—Maybe y've come from Lunnon?

STRANGER—No.

NATIVE—Perhaps from the North of England?

STRANGER—No.

NATIVE—Maybe Scotland, then?

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STRANGER—No.

NATIVE—D'ye think Oi cares a dom' where ye comes from?—*London Mail.*

"Mr. Chairman," said the orator, who was being severely heckled, "I must appeal on a point of order. I have been speaking now for over a quarter of an hour, but there are so many interruptions and so much ribaldry from all parts of the hall that I can scarcely hear myself speaking."

"Cheer up!" came a voice. "You're not missing much."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Tragedy in a nutshell: Lion and two lion-hunters; lion and one lion-hunter; lion.—*Cassells' Magazine.*

FIRST SPORTSMAN—It's getting awfully late and we haven't hit a thing yet.

SECOND SPORTSMAN—Let's miss two more and then go home.—*London Mail.*

IRISH BARRISTER (*addressing the bench*)—Your honour, I shall first absolutely prove to the jury that the prisoner could not have committed the crime with which he is charged. If that does not convince the jury, I shall show that he was insane when he committed it. If that fails, I shall prove an alibi.—*Sphinx.*

LONDON BUS DRIVER (*to Japanese gentleman crossing Regent Street*)—Nah then, Mah-Jongg, get a move on!—*London Daily News.*

"Well, here you are," said the doctor, "a pill for the kidneys, a tablet for the indigestion, and another pill for the nerves."

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"But, look here, doctor," said the patient, "how will the little beggars know where to go when they're inside?"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

"What are you reading, Charlie?"

"It's a book called 'Child Training,' that I borrowed from Mrs. Jones," returned the young son.

"Do you find it amusing?" laughed his mother.

"I'm not reading it for that. I merely wanted to see if I had been brought up properly."—*Humorist.*

JUNIOR PARTNER—I don't think that firm's sound.

SENIOR PARTNER—What makes you think so?

JUNIOR PARTNER—Well, you never hear them grumbling about how bad things are!—*London Mail.*

"How are you getting on at school, Alec?"

"Fine. We're learning words of four cylinders now."—*Passing Show.*

"Does your hotel overlook the sea?"

"Oh, yes, completely."—*London Mail.*

CYNTHIA—How is your husband?

DOROTHY—I haven't seen him for five years. I think I must have said something to annoy him.—*London Mail.*

AFFABLE VISITOR—Well, and do you do a good deed every day, Tommy?

TOMMY—Yes, sir. Yesterday, I visited my aunt in the country, and she was glad. To-day, I came back home again, and she was glad again!—*Humorist.*

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TRAMP—Would you please subscribe half-a-crown to my fund for beautifying the village?

THE VICAR—But, my good man, how are you going to beautify the village?

TRAMP—By moving on to the next village!—*Passing Show.*

A system of identifying dogs by nose-prints is being started in Paris. Our plan is to whistle. If the animal takes no notice, we know he is ours.—*Humorist.*

PASSENGER (*after the first night on board ship*)—I say, where have my clothes gone?

STEWARD—Where did you put them?

PASSENGER—In that little cupboard there, with the glass door to it.

STEWARD—Bless me, sir, that ain't no cupboard. That's a porthole.—*Reynolds' Newspaper.*

POLICEMAN—Didn't you hear me call you to stop?

DRIVER—I didn't know it was you. I thought it was someone I'd run over.—*London Mail.*

SHE—Is my hat on straight, Henry?

HENRY—Quite straight, my dear. Now do hurry—we're late already.

SHE—Well, I shall have to go back then—this isn't the sort of hat that is worn straight!—*Passing Show.*

AUNT—Can you explain wireless telegraphy to me, Arthur?

ARTHUR—Well, if you had a very long dog, reaching from London to Liverpool, and you trod on its tail in London, it would bark in Liverpool. That's telegraphy; and wireless is precisely the same only without the dog.—*Passing Show.*

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YOUNG DOBBS—I want to try on that suit in the window.

ASSISTANT—Sorry, sir, but you'll have to use the dressing-room.—*London Mail.*

A girl in Johannesburg recently ran fifty-six miles. The report doesn't say whether the man got away or not.—*London Daily News.*

VISITOR—What's up? Had a bad day?

FINANCIER—Yes. I've lost more than £5,000, and the worst of it is that £20 of it was my own money!—*Passing Show.*

HE—Oh, Peggy, I shall be so miserable all the while I'm away from you.

SHE—Oh, darling, if I could be sure of that it would make me so happy!—*London Mail.*

Mr. Lloyd George's favourite tune is "Maer gwaed a redodd ar y groes." The words (by the look of them) emphasize the difficulties in the way of Liberal reunion.—*Punch.*

NOTE—Mr. Punch regrets the irreverent tone—as it must have appeared—of a recent "Charivaria" paragraph which touched upon certain words in Welsh of whose meaning he was ignorant.—*Punch.*

A contractor whose wealth was extraordinary
Was annoyed when, just after a war dinner, he
Drove home in his Royce
By a former friend's voice—
"Why, wot 'ave yer done with yer Ford, 'Enery?"
—*Punch.*

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LOBBYING FOR THE YOUNG

BY

FAIRFAX DOWNEY

"WHAT! You have a hard time entertaining your children at a hotel? Why, my dear! It's not that way with my little Paul. I simply take him down to the lobby and the big sitting room and leave him to himself. He just plays and plays with everybody there except those bad-natured old cranks you find in every hotel. I can't help but think it's remarkable for a child of his age.

"It always amuses him to go around and collect all the ash trays. After he's emptied them in a flowerpot or mail box or somewhere, he has the dearest tea party with them. And would you believe it? He passes his make-believe cups around and makes all the old gentlemen reading papers or books stop and pretend to drink tea. He's so polite he offers it to them several times—as young as he is!

"Active! That child is never still a minute. I've had any number of people remark on it to me. When he isn't climbing over the backs of chairs he's in the writing room drawing pictures on the hotel stationery that make me think the little dear really has talent, or playfully jogging the elbows of cross folks who forget they were children once.

"You should hear him whistle with the orchestra. The child has taste. He never joins in when they are playing

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these loud, vulgar jazz things, but he always selects something quiet and classic when the violinist is soloing. I thought I once saw the creature poke at little Paul with his bow, but I couldn't be sure or I would have carried the matter at once to the management.

"It's in the dining room, though, that he's really boyish and prankish. He has some tricky matches that explode which he slips in with the others and people don't suspect until they go bang in their faces. It's the same way with the pasteboard chocolate éclair he sneaks on the pastry tray in the cutest way. And you should have been there the day he stuck the fork in the waiter! Laugh!—I thought I'd die!

"Paul and I never stay long at hotels, though. Too much hotel life isn't good for a child."

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THE CONVALESCENT

BY

GORTON CARRUTH

"Go OUT," the doctor said, "and walk
  Along the country ways.
List to the cheerful song and talk
  Of chippy birds and jays.
Let drop your load of gloom and care
  And yield to Nature's spell.
  Breathe deeply of the thymy air
  And you will soon be well."

It seemed to me like sound advice.
  I left my bed of pain,
And in a figurative trice
  Was in a country lane.
I listened for the birds to sing,
  I bade my care decamp.
I deeply breathed, and with a swing
  I started off to tramp.

  And first I met a Super Four
  And then a Super Six,
And then about a thousand more
  Whose names I couldn't fix.

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But this I very quickly saw—
That Four, or Six, or Eight,
They did not own to any law
And all of them were late.

I could not hear the merry birds
Because of hoot and roar.
I only heard the awful words
The angry drivers swore.
My lungs were filled with smoke and gas,
My nerves were all on edge;
And then a Flivver tried to pass
And knocked me o'er a hedge.

And now when I'm allowed to dress
And go my feeble way,
I know where I shall convalesce,
Whate'er the doctors say:
I'll seek a roof I know in town
Some thirty stories high,
And there in peace I'll sit me down
With wind and sun and sky.

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FROM NEW YORK

THE VICTIM (*in bookstore*)—I want a book for a boy of seventeen.

THE CLERK—Studious or normal?—*New York Sun.*

DESPONDENT TREMLOW (*mournfully*)—Well, by gosh! This is the irony of fate for keeps. Here I've spent my last 50 cents ter commit suicide with gas, an' I git a room with 'lectric lights.—*Judge.*

NEW DENTIST (*in Frozen Dog*)—Will you take gas?

BRONCO BILL—Will it hurt if I don't?

DENTIST—It will.

BRONCO BILL—Then, stranger, for your sake I think I'd better take it.—*Life.*

FIRST BROKER—Dropping a million yesterday didn't seem to disturb Smallfunds a particle.

SECOND BROKER—No; he tells me his wife has had a pretty good week at Mah-Jongg.—*New York Herald.*

One touch of murder makes the whole press Hearst.—*New Republic.*

Our small daughter, aged five, saw Queen Mary in London. She reported to us later: "She bowed right *at* me, and I forgot to bow or make my curtsy. Oh, Daddy, what will she *think* of me!"—*New York Tribune.*

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"How much to teach my wife to drive?"

"Two dollars an hour."

"All right, here's a thousand dollars on account."—*Life.*

HARVARD GRADUATE—The members of my class who have married have had an average of a little less than two children.

VASSAR GRADUATE—Isn't that remarkable? The married women of my class have averaged almost three. I wonder what that proves.

HARVARD GRADUATE—Oh, not much. Simply that women have more children than men.—*Life.*

SEA CAPTAIN—There is no hope! The ship is doomed! In an hour we will all be dead!

SEASICK PASSENGER—Thank Heaven!—*New York Sun and Globe.*

"Why did he take up polo?"

"It was the only way he could get his picture into the Sunday Roto sections."—*Judge.*

"What yo got in that little black bag?"

"Them's my instruments. I'm a veterinary."

"Quit yo' kiddin', man! Yo' ain't never been in no wah."—*Judge.*

"But your mother is too old-fashioned, my dear. I'm afraid she'd be awfully shocked at our party."

"She expects to be, that's why she's dying to come."—*Life.*

"Have you noticed the latest thing in men's clothes?"

"Yes. Women."—*Judge.*

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HUSBAND—Did you have a busy time at the sewing circle?

WIFE—We did until the woman arrived that we were talking about.—*Life.*

"Can't we have this Chianti served in glasses instead of in cups?" was the query.

"No," said the waiter. "I think that's against the law."—*New York World.*

"Are you sure he loves you?"

"Absolutely. He objects to my bathing suit."—*Life.*

"Astounding cheek, hasn't he?"

"Don't know, darling. Didn't dance with him."—*Judge.*

"That big, good-looking lifeguard is going to call on me to-night."

"Well, if he tries to kiss you, for heaven's sake don't struggle—he might punch you on the jaw from force of habit."—*Judge.*

FARMER OATLEY (*reading from newspaper to his wife*)—"It is estimated that the recent dinner given by Mrs. Bunderblank was served at a cost of at least ten dollars a plate." What must the victuals have cost?

MRS. OATLEY—Land's sake, Joshua! and such folks always has a different plate for everything they eat.—*Harlem Life.*

LITTLE GIRL IN BOX (*at the play*)—"I didn't think the lady was so bad, mummy."

"Bad? Why, what do you mean?"

"That they should make her do it over."—*Life.*

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In memory of our father: Gone to join his appendix, his tonsils, his olfactory nerve, his kidney, his eardrum, and a leg prematurely removed by a hospital surgeon who craved the experience.—*Life.*

RASTUS—Ah wants a divorce. Dat woman jes' talk, talk, talk, night an' day. Ah cain't get no rest and dat talk am drivin' me crazy.

YOUNG LAWYER—What does she talk about?

RASTUS—She doan' say.—*Life.*

TEACHER—What is a geyser?

PUPIL—A waterfall going up.—*Life.*

LECTURER—And what man is most apt to reach that elevation whence the earth may be viewed "as one vast plain"?

VOICE (*in the audience*)—The one that works in a powder mill.—*Life.*

"Tommy, what sort of a present do you think your sister would like for her birthday?"

"Well, ma's givin' her a razor and pa's givin' her cigarettes —you might try a pair of dice."—*Judge.*

JOHNNY—Pa, what is hell?

PA—The vermiform appendix of theology. Many doctors remove it entirely.—*New York Sun.*

"Why do Gladys and Clarice hate you so much?"

"I once told them they looked alike."—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury.*

STRANGER—Is your society here very select?

ARIZONA AL—See them graves over thar? They was all

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filled by fellers who came to our dances without invitashuns. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"So," sobbed Illma Vaselineovitch, "Ivan Ninespotski died in battle! Do you say he uttered my name as he was dying?"

"Part of it," replied the returned soldier; "part of it."—*New York World.*

REV. DR. HOWLEY—My dear sir, I am a minister of the Gospel, and, as I intend preaching a sermon against the stage, I thought I would ask you for a ticket of admission to your show, in order that I might see for myself the extent of this great immorality.

MANAGER (*to ticket-seller*)—Charlie, give the doctor a seat in the orchestra, and charge it to advertising.—*Harlem Life.*

MOTHER—Do you like my new gown, Millicent?

MILLICENT (*aged five, with conviction*)—If there is a Lady God, you look just like her in those clothes.—*Life.*

THE FATHER—What proof have you that you can support my daughter?

THE ASPIRANT—Haven't I been engaged to her for more than a year?—*New York Post.*

"Do you think a woman should tell everything she knows?"

"Yes, but that's all."—*Life.*

FRESHMAN—Well, me lad, I underwent a thorough physical examination to-day and the doc says that I'm sound as a nut.

SOPH—Oh! He's also an alienist?—*Judge.*

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BALLADE OF OLD AUTOS

BY

OTTO FREUND

WHERE are the cars that chugged of yore—
The horseless buggies of nineteen-two?
The touring car with postern door?
The smoke screen that obscured the view?
Where are the runabouts that grew
Asthmatic and inclined to stall?
White Ghosts and Crimson Devils too?
Into the night go one and all.

Where are the old machines that tore
On Ormond Beach, if reports be true,
At forty miles an hour or more?
Those were the days when racers flew!
Where are the rattling cars that drew
Admiring throngs at the siren's call?
Where the engines that wheezed and blew?
Into the night go one and all.

Motoring now has become a bore;
As soon seek thrills in a chapel pew,
Gone is the ancient steamer's roar;
The roadster glides like a birch canoe.

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Where are the pioneers who threw
The clutch of the steaming carryall?
The heroes who drove when the sport was new?
Into the night go one and all.

ENVOY

Prince, on some far Plutonian shore
They're parked, the autos we'd fain recall,
With engines behind and tillers before—
Into the night go one and all.

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THE OUTLINE OF WOMAN

BY

CAROLYN WELLS

WHY read Dryasdust Outlines of History, Art or Science, when you can have the Fascinating and Enchanting Detailed Account of Nature's Masterpiece, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Day?

Woman, the Dratted Sex.

Woman, the age-old, ever-young Phenomenon. The Puzzle of the Ages. The Glory of the World. The Triumph of the Universe. The Top of the Heap.

Woman, First, Last, and All the Time!

CHAPTER I

The earliest women were prehistoric. They lived before the Earth got to going round. In fact, with the aid of Love they made the Earth go round. It's been going round ever since. So have the women. Among the earliest prehistoric remains are fossils of feminine skulls. They have no jawbones. This is because the prehistoric people had soft, rather perishable jawbones and the women talked theirs away.

Prehistoric woman was something like a mollusc, but better-looking.

CHAPTER II

When the Neanderthal Man was found, no woman was found of that period. It is therefore deduced that the Neanderthalers were confirmed bachelors.

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Chapter III

With the Caveman Era, woman came into her own. It was during this epoch that the true foundation of the character of the *genus femina* was laid. Your true woman loved the Caveman dispensation. She was in her element, dragged about by her hair, beaten to a jelly and clubbed into submission. She loved to crawl tremblingly to the feet of her lord and master, and cringe before him. Contrary to the absurd opinions of a few misguided minds, this spirit is still the backbone of woman's amatory complex. It is the keynote that unlocks the Niagara of her soul, whose flames burst forth in unquenchable floods.

Chapter IV

The Assyrian and Babylonian women made strides toward progress and things like that. They made a regular cult of Culture and understood all sorts of things. They didn't yet know much about Art, but they knew what they liked. Love letters had come in. They did them on bricks and then baked them. The Baking Day of an Assyrian Belle was a whole show. Cumbersome stationery, and especially awkward at Divorce Trials or Breach of Promise Suits, but the clay screeds were hot with passion, even before they went into the ovens. The Babylonian women were renowned for their tendency to babble. The Tower of Babel, it is now known, was the scene of one of their Club Meetings, which accounts for the confusion of tongues.

Chapter V

The Egyptian women wore the costumes you see in the shops to-day. The Tut-ankh-amen influence was over everything and the Egyptianesses revelled in beads and dangling

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earrings and perfumes and cosmetics the same as we do. Their feasts were more elaborate and also friskier, as they were an Amendmentless race. They used a good brand of cigarettes, but it is said they were a lazy lot, coming to the dinner table on couches. However, we are told they excelled in conversation.

Chapter VI

Greek women were very clever. They studied Art and wore beautiful white draped dresses. They invented the Grecian Bend and an embroidery pattern that looks like a string of swastikas. They were, historians assert, great talkers.

Chapter VII

The Roman women were usually matrons. They wore togas and tunics and had Roman noses. Research into Roman History proves that they were noted for a fine flow of language.

Chapter VIII

Mediæval woman was a queer sort. She wore a long peaked head rigging with a veil hanging from its peak, and a tight, straight sort of gown with a big jangling bunch of keys. She had few if any home comforts and she didn't care. Her knight was for ever going on business trips and she had only women to talk to until his return, for promiscuous callers were put to death by awful tortures, besides the hostess's conversation.

Chapter IX

Early English women, subtitled Mid-Victorian, were not very interesting. They talked a lot, but in a prunes-and-prisms style, and had little if any fun. They were well-bred,

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well-fed and well-read, but they didn't use make-up much and they didn't jazz.

Chapter X

Modern woman is the product of to-day. She is the greatest thing on earth. She is wise, witty, beautiful, saucy, pert, haughty, and altogether ducky. She makes up her face, her stories, and her quarrels. She dresses like a fright, but it is the style, so she can't help that. She is slim and slender and sleek and silly, and the sweetest thing that ever was! She is better than all the women of all the other ages, and she talks rather more. God bless her!

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ALL AROUND THE WORLD

From Canada

The Boss—Simpkins, you've been drinking again. Now once and for all let me tell you that I'll do all the drinking that's done around here.

Simpkins—You can't, sir. It 'ud kill you in a week.—*Toronto Goblin.*

Girl—What's your opinion of these women who imitate men?

Boy—They're idiots.

Girl—Then the imitation is successful.—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon.*

Don't cheer, boys. No one party is large enough to hold all the crooks.—*Brockville (Ont.) Recorder.*

An experienced husband is one who remembers his wife's birthday, but forgets which one it is.—*Kingston (Ont.) Whig.*

It was a soirée musicale. A singer had just finished "My Old Kentucky Home."

The hostess, seeing one of her guests weeping in a remote corner, went to him and inquired in a sympathetic voice:

"Are you a Kentuckian?"

And the answer came quickly: "No, madam, I am a musician."—*Montreal Gazette.*

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If you wish to know whether a man has been at work, look at his palms. If you wish to know whether a girl has been at work, look at the third finger of her left hand.—*Chatham (Ont.) Daily News.*

FROM AUSTRALIA

STAGE MANAGER—Good God, man, you can't go on like this! Never in my life have I seen any one as drunk as you are.

LEADING MAN—Hav'n' y'—hic! Jush wait'l y' she my understudy!—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"Yis, sor, wurk is scarce, but Oi got a job last Sunday that brought me a quid."

"What, Pat? You broke the Sabbath?"

"Well, sor, it wuz me or the Sabbath. Wan of us had to be broke."—*Melbourne Punch.*

"So the engagement is off?"

"Yes. She was so indignant when she heard about what he'd done that she tore off her engagement ring and flung it on to her right hand."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"When I 'its a man 'e remembers it."

"When I 'its a man 'e don't."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

LAWYER—Now that we have won, will you tell me confidentially if you stole the money?

CLIENT—Well, after hearing you talk in court yesterday, I am beginning to think I didn't.—*Melbourne Punch.*

"And how is your little baby sister, Ronald?" asked the vicar, who was making a call.

"Oh, she's only fairly well, thanks. You see, she's just hatching her teeth."—*Brisbane Mail.*

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FARE—Say, driver, not so fast—this is my first trip in a taxi.
DRIVER—Mine, too.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

FROM PARIS

TRAFFIC POLICEMAN (*to chauffeur*)—So! After having knocked over that poor old man you are running away to escape summons.

CHAUFFEUR—Gosh, hasn't there been enough harm done as it is?—*L'Illustration.*

FRIEND—What's that big box on the front of your machine?

AUTOMOBILIST—That's a camera for taking moving pictures. You see, I go so fast I don't have time to look at the scenery, and so I photograph it as I go along.—*L'Illustration.*

Isn't it remarkable what they are finding in King Tutankhamen's tomb?"

"Yes, and there, at least, one is sure that the furniture is antique."—*L'Illustration.*

FLEURETTE—I have been to see that new play of Machin's.

MARIE—Full of ideas, isn't it?

FLEURETTE—Yes; I especially noticed a skirt of lace, cross-gored; a coat in a new shade of gray, and an orange tunic decorated with green spots.—*Baionnette.*

HUSBAND—How are you doing the portrait?

ARTIST—In oil.

HUSBAND—In oil? That's not sufficient. If you want to bring out her real character you had better put on some vinegar.—*Le Rire.*

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"You see; marriage hasn't changed him at all. He's as big a drunkard as he ever was."

"Yes, but he used to drink for pleasure; now it's from sorrow."—*Sans-Gêne.*

SHE (*pensively*)—Two months ago I was mad about George. Now I can't see him at all. Strange how changeable men are.—*Sans-Gêne.*

"But isn't he a nice young man, Mamma?"

"Not at all, my dear. He reminds me of your father at his age."—*Le Rire.*

FROM SWEDEN AND NORWAY

"You women ought to be like stars in the lives of us men."

"Certainly—come out at night and disappear in the morning."—*Kasper* (*Stockholm*).

FATHER (*to son who has stolen sweetmeats from the table*)—Put back those sweets at once, you wretch!

SON—Hush, Father! Don't let all these people know how badly I have been brought up!—*Kasper* (*Stockholm*).

"Shall we sit here and talk?"

"No, thanks, I am so tired. Let us dance instead."—*Sondags Nisse* (*Stockholm*).

"Since he lost his money, half his friends don't know him any more."

"And the other half?"

"They don't know yet that he has lost it."—*Klods-Hans* (*Copenhagen*).

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"Did my wife speak at the meeting yesterday?"

"I don't know your wife, but there was a tall, thin lady who rose and said she could not find words to express her feelings."

"That wasn't my wife!"—*Karikaturen* (*Christiania*).

"Your wife is looking well!"

"Yes. Just fancy. When I took her to the sanatorium she was so bad that I wouldn't risk buying a return ticket!"—*Sondags Nisse* (*Stockholm*).

FROM DEAR OLD GERMANY

"Are your chances good in the mixed doubles?"

"Very good. My most dangerous opponent is in love with my partner."—*Megendorfer Blätter* (*Munich*).

WAYFARER (*to the robber*)—I haven't any money with me, I'm sorry to say, but I will be glad to advise all my friends and acquaintances to take walks along this lonely path hereafter.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"What! You are planning to go to Vienna! But that will cost you a fortune."

"Oh, not so much. You see, I'll have my youth restored by Dr. Steinach and come back on a child's ticket."—*Berlin Lustige Blätter*.

MAGISTRATE—Are you married?

PRISONER—No, I got this black eye from a friend.—*Simplicissimus* (*Munich*).

A German paper contains the following unique advertisement: "Any person who can prove that my tapioca contains anything injurious to health will have three boxes of it sent to him free of charge."—*Tit-Bits*.

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NURSE—See, Charlie, the stork has brought you a nice little brother.

CHARLIE—Yes, that's the way! Just as I'm getting on in the world competition begins.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"That's a tactful waitress. Yesterday she said to me as I was leaving: 'Please remind me to-morrow that you didn't pay your bill to-day.'"—*Der Brummer* (*Berlin.*)

FROM SPAIN

"Why did you steal the pearl necklace from the jeweller's shop window?"

"Because it had on it 'Avail yourself of this splendid opportunity,' and I couldn't resist it!"—*Buen Humor* (*Madrid*).

FROM JAPAN

STAGE HAND: Did you say you wanted a window or a widow?

SHOW MANAGER: I said window, but they're both much alike. When I get near either of them I always look out.—*Japan Advertiser.*

EVEN FROM SCOTLAND

LITTLE WILLIE—I say, Pa, what is an empty title?

PA—An empty title, my son, is your mother's way of referring to me as the head of the house when there are visitors present.—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

ARTIST—Have you taken my picture to the exhibition?

PORTER—Yes, sir, it seemed to please the gentlemen very much.

ARTIST—What did they say?

PORTER—Oh, they didn't say nothing, but they laughed that 'earty.—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

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A MISCELLANY FROM HERE AND THERE

Red Tape and Cats

A group of lawmakers were discussing all sorts of things, when someone brought up the subject of red tape. One of those in the group told a good yarn illustrating red tape as it existed in India some years ago. He said that a native officer who was in charge of the documents of a certain town found that they were being seriously damaged by rats. He wrote to the government to provide him weekly rations for two cats to destroy the rats.

The request was granted, and the two cats were installed—one, the larger of the two, receiving slightly better rations than the other.

All went well for a few weeks, when the supreme government of India received the following dispatch:

"I have the honour to inform you that the senior cat is absent without leave. What shall I do?"

The problem seemed to baffle the supreme government, for the official received no answer.

After waiting a few days he sent off a proposal:

"In re absentee cat. I propose to promote the junior cat and in the meantime to take into government service a probationary cat on full rations."

The supreme government expressed its approval of the scheme, and things once more resumed their course.

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Pawky Peter

The wind was off the Lighthouse, the wind was off the sea;
A weary wind to wrestle with, an unco weird to dree;
But Pawky Peter Nicoll had the short hole in three.
Up the funnel of the fairway we faced the tempest's roar,
And each with sixes and with sevens diversified his score;
But Pawky Peter Nicoll did the long fifth in four.

Whole sandhills hurtled through the air, the burn was down in spate,
And some were here and some were there and very few were straight;
But Pawky Peter poked his way to the ninth in thirty-eight.

Fairly behind us raged the blast when once we reached the turn,
And it tempted Pawky Peter's soul its pawkiness to spurn
And Pawky Peter pressed and topped—and landed in the burn.

And after several wondrous words, "Aweel," he said, "it's true
That a heid win' 's a heid win', an' a man kens what to do;
But, lads, tak' tent o' a follyin' win'—an' a follyin' fortune too!"

H. B.

(By permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*.)

The Merry Muse

A Lay of Ancient Egypt

A sporty king was Two-tank-amen,
Much beloved of Egypt's barmen.
He always took his strong potation
With unvaried duplication;
Tankards two of every liquor,
Foreign blend, or home-brewed kicker.
Hence the name of "Two-tank-amen"
Given him by Egypt's star-men.

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(Spelling changed in lapse of ages
To "Tut-ankh-amen" by the sages,
Just because it looks more classic,
Has a flavour near-Jurassic).
He never heard of prohibition,
Or Volstead act of inhibition;
But quaffed the fruit of Egypt's vintage
And reckoned not its high percentage.
'Twas thus he passed his days uproarious
Until he joined the heavenly chorus.
He passed away at one and twenty.
"Crowner" said 'twas drink o'er plenty.
And they buried him in Luxor—
Buried him without his uxor,
But with all his royal trappings,
Food and drink and princely wrappings,
Autos, Fords, and lion couches,
Pipes, cigars, tobacco pouches,
All things for a spirit needful
That had spent a life so speedful.
As they left the Pharaoh's mummy.
Bone-dry at last, and somewhat gummy,
Sang his barmaids and his barmen
This most fitting farewell carmen—
"Here's to thee, O Two-tank-amen!
Friend of Egypt's humble barmen:
May'st thou never want for whisky,
Thou who wert so blithe and frisky,
Never slake thy thirst at Marah,
Never dwell in dry Sahara!
Two-tank-amen, Two-tank-amen,
Two-tank, Two-tank, Two-tank—Amen."

—George H. Hubbard in Judge.

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Sand in Egypt

"Talking is a form of physical exercise."—*Daily Paper.*

"My darling Jane, what is the matter?"
Said I to my beloved wife.
She answered, "John, I'm getting fatter;
It makes me sick and tired of life.
I cannot now, with all my grim
Persistence, keep my figure slim.

"It seems to me I'm always hopping
About at either work or play,
For what with gardening and shopping
And tennis nearly every day
I scarcely give a moment's pause
To following athletic laws.

"I've copied all that Eustace man did,
I daily watch my teeth and tongue,
I move about with chest expanded,
I breathe with all my power of lung;
I never lounge, but sit upright,
Nor do I wear my garments tight.

"With thirst however much I parch,
Cream ices never pass my lips,
No hydrocarbon, fat or starch,
I never swallow orange pips;
I always studiously avoid
Things ferrous and amygdaloid.

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"I ask you as a thinnish man;
Now, darling, what do you advise?
Can you suggest another plan
Of banting or of exercise?"
Said I, "Continue as before,
But try to talk a little more."

The Bookseller

[Arthur Guiterman, "Universal Poet," author of "A Ballad Maker's Pack," "The Laughing Muse," "The Mirthful Lyre," etc., wrote this poem for the booksellers of America, which he read at their convention in Detroit.]

A Trade much harder than it looks
Is that of merchandising Books.
I never knew a Pamphlet-Seller
Who had the Wealth of Rockefeller,
Nor any Millionaire, I think,
Who dealt in Paper spoiled with Ink.
I'd much prefer to run a Cookshop;
For he who undertakes a Bookshop
Must buy and boost and keep in stock
The works of Mr. Edward Bok,
The Drools of Bedtime-Story-Tellers,
Detective Yarns, the Six Best-Sellers,
The awful Novels read on Trains
By Folks who haven't any Brains,
Accounts of "Life Among the Lamas,"
The latest Czecho-Slavic Dramas
And Poems full of joy and Zest
Composed by Me and Mr. Guest.
When someone says, "I don't remember
The Name—you had it last December";

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He has to guess, unmoved by Taunts,
What Book the Person thinks he wants.
He has to brave the lifted Eyebrows
And cutting Words of Lofty Highbrows
Who scorn him if he dares to hint
That Anything is Out of Print;
And he must hear the Disquisitions
Of Critics, Authors, Politicians
And Ministers who know too well
What Books he hadn't ought to sell.

Regarding the Income Tax

What certain writers would say were they living to-day.

Sir Walter Scott—

Breathes there the man, not filled with dread,
Who to himself hath sadly said,
This is my own, my income tax?
Who is not threatened with brain storm,
As he looks o'er the printed form
And tries to state the honest facts!

Lord Alfred Tennyson—

Write, write, write,
On thy income tax, ah me!
And 'tis best that my tongue does not utter
The thoughts that arise in me!

Henry W. Longfellow's "Brainy Day"—

The day is warm and bright and cheery,
I have answered every quizz and query
Of my income tax—and now my brain
Is filled with aches and shooting pain.
Yet the day is bright and cheery.

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Or Shakespeare would have Hamlet soliloquize thus—

To write, or not to write—that is the question:
Whether 'tis better for the mind to suffer
The serious results from overwork,
From filling out an income tax report,
Or to take arms against a department of trouble,
And by opposing, lose mental equilibrium?

Edgar Allan Poe—

Once upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered, weak and weary,
Over an income tax report, its puzzling lore
Made me sleepy, I was napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
And a raven came in flapping, flapping through my chamber door.
"Ah, a visitor," I muttered and the grim bird sternly uttered
These words as it slowly fluttered, fluttered to a bust of Volstead
Just above my chamber door—these three words and nothing more—
Quoth the raven, "Write some more."

—*A. M. Bonner in Judge.*

Electrify Her

Pullman axle lighting apparatus and terms furnish a complete compendium for handling a woman, no matter what her mood may be. Complaint and cure have been worked out ingeniously by Electrician N. Schnapp of Minneapolis, in the *Pullman News*, as follows:

When a woman is sulky and will not speak—exciter.
If she gets too excited—controller.
If she talks too long—interrupter.

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If her way of thinking is not yours—converter.
If she is willing to come half way—meter.
If she will come all the way—receiver.
If she wants to go further—conductor.
If she would go still further—dispatcher.
If she wants to be an angel—transformer.
If you think she is picking your pockets—detector.
If she proves your fears are wrong—compensator.
If she goes up in the air—condenser.
If she wants chocolates—feeder.
If she sings inharmoniously—tuner.
If she is in the country—telegrapher.
If she is a poor cook—discharger.
If her dress unhooks—connector.
If she eats too much—reducer.
If she is wrong—rectifier.
If her fingers and toes are cold—heater.
If she gossips too much—regulator.
If she fumes and sputters—insulator.
If she becomes upset—reverser.

Do You Believe in Signs?

In Hartford, Conn.: "Cane Seat Chairs Recaned by Kane the caner."

In Baltimore: "Whitewashing done here in all colours."

In Sturgis, Mich: "Please occupy the seats as much as possible."

In Chicago café: "No meals exchanged."

In Boston Public Library: "Only low conversation permitted here."

In Oregon, Ill., greenhouse: "The earth given away with the plants."

In Philadelphia: "Dr. Lawyer, Dentist; S. M. Huskey,

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Throat Specialist; L. Gritti, Dealer in Sand and Gravel; K. M. Ice, Cold Storage."

In Buffalo: "Two pants with every suit."

On programme of Fairmont, W. Va., Y. M. C. A. athletic meet: "Wrestling Match. Downe and Outt."

In Philadelphia *North American*: "Strictly Fresh Eggs. Big Meaty Beauties."

In Trenton *Times*: "Auto Hit by Train Is Still Unconscious."

In Glasgow, Scotland: "Washington Soda Fountain. Betti & Lazarini, Props." Also: "Caledonian Café, Rizieri Bertuccelli, Prop." (There's fine old American names for you.)

In St. Petersburg, Fla., directory: "Square Deal Transfer Co., C. R. Crook, Mgr."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

A Paris Bulletin from Archy

aunt prudence hecklebury
lies on her bed
moaning and groaning
wishing she were dead
aunt prudence hecklebury
tosses on her couch
and all that she says
is ouch ouch ouch
aunt prudence hecklebury
rouses and screams
when the sights she has seen
move through her dreams
first aunt prudence
went to the louvre
then wrote the government

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they really should remove
some of those statues
right out of france
or else give them skirts
or else give them pants
skirts on the venus
trousers on apollo
a great moral uplift
surely would follow
maybe the government
never got the note
for the louvre is just the same
as before she wrote
aunt prudence hecklebury
rode around town
with her whole being twisted
into a frown
aunt prudence hecklebury
moans and twitches
wakes now and then
and cries out breeches
oh give them breeches
please give them breeches
aunt prudence hecklebury
on her bed of pain
screams now and then
and clutches at her brain
for aunt prudence went
to the folies bergere
mother hubbards cupboard
wasnt half as bare
some wear smiles
and some wear paint

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but otherwise their clothes
just simply aint
dear aunt prudence
why did you do it
prudence prudence prudence
i knew that youd rue it
in a lucid moment
she said after this
i hardly know whether
to call myself miss
she saw what she saw
and she heard what she heard
and limbs aint the word for it
limbs aint the word
aunt prudence hecklebury
in her darkened room
murmurs there is rest
only in the tomb
she saw what she saw
and she heard what she heard
and nude aint the word for it
nude aint the word
aunt prudence hecklebury
fevers on her couch
her whole beings turned
into an ouch
archy

—*Don Marquis, in New York Tribune.*

Insects With Brains, and Without

I see there is a discussion going on in one of the papers as to whether insects have brains. It is a bit of a problem, isn't it?

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If it were legs now, it would be easy. Lots of them have legs. But brains are so different; they are generally covered up, and even if you had a microscope and all that sort of gear you couldn't always be quite sure about brains.

Take a woodlouse, for instance. I know for a fact that a woodlouse has legs. I have seen them; and, if any one said it hadn't, I should have no scruples about flatly contradicting him. But when it comes to brains, really I'm hanged if I know. Any one who happens to have brained a woodlouse might be able to tell you, but I am not that sort of sportsman myself.

Now wasps, I am convinced, have brains. If you have ever had an argument with a wasp as to who is to eat your marmalade for you, you will agree that the wasp is a thinker. He doesn't give in. And he has a convincing way of driving his point home. If he had no brains he might suppose that, when you jump up and follow him to the window-pane, you have brought your napkin with you in order to wipe his mouth for him after his meal. But he never does think that.

And there's the ant, thou sluggard. He's got brains. He must have, to be able to build a thing like an ant-heap. It must take more than a bit of thought to build an ant-heap properly. It isn't the sort of thing to be done in a fit of absent-mindedness.

While the bee is an absolute highbrow, of course. He is a clever fellow to find his way home always, no matter how—well, not to put too fine a point upon it, no matter how drunk he may be. Poets say the bee is drunk, after his little sips first at this flower and then at that, so there is no need for me to be mealy-mouthed about it. Drunk. And yet he can get in at the front door every time without bruising himself. And his honeycomb is never jerry-built, but always up to pre-war standard, in spite of the present cost of materials.

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Building a honeycomb while standing up to your knees in honey and with all the other bees crawling across your face takes a bit of doing. And, mark you, there's nothing can beat a bee at making honey.

On the other hand, the snail—— [The snail is not an insect.—ED.]

All right. On the other hand, we have the garden worm. [The garden worm is not an insect.—ED.]

Very well, then. On the other hand, there's that ass Wildbore, who's always hanging around my cousin Phyllis. What she can see in him I fail to imagine. If ever there was an insect without brains, he's one.—*Punch.*

•

From a Missouri exchange: "Roaring River City pillows her head on her own shadowy mountains, the stars pin back the curtains from the blue skies above her, and the angels peep through and smile at her delight, as she tucks her dainty wrapper around her knees and dabbles her dimpled feet in the clear, cold waters of Roaring River."—*Boston Transcript.*

LAST FLIGHT OF THE BOOMERANG

The Laramie *Boomerang*, made famous by Bill Nye, has made its last flight, says the Omaha *Bee*. Slowly but surely sinking into obscurity from the day Bill Nye left it, the *Boomerang* has been absorbed by the Laramie *Daily Republican*. The news of the absorption is calculated to bring a pang of regret to the older members of the newspaper craft in the Middle West.

Perhaps Bill Nye's peculiar brand of humour would not make much of a hit in these days, for times have changed, even in the West, since the days when Bill's editorial office was in a loft over a Laramie livery stable and his readers were advised to tickle the mule's heels and take the elevator. That

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joke went big then, but it wouldn't get a rise now. The livery stables of that day have been replaced by garages, and the present generation is more familiar with gasoline than with mules.

We have seen some great changes in our style of humour since the days when Bill Nye and his *Boomerang* were sending waves of laughter over America, just as we have seen equally great changes in Laramie and the entire West. But it appears to some that the changes in Laramie and the West have been for the better in a greater degree than the changes in our styles of humour. The news of the *Boomerang's* disappearance will cause a pang of regret in the hearts of old-timers who remember the joys they experienced while reading the old Burlington *Hawkeye* of Bob Burdette's day, the old Arkansas *Traveller*, the Toledo *Blade* while John R. Locke was writing his inimitable "Petroleum V. Nashby" letters, and the Boston *Herald*, when Ben P. Shilabar was doing his "Mrs. Partington" stuff. And, too, are our present day "Kolumn Konductors" doing any better work than Shaw performed in his "Josh Billings'" epigrams?

The Laramie *Boomerang* has been in a sad state of innocuous desuetude for many years, but its final obsequies were not unattended by mourners, who recalled the old days when it was a source of joy.

THE END

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